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MUSTAPHA KEMAL



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MUSTAPHA KEMAL



BETWEEN EUROPE AND ASIA



A Biography
by

DAGOBERT VON MIKUSCH



Translated by

JOHN LINTON



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P R E F A C E

THE history of our times abounds in outstanding men. Mustapha Kemal, the creator of modern Turkey, stands alongside Lenin, the great revolutionary, and Mussolini, who has given actual form to a new conception of the State.

The present volume tells the life-story of the Turkish Reformer. It depicts him being swept, almost as soon as he becomes an officer, into the convulsive struggles of a dying kingdom, remaining for a considerable time in obscurity, and then emerging in his thirty-sixth year as a rebel General to make himself master of the Imperial Army. It shows him using this instrument with political adroitness for the overthrow of an immemorial dynasty, driving the foreign foe from his country, and, as an Islamic iconoclast, ruthlessly breaking through the ancient social and religious restraints. He is seen, in a spirit of Puritanic realism, founding on the ruins of the fallen Empire a National State, and seeking to build it afresh, as a wise and enlightened Regent, in accordance with modern ideas.

The author has endeavoured to let the facts speak for themselves, narrating the events, and allowing the personality to unfold itself from them—the method that best befits a biography of one who is still a contemporary. It was possible, however, to attempt this portrait at the present time, since Mustapha Kemal's mission has now been successfully accomplished.

The results of his achievement cannot as yet be foreseen. Later generations will alone be able to understand its relations to the development of the world's history. It will then be possible, in the perspective of the past, to make those valuations, which meanwhile must be foregone.

One fact, however, has been established for our own genera-

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tion. The ancient East, that so often played a decisive part in European affairs, during the nineteenth century, and the beginning of the twentieth, has gone for ever. Mustapha Kemal has given the Near East a new form, which has brought one epoch to a close, and inaugurated another.

As the result of modern science and mutual intercourse Europe and Asia are drawing nearer and nearer to one another. When two fields of force approach, the tensions increase. But knowledge mitigates antagonisms, and makes it possible to direct the resultant force along the path designed for it. Automatically the European of the present day will gain a better understanding of the Orient.

This sketch is meant to be a slight contribution to that knowledge. At the same time it describes a piece of recent history, in general still very little known, and attempts to capture the likeness of a man of our own generation, who stands out in bold relief against this historical background, before his features have been dimmed by distance of time.

In addition to widely scattered sources of information, particularly in English, French and Italian publications and newspapers, use has chiefly been made of Turkish documents and of Mustapha Kemal's personal recollections, which exist in detached fragments.

The author wishes to take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging the kindness of his Turkish friends, who so willingly gave him their help in his preliminary studies and in gathering material for this work.

Constantinople—Angora, summer and autumn of 1928.
Munich, in the spring of 1929.

DAGOBERT VON MIKUSCH.

CHAPTER I

THE CEREMONY

“I RECOLLECT only one experience of my early childhood,” says the revolutionary and reformer of later days, “but it dwells in my memory with ineffaceable distinctness. It was connected with my entering school—a question on which my parents held divergent views. My mother clung to the ancient modes and usages in which she had been reared, and the foundation of her whole life was a quiet, gentle piety, that nothing could shake. Her wish was, accordingly, that I should attend one of those clerical schools, conducted by a *hodja*, that transmit the strict Islamic tradition. No doubt the importance she attached to this event was also due to the fact that entrance into a school of this kind was traditionally associated with a solemn religious rite. The intention was that this day should be set apart from all others by an act of special sanctity, and that the child should, in this way, be impressed with the fact that he had now passed beyond the circle of the family, and was henceforward a member of the vast community of believers under rigorously binding obligations.

“My father, on the contrary, was a liberal-minded man, opposed to the clergy, and a staunch upholder of the ideas that were streaming in from the West. Hence his wish that I should be sent to a secular school, that made modern science, and not the Koran, the basis of its instruction.

“In this difference of opinions my father gained the victory, in the end, by means of a mild stratagem. Apparently yielding to my mother’s wishes, he agreed that I should be admitted, with the customary religious ceremony, into the clerical Fatma

Mollah Kadin-school. On the morning of my admission, I was festively attired by my mother in a white dress and a gold-threaded scarf, wound turban-wise round my head; in my hand I carried a gilded bough. Then the teacher—a *hodja*—arrived before the green-bedecked door of our house, accompanied by all his scholars. After a prayer had been offered, I made an obeisance to my mother, my father and the teacher, lifting my finger-tips to my breast and forehead, and kissing their hands. Then, midst the cheering of my new companions, we went in joyous procession through the streets of the city to the school, which adjoined the mosque. On our arrival there another prayer was repeated in chorus; then the teacher, taking me by the hand, led me into a bare, vaulted chamber, where the sacred word of the Koran was unfolded to me.

“About six months afterwards—I can no longer, now, remember the exact date—my father removed me, without much fuss, from the Fatma Mollah Kadin-school, and took me to an elderly teacher, Shemsi Effendi, who conducted a private preparatory school on European lines. My mother had no objection to this; after all, her wishes had been met, and due allowance made for her religious belief. For it was on the ceremony, above all, that her heart was set.”

That solemn rite—and this will explain the importance the boy’s mother attached to it—has something of the same religious significance for the Moslem as the act of admission or confirmation has for the Christian.

It is not surprising that this early experience made an unforgettable impression on the boy, who was then only seven years old (Mustapha, as he had been named, was born in 1880). The dominant theme of his life was, without doubt, announced in that parental difference of opinion which his father had got round so cleverly. For the struggle between the old and the new was thus brought in understandable form to the notice of this child, just awakening to conscious life, who had been born

at the period of transition between two generations; and it must have had a decisive influence on his whole after life.

Certainly, at that time the foundations of the ancient Osmanli empire seemed still unshaken. The mass of the people, like Mustapha's mother, were still rooted in a world-system that was under the wise guidance of Allah. They looked upon their Padishah as the anointed vicar of God on earth. Religion and life were still an unquestioned unity; no breach had opened between divine command and human ordinance; and the imperfections of their earthly existence were patiently borne, since the perfection of Paradise held promise of recompence.

On the whole one did not fare so badly beneath the green flag of the Prophet. The Turk was master, or, at least, he thought he was, and took charge of war. The Christians and Jews, who were not allowed to serve in the army, prospered in commerce. If the taxes were oppressive and arbitrary, there were a thousand ways of avoiding them; and the foreigner, well entrenched behind a whole network of privileges, kept business on the flow, and, when necessary, replenished the coffers of the State. Unfortunately, however, along with his merchandise and the blessings of his civilisation, he brought Western unrest into the country.

At that time—in the year 1887—the throne of the Caliphs was occupied by Sultan Abdul Hamid, a not unworthy representative of the long succession of rulers of the Osman dynasty. Fate, in an unexpected and, at the same time, rather disquieting fashion, had raised this second son of Abdul Medjid, the well-beloved, to supreme power. Two of his predecessors had been deposed through the agency of the higher clergy, who were, more or less justifiably, held to be the mouth-piece of the people's will. First Sultan Abdul Aziz, his uncle*

* In the reigning Ottoman house the succession to the throne is determined by seniority. The oldest member of the family always had a claim to the Sultanate without reference to descent. This was a tradition handed down from nomadic

whose fantastically rambling mind lost all sense of proportion in affairs, and went astray in a delusion of godlikeness. On the morning after his deposition he was found dead in his bed with his arteries slit open. The College of Physicians certified that he had committed suicide, but the people in general were of a different opinion.

Murad V, his successor fared little better. His Ministers governed, and two of them—the leaders in the *coup d'état* against Abdul Aziz—were murdered in blood-revenge during a sitting of the Council. Insurrection broke out in the European Provinces. Christians and Moslems flew at each other's throats, and the fleets of the Great Powers sailed up under full steam. The Empire was in imminent danger of falling to pieces. Murad V, a man of feeble constitution, was declared incapable, and after a few months' reign was deposed, ostensibly on the ground of incurable mental disorder. The diagnosis, it was said, proved later to have been too hurried. The younger brother, Abdul Hamid, at that time a man of thirty-four, a brilliant horseman and swordsman, slim in build, with large, solemn eyes and a strongly prominent hook-nose, was girt with the sword of Osman, and tumultuously acclaimed by the capital as the "Reformer of the Turkish Empire."

Grand Vizier, Midhat Pasha, the "king-maker," who was really the leading spirit in the deposition of both Sultans, had stipulated that Abdul Hamid, on his succession to the throne, should introduce the famous "Constitution of 1876," which became the central point of the later Revolution. Midhat, an able, energetic man, but harsh in manner and of an extremely autocratic disposition, thought that by modernising Turkey rapidly he would remove from a benevolent Europe all further

times. The leadership of the tribe could only be entrusted to an elderly, experienced man, and such a man could not always be guaranteed, in the case of direct succession from father to son.

pretexts for surgical operations on the “sick man on the Bosphorus.” He must, however, have been bitterly disappointed in this expectation. Scarcely two years later the Russians, despite the famous defence of Plevna by the Turks, stood before the gates of Constantinople. It was only the jealousy of the Great Powers concerned that saved the Ottoman Empire—not for the first and also not for the last time—from an amputation that would probably have proved fatal. In the Berlin Congress of 1878, which, under the guidance of Bismarck, averted the threatened world-war, Turkey had indeed to cede some Balkan Provinces, but her position as a political power on the boundary between two continents remained intact.

Abdul Hamid turned to advantage the adverse experiences of the early years of his reign. Midhat Pasha, who, like a kind of major-domo, meant to conduct the government entirely in accordance with his own convictions, had to go into exile. As he did not remain inactive, he was accused of the murder of Sultan Abdul Aziz, and thrown into prison, where he died very soon afterwards, in a manner never yet fully explained.

The Sultan, who really was a man of some weight, believed that he knew what the country really needed, and took the government entirely into his own hands. It was his tragic fate that he was mistaken in what he considered a right estimate of the situation, or rather, that the tide of events overwhelmed him. Nevertheless he kept his empire together, though with great difficulty, for another thirty-two years.

He too desired reforms, and recognised the necessity for adaptation to altered conditions in the struggle for self-preservation. Only these were to be effected in a more reasonable and moderate way than that pursued by the impetuous innovators. It has to be admitted, though, on their side that their urgency was undoubtedly occasioned by an apprehension of external danger that was unfortunately quite justified.

Constitution? An alien, unintelligible word, an abstraction

utterly void of meaning for the mass of Mohammedans. Responsible self-government, dictated to-morrow morning to a nation, in which ninety per cent. of the inhabitants could neither read nor write? It will be seen afterwards what the Young Turks made, or were forced by sheer necessity to make, of their democracy.

No! Before the old supports could be torn away new beams had to be inserted. First the reforming spirit, then the body. Before beginning to modernise the fabric of the ancient Islamic State, it was necessary to serve an apprenticeship to the Europeans, to study their methods closely, and know exactly what could or could not be utilised.

The Constitution of 1876 was quietly thrust into a corner; Parliament was not summoned. In Abdul Hamid's opinion the time was not yet ripe for that. But—and this is a thing his successors in power wanted on principle to overlook—he opened up for the youth of the country avenues to Western ideas, and, at least in the first period of his reign, kept an open mind with regard to the intellectual renaissance. As has been mentioned, modern sciences directly antagonistic to the Islamic system of thought were taught in the secular schools. Students went to the Western universities; young officers, in large numbers, joined European armies for the purpose of training; instructors and teachers were brought into the country. In Galata Scrai, the Oxford of Turkey, there sprang up an intellectual élite furnished with the complete equipment of modern knowledge.

Meanwhile, until the inward transformation bore fruit, the main object was to resist the growing pressure of the adjoining countries. At any moment the land might be overrun by more powerful neighbours. Against these the only means of any avail were cautious evasion, adroit delay, specious pledges, craft and deceit—the weapons of the weak. Abdul Hamid became an adept in the arts of diplomacy. Again and again, when storm-clouds were gathering threateningly, he was able to play

one antagonist off against the other, and then, with foxy cunning, slip through between them both.

While in the resplendent, imperial city of Constantinople the representative of the Prophet was thus striving, with sour tenacity that grew more and more sullen—dim forebodings may have overtaken him—to keep the heritage of his fathers undiminished, there had already been born in an out-lying part of his Empire, and indeed among the faithful themselves, the boy whose mission it was to be to overthrow the throne of the Caliphs that had endured for a thousand years, and to drive the last of the Sultans from the land.

The parents of young Mustapha lived in the Turkish quarter of Salonica, in one of those small houses that are common in the country. They are built of wood that has taken on the silvery grey patina of age; the windows are hidden behind a narrow trellis-work, and the door is always kept fast closed. A square spy-hole at the side of the door is opened at a tap on the brass knocker outside, to discover the visitor's business, and give the women of the house time to withdraw, if he happens to be a man. The narrow streets and lanes are in a state of disorder and confusion that is more picturesque than practical, and there is neither the noise of traffic nor any bustle or shouting. Here and there, perhaps, one may see groups of children playing in the quiet, subdued manner peculiar to the young people of that country. Men in fez or turban walk slowly and stiffly past; any haste would be beneath their dignity. Women, mostly in couples, thickly veiled, wearing the nun-like *yashmak* that makes them all alike, glide towards the houses with light, almost noiseless step. Over the whole scene there broods a peaceful stillness, listless almost, and a little sleepy. This is occasionally emphasised rather than broken by the long-drawn-out singing cry of the itinerant vendors, offering all sorts of vegetables, fruits and flowers for sale. They know too, how to

clothe their matter-of-fact business with poetry, such as, for instance, the seller of peaches, who announces himself to the housewives with this pretty distich:

“O night, O night, who with thy lovely hands,
Dost offer us the fragrant, dewy peach!”

In this world, secluded, self-sufficing, and fettered by tradition, the child grew up, and, to begin with, nothing seemed likely to endanger its guarded security.

Very little of the age's unrest penetrated the peace of the home. Central there was the mother, genial and kindly, radiating good cheer and holding gentle sway. The Turkish lady of that period was, by tradition and custom, confined to the family circle. Distractions and diversions outside the home were denied her, the society of men debarred. She was forbidden even to appear at her husband's side, and at the fall of twilight no Mohammedan woman was allowed to show herself any longer in the streets or squares.

A woman's life, encompassed by sacrosanct prescriptions, was thus concentrated within a narrowly circumscribed realm. As a wife she sought and found the fulfilment of her existence in a world that was small, but entirely her own. Within these boundaries she was the ruler; as soon as she became a mother she was greeted with a ceremonial reverence. There was something intangible, even sacred, surrounding her, that protected her from too close contact with rough reality. But constraint that is devoutly accepted, becomes freedom. Instead of crippling, it exalts humanity. This withdrawal, this severance from daily disturbances, was of advantage for the development of the inner life.

Mustapha's mother, Zubeidé Hanum, was, until later years, submitted to the strict seclusion of Islam; she could know very little of the world's affairs, and even what we in Europe call culture was barred to her. But her humanity was none the less

rich, and her mind none the less susceptible to all that was valid and valuable. A peaceful, steady radiance shone from her personality. She never hindered her son, when he pursued his own apparently bewildering paths; suppressing her own wishes, she allowed his nature complete freedom to develop, even when she frequently failed to understand him. He very soon slipped from her side into a world that was strange to her. She stood aside, hiding within herself her anxiety and grief. Her whole life consisted of sacrifice, self-denial and renunciation; but, perhaps, just for that reason, she exercised unconsciously so strong an influence, and transmitted to her son genuine human qualities that were more important than all knowledge and talent.

The assured self-dependence of the man in later life, his well-nigh inexhaustible resources of mental vigour, capable at all times of venturing the highest stake, and, last but not least, his devotion, his self-forgetfulness, his freedom from egotistic limitations, must have been, unless everything is deceptive, an endowment and inheritance from his mother.

The son, perhaps, knew or felt how much he owed to his mother. For, so long as she lived, he was attached to her with a love and veneration that were unusual even in Turkey, the classical land of immemorial reverence for the mother. That was one of the most humanly sympathetic traits in the character of a man who had otherwise little use for sentiment, who regarded the hallowed traditions as mere antiquated trash, whose attitude to women in general was inclined to be sceptical, not to say purely materialistic.

His sense of reality, his moderation, his progressiveness, and, latterly, his unbelief, may well have been derived from his father. Little is known concerning the origin of the family. The Turk does not keep any record of his lineage, nor does he, for that reason, inherit any name on the male side. The original germ of the state was not the family, but the tribe. To this

community, in which all were knit together by the closest bonds for weal or woe, the individual belonged; the tribe bore the name that was current for all; possessions were held in common.

The Turks, coming from Central Asia, made a late appearance in history, as a purely nomadic people; overleaping all the intermediate stages, they embraced the highly developed religion and intellectual culture of Islam, somewhat in the same manner as the ancient Germans accepted a Christianity that was originally foreign to them. There was this difference, however—the early Germans, like all the North European nations, had by that time already become settled communities, with a social system that was grouped round the two foci, family and nation.

Nationality, or the nation, was for the Turk, until the twentieth century, an unimaginable conception—merchandise imported from the West. Fundamentally he remained nomadic in spirit—a fact that has struck every one who has come into contact with him.

Mustapha's family is said to have sprung from Anatolian peasants of the interior of Asia Minor, and to have emigrated only in comparatively recent times to the South Balkan town of Salonica, which, at that period, was still Turkish. This may well be possible. In the political leader of later times there is a great deal of the healthy vigour, the tenacious endurance, the stubbornness incapable of discipline, and the artful shrewdness, that are characteristic of the Anatolian peasant. He was naturally endowed too with the gift of finding the right word for the ordinary man. The child was blond and blue-eyed; but that proves nothing to the contrary. The further one proceeds from the Mediterranean coast, where the dark-complexioned race is predominant, and penetrates eastwards into Asia Minor, the more frequently the blond type is encountered. It is unnecessary to discuss here the highly complicated questions regarding the races of Southern Europe, and more particularly,

of the Near East, i.e., of the actual territory of Turkey; owing to the varied stratification and crossing of races no satisfactory solution at all can be found.

In any case, at an earlier or later time, a blending of heterogeneous races must have taken place in his ancestry, though certainly in the happiest way. For otherwise there could have been no explanation of the complete freedom of this Oriental from the cultural tradition of Islam; and it would have been still more difficult to have accounted for the close alliance—in strong contrast to the usual superficial veneer—with a spirit so entirely different as the Western, in a man whose only knowledge of Europe beyond the Balkans was gained by two hurried, chance visits.

A slight incident related to the author by a well-known Turkish littératcur makes it clear that, at least at an earlier date; Mustapha's own fellow-countrymen did not immediately take him for a typical example of his race.

It happened during the Great War. The writer just mentioned was walking one day along the main street of Pera, when he saw an officer of high rank coming out of one of the hotels near by. He was struck by his appearance—a thin face, features at once clever and energetic, sharp, blue, alert eyes beneath strongly prominent eyebrows. His *kalpak* was drawn low down on his forehead, and his broad grey cape was flung over his shoulders with elegant negligence. In his well-groomed exterior, his military bearing, and steady, self-possessed movements, he bore, for all the world, the stamp of one of those German officers who, in large numbers, were serving in the Ottoman army at the time. Such, at least, was the opinion of this Turkish gentleman, who said to himself—“What a pity such visions are not in evidence among our own officers! How much better it would be for us then!” In this case, however, he was destined to receive a pleasant surprise; for, coming involuntarily to a halt, he heard the supposed

German officer speak a few words in the purest Turkish to an adjutant who was following him, thus disclosing himself to be a fellow-countryman. He learned afterwards that the officer was Colonel Mustapha Kemal, whose name, even then, was often being mentioned.

Be that as it may, nothing certain is known of his extraction, and, with the lack of a family tradition among the Turks, we have simply to fall back on inferences drawn from the facts that are known.

His father, Ali Riza Bey, as has been said, was one of those free-thinking, enlightened spirits, who had recognised the frailty of the Islamic state-fabric, and who pressed for a root-and-branch reform of the decrepit Turkish Empire. At that time, after seventy years of reaction and disappointment, they had become a quiet community in the land. They looked forward with resignation to the future, and doubtless they may have expected from a coming generation, better equipped for such an undertaking, the fulfilment of what had been, and had still to be, denied to them. For that reason also, the father prepared the way with quiet decision, for a solid, but modern preliminary education for his only son—a brother of Mustapha's had died at an early age, and there was only a younger sister left.

Certainly life was no longer as easy as it had been formerly, when the Turk was sole master; and, especially in towns like Salonica, where the nimble Westerner was gaining ground, living grew more and more expensive.

The father held a humble, official post in the custom-house down at the harbour. The salary was small, its payment was often months in arrears, and lucrative perquisites mostly disappeared into the pockets of his superiors. At a pinch his income might have sufficed, especially if he had left his son under the care of the *hodjas*—the clergy—since their instruction was given gratis. But that was not to be thought of. And with

the boy's advance to higher schools expenses were also bound to increase. For this contingency timely provision had to be made.

Accordingly Ali Riza resolved to give up an official career, which, though it was comfortable, was but meagrely rewarded. He started a small timber business, the chances, as it happened, seeming favourable. The project bade fair to turn out quite successful. In a few years, as the result of method, industry and capable management, the top of the hill would be surmounted and a comfortable income assured; if foreigners could manage this there was no reason to think that he could not accomplish it as well. When that point was reached he could afford to send his son to one of the boarding schools in the capital, and let him pursue his studies abroad, perhaps in Paris. That would furnish him with all he required. As to what would become of him afterwards—Inshallah—that was in the hands of God!

This must have been a brief season of happy childhood for the young Mustapha. He had a securely guarded home; a mother to whom he was tenderly attached, and for whom, it was easy to see, he was all in all; a little sister to play with; and an aged friendly teacher, who made attendance at school a pleasure. And then there was the father, regarded with veneration, whose hand, as custom ordained, was kissed in greeting, when he entered the house at evening. One was not allowed to sit or speak in his presence, without being invited. The forms were strict, but there was a mild atmosphere of equalising adjustments. If you owed respect to your parents, you were also treated with respect yourself; if correct behaviour was required, you were, in return, dealt with as a serious human being, and addressed, not in a childish fashion, but in a manner befitting a grown-up man. In fact, you were a young Bey, dignified and sedate, even although you were only nine years old.

In his recollection of his father, who was destined soon to

disappear from the scene, he still retained a particularly vivid impression of the fact that he attached great importance to his external appearance, always dressing with studied neatness and care. He no doubt meant in this way to show plainly that despite his humble circumstances he still remained a gentleman. It is just as probable that he did not wish to be inferior to the Europeans in this respect, and that he desired also to make an outward show of his progressive views. For the Old Turk was inclined to be comfortably negligent in his attire.

It may have been that the father's general health was feeble or he may have overstrained himself in the work he had so eagerly undertaken; at any rate, at this point he became ill, had to take to bed, and died soon after.

The mother and the two children were left without any means of subsistence. The wood business, just started, had, up till then, not brought in much, and now there was an end of it. The official pension, if there was any at all, was so small that it was impossible to live on it.

Accordingly there was nothing for the mother to do but to leave the town, and seek shelter with a relative who lived in the village of Lagasán, about two hours distant. This uncle of Mustapha's was the owner of a house and a few fields there, which were held on a tenure somewhat like that of a small freeholder. As it happened, he was able to employ the lad—he certainly seemed strong enough. There need be no worry; he would make a sturdy peasant out of him yet; and that was a calling that still brought in a good income.

So now it meant herding the sheep, cleaning out stalls, and other simple, but health-giving occupations of the same kind. Even these the boy liked very well. After all the school was always the school, and here in the open air it was far more pleasant than in the confinement of the town. Work of this kind was by no means easy at first, but it strengthened the muscles and steeled the body. Was he to become a peasant?

Why not? In that event he would be his own master, and would have no need to submit to any one—a thing, which, in any case, he was little inclined to do.

Certainly he was best pleased when he could sit outside in the fields, performing the somewhat unexciting duty of keeping away the numberless crows from the crops. That was his chief employment. Now and then his little sister would keep him company; but he was mostly alone, hour after hour alone. There he could muse and dream. About what? Indeed he hardly knew himself. It was enough just to let his thoughts wander, to stare into the blue heavens, and to follow the circling flight of the tawny falcons.

Meanwhile his mother, with quiet persistence, clung to the thought of another future for her son.

CHAPTER II

AT THE MILITARY COLLEGE

AFTER about two years of this training on the farm, the young Mustapha was one day called home from his herdsman's duty in the fields. His mother informed him that it would now be possible for him to attend school in Salonica again; an aunt in that town had said she was willing to take him. She had managed to scrape together enough for his school fees, and for a somewhat better outfit. The visible joy of his mother—she often looked sad enough those days—was no doubt a compensation for the loss of his freedom and his hours of idle dreaming. Besides, he had been conscious himself of a secret unrest, an indefinable longing; his crippled energies were beginning to assert themselves.

This enforced sojourn on the land had been beneficial for the lad, now in his eleventh year. The fresh air and the muscular exercise had made his frame tough and resilient. They laid the foundation of that capital of healthy vigour, which, in his later years, endowed him with the buoyancy and the unwavering self-composure that were the primary conditions of his extraordinary achievements. At the same time the fact of his having been so much alone had given his character a somewhat studious and meditative cast, and strengthened an original inclination to isolation and single-handed action.

In the intermediate school which he now attended—a private establishment, for at that time there was no compulsory education in Turkey—he quickly found his level. Learning was easy for him; but, for all that, he was no docile scholar. With his hyper-sensitive self-consciousness and his reserved and stub-

born disposition, he was not likely to win the favour of his teachers. Indeed a catastrophe occurred before a year was over.

The cause was by no means a tragic one. He got into a quarrel with one of his fellow-scholars—he would not consent to travel by carriage—and the heated discussion of pros and cons led to a regular general scrimmage. Unfortunately the teacher of Arabic, nicknamed Kaimak (Slushy) Hafiz, appeared on the scene. He singled out Mustapha, whom he doubtless took to be the culprit, and, before the whole class, administered an exemplary punishment that left behind a considerable number of black-and-blue wheals.

He submitted quietly to this castigation, although he felt that he had been unjustly punished. But when he got home he declared that he would never return to the school again; and this resolve he kept.

That was all very well; but what was to happen next? There was not another school of the same kind in Salonica, and lack of means put removal to another town out of the question. Was he then to go back to his uncle the peasant-farmer out at Lagasán? But even at that time he entertained quite different ideas.

“We had,” so he relates, “for a neighbour a certain Major Kadri Bey, whose son Ahmed attended the military college. The students there wore handsome uniforms, and every time I met Ahmed I envied him on that account. Besides, I frequently saw the smartly-dressed officers on the street; and I made up my mind that I would be an officer, in order to be able to wear such a brilliant uniform.”

That may possibly have been the lad’s idea. But certainly, when he was older, he made his profession a real vocation. Actuality had always a greater value for him than appearance.

No doubt he would have liked to have talked over his wishes

with his mother. But she would not have been willing to listen to anything of the kind. She detested the very sight of a uniform. Her only son to become a soldier, and possibly have to go and fight! Anything but that!

But fortunately Kaimak Hafiz in his wrath had involuntarily played the part of fate. For now there was really no other reasonable course of action open, and once the resolve was formed it was carried into effect.

Without giving any hint to his mother or to his other relatives, the twelve-year-old lad had recourse to a friend of his father's for assistance in carrying out his design. The latter, a retired officer, was in complete sympathy with his desire to be a soldier. He secured permission from the governors of the military college in Salonica for Mustapha to sit the entrance examination; the candidate passed, and was admitted.

His mother, thus confronted with a *fait accompli*, reconciled herself to the inevitable. There was no alternative; after all it was the only way out of the dilemma.

The military college—a kind of cadet institution—was subsidised by the Sultan. In this way the sovereign himself, so to speak, took charge of the student's further education, and he was not to be trifled with. The student who played pranks or was lazy was sent into the army as a private soldier, where he had to serve as many years as he had received free instruction, and might possibly become a non-commissioned officer.

With this Damoclean sword overhead he learned submission and acquired methodical habits, even if the method of procedure was not always fair and square; he developed self-control, though he had no doubt often inwardly rebelled.

Mustapha's chief delight was in mathematics; that soon became the subject in which he excelled. Its clarity, objectivity and reliability appealed to a mind like his with its bent towards facts. Here, given quantities were dealt with; clean-cut decisions had to be made; there was no place for chance or conjecture.

ture. Problems could not be talked round; they had to be solved; it was strategy on a small scale. And it was precisely the difficulties themselves that were fascinating. An equation might seem ever so puzzling, but a solution was always possible; one had only to know how to find it. To fasten one's teeth into a task and never to rest until its kernel was extracted, was something entirely to the mind of this born ponderer.

In this exact science he was at the head of all his class-fellows. The professor of mathematics soon became his special friend. Mustapha is even said to have received from him the name that was afterwards to become famous over all the world. The professor whose name was also Mustapha said: "There will have to be some distinction between us. If there is none at present, we must make one. So from now onwards you will be called Kemal." Accordingly he assumed this as a surname. Kemal, however, means "excellent." The professor made him a kind of tutor; he had to supervise the work of his fellow-students, and occasionally, when necessary, explain difficulties to them. Such an exceptional position gave him greater self-confidence; this promotion to a place of prominence overcame a much too scrupulous diffidence that had its origin in a strong predisposition to candid self-criticism.

By this time, too, the "excellent" young man was no stranger to the tender emotions. In his fourteenth year, as was fitting, he fell in love with a young girl in the neighbourhood. He was, of course, not allowed to speak to her; he could only see her and pay court to her from a distance. As soon as he came home from college in the evening, he had his trousers ironed as quickly as possible, and hurried out, on the pretext of wanting to have a game with his companions. Instead of that he would walk up and down before the house of his *inamorata* for hours with the stubborn tenacity so characteristic of him. Perhaps the fair young maiden made her appearance behind the trellis-work, and showed her gratitude to her faith-

ful squire with his carefully pressed trousers, by a tender glance from her dark eyes.

Meanwhile such unimportant but very charming diversions did not keep him from doing honour to his new name, and he progressed steadily from stage to stage. When a student had passed the lower classes, he entered the principal training-institute for cadets in Monastir, an attractive town in Inner Macedonia, reached by a journey of a few hours on one of the few railways in the country. At that time the Ottoman Empire stretched in a broad belt straight across the entire Balkan Peninsula to the Adriatic.

In the year that Mustapha came to Monastir the town was filled with the clash of arms and the hubbub of warlike preparations, the first, but as yet still distant, note of a melody, that furnished the dominant theme for long stretches of his life. Long columns of troops passed through the town, accompanied by the clatter of heavy artillery, while the faithful warriors of the Padishah struck up the monotonous, melancholy songs of their native Anatolia. Once more the Turks were taking the field against their neighbours. The dispute was over Crete, one of the troublesome children under the charge of the guardians of the European balance of power. Greece thought it had national and vitally important claims to this island, while Turkey was unwilling to give up of its own accord what rightfully belonged to it. The Great Powers of this earth were unable, as so often, to agree on the mediatory formula that would settle the quarrel, and were compelled to allow things to take their course.

It can easily be imagined how eagerly the embryo field-marshals in the military nursery followed the great war game in their near neighbourhood, and discussed, with all the fervour of a knowledge recently acquired, but still somewhat imperfect, the moves and stratagems of the old generals.

Their patriotic longings, as it proved, were not disappointed. -

The Thessalian campaign of 1897 ended in Turkey's favour, the last occasion, for a long period, on which her army was destined to be successful. Within sight of Olympus, the erstwhile seat of their divinities, the Greeks had to fight a continuous rear-guard battle, and very soon they were out of breath. Their leader was the young Crown Prince Constantine of Greece, the very same man who two-and-a-half decades later was to measure himself against one of the cadets over yonder in Monastir for the highest and last stake of all.

By this time already the fifth or even the sixth form in the Monastir College had been reached. Since special gifts and aptitudes were now beginning to stand out in clearer relief, and individual characters were being more sharply distinguished one from another, the personality of the man of later years became discernible in its main outlines.

The words of one of Mustapha Kemal's fellow-students will give the best idea of the impression he made on others when he was about eighteen years of age:

"He always kept himself at a distance," one of them says, "remaining quietly by himself without forming any close friendships. Despite that, however, he was never unfriendly nor cold. He was, on the contrary, jolly and unaffectedly amiable in his disposition. And the strangest thing of all was that, although he never thrust himself forward, we all allowed ourselves to be led by him without our knowing that we were doing so. He read a great deal, but meditated still more, spending thrice as much time in reflecting on a book as he had taken to read it.

"On one occasion we said to him: 'You do not join us in our games, you always keep by yourself and never tell us what you are thinking about; what, then, are you aiming at? What do you really intend to be?'

"'Ben olayaghin,' he said in reply—*i.e.*, 'I am going to be somebody.'

“‘But what?’ we went on asking, ‘what you say is much too vague.’

“He gave the same answer.

“‘But surely you don’t think you are going to become a Sultan!’

“And again he only said: ‘Ben olayaghin.’”

Later legend has, in retrospect, given various forms to his portrait. The assured facts, however, are simple enough. He was a gifted student who had influence over his comrades, and won their confidence; but, apart from that, he went his own way. He may have appeared somewhat sinister to them—this unfathomable man, who concealed, behind a disposition that was invariably friendly, a firm determination and a tenacious will. They probably perceived that he was not quite of their sort. His face even, with its clean lines running smoothly into one another, was not of the usual soft, insipid type. Nothing in his nature betrayed the weary melancholy of the Oriental; he had no share in Islam’s heritage—submission to God—that compromise with destiny that is, doubtless, brave and humanly great, but is, in the last resort, weaponless and resigned. His nature reminded one rather of the primitive, nomadic Turks, with their unflagging vitality, their reckless disregard of consequences, and all the tenacity and inflexibility of an ascendant race.

He went home once a year during the vacation. His domestic circumstances had assumed a more favourable aspect, though certainly at the cost of a passing estrangement from his mother. Zubeïdé Hanum had married again, and her second husband, a native of Rhodes, was a comparatively wealthy man. Her son disapproved this step. “I was in love with my mother, and she with me,” he has said. He never mentioned his step-father; the latter did not exist for him. None the less, this second marriage, from which there was no issue, enabled his mother, even in later years, to furnish her only son with a regular allow-

ance that must have been extremely welcome to an officer who attached such importance to a well-groomed exterior and an elegant style.

During his holidays in Salonica he took lessons in French secretly from the French priors, who conducted a school in connection with their congregation in that town. The teacher of French had taken the student, whose chief interest was in mathematics, severely to task for his want of application. He was very sensitive to reproof; and the result was that French was the only foreign tongue in which he became fluent.

“On the whole,” he says, referring to this period, “in Monastir there was brisk rivalry among the students; every one wanted to be first.” It was the passion for learning in youths for whom the fountains of knowledge had long been sealed, the eagerness of a nation to overtake the West as rapidly as possible.

Thus the rungs of the ladder, one after the other, were ascended; and when the barriers of the leaving examination had been surmounted, Mustapha Kemal, along with others, was informed under certificate and seal that the doors to advanced military knowledge stood open to him. Accordingly he was transferred to the Academy of Military Art—the *harbiyeh*—in the capital of the country.

At the beginning of the century Constantinople lay in the evening sunshine of its ancient renown. It was still the city that Pierre Loti portrayed; it was bright, colourful, fascinating, and at the same time fraught with mystic enchantment, dark secrets, sharp contrasts and abrupt alternations; splendour and poverty rubbed shoulders; palaces of gleaming marble rose alongside tracts of ruins; with the reposeful rhythm of genuine beauty there mingled the obtrusive discords of a sham magnificence.

Medievalism and modernity stood side by side. The craftsmen sat in their tiny, open booths, turning the potter’s wheel, or

forging their copper vessels, as in the Byzantium of past ages; while not far from them, and within their view, a passenger liner of the latest type came to anchor in the harbour of the Golden Horn. In the early morning the electric tram might swing past a gallows erected overnight, from which there dangled a poor fellow clad simply in the convict's shirt.

The separate quarters were cities in themselves, entirely different both in their external aspect and in their character, severed from each other by their customs and their mode of life. Enclosed by two arms of the sea rises old Stamboul, the Turkish quarter, a confused jumble of wooden houses overshadowed by the magnificence of the mosques. Its uneven, tortuous street which leads up to the "Sublime Porte" culminates in the square "Seraskier Tower" of the Ministry of War—the outstanding symbol of a warlike people. The delicate silhouette of the coast stretches softly out to the Seraglio Point, where the peninsula sinks down in a series of terraces to the shore laved by the blue sea, where the Kiosks of former Sultans stand, shrouded in secrecy, and the emblem of the Caliphate—the mantle of the Prophet—is treasured up. Yonder on the opposite shore, ascending steeply to a height, is Galata, the ghetto of the Spanish Jews, with its winding streets, leading directly to Pera, the city of the Christians and of the foreign embassies. Here on the Golden Horn the East and the West come into contact. At that time they were still two independent worlds linked by the famous "bridge of the nations"—the Galata bridge then in a constant state of disrepair. In those days it was crowded by a motley throng of Turks, Arabs, Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Albanians, Macedonians, Kurds, Syrians, Druses, Circassians, Yezids, Ishmaelites and Maronites—a moving picture of the mosaic of races, religions and nations included in the universal Empire of the Crescent. The fez, which they all wore, distinguished them rigorously from the Western races, and provided a symbol of the Turkish rule which -

united them, at least externally.

This universal Empire had its origin in an idea that was both sagacious and humane. When Mohammed II, the Conqueror, had taken possession of Constantinople in 1453, and established the Ottoman Empire in its final form, he forbore from denationalising the subject races and making Turks of them. Carrying on the Byzantine tradition he divided the Empire into "millets"—a term roughly equivalent to "nation." All these communities retained their own religions and languages, enacted their own laws, and enjoyed their own untrammelled life under the guidance of their spiritual overseers. Over them all the Sultan-Caliph reigned as their common sovereign.

This system of millets—*i.e.*, a kind of federal state—had stood the test for four and a half centuries. Once only in the course of history had an attempt been made to alter it. That was done by Selim I, the predecessor of Suleiman the Magnificent. At a time when the principle *cujus regio ejus religio* was generally accepted, he conceived the plan of creating a homogeneous nation with one language and one religion out of all the citizens of his Empire. Perhaps he foresaw the danger that in the future would threaten an Empire so loosely knit together. He gave Christians and Jews the alternative of becoming Mohammedans or of being dispatched into eternity, and imposed on all his subjects the acceptance and employment of a common language. No foreign power would have been able in those days to prevent him from carrying out this proposed unification. He was met, however, by opposition on the part of Islam itself. The Ulema—the higher clergy—declared that the "*Sheria*," the sacred law, forbade all compulsory conversion. The Sultan did not dare to disregard this objection, and had to give up his plan. Thus the Koran was the means of keeping the Christians of the East from being absorbed by Islam.

When, in the nineteenth century, the ideas of nationality and

democracy began to gain ground in Europe, the Christians were the first in the East to accept the new conception of communal life. Their business connections brought them very closely into touch with the West; in this way they became acquainted with its ideas, and, at the same time, they were attracted to the Occident by their community in the Christian faith. Islam, stiff and unsusceptible of change, was regarded by them as retrogressive; it was less a religion than a mode of conceiving existence—a civil and social organisation. Moreover, the Turk was a bad administrator; he might be able to rule, but he could not govern; essentially he always remained the military conqueror. Three things only he demanded—that the Sultan should receive implicit obedience, that the taxes should be paid, and that in official intercourse the Turkish language alone should be employed. For the rest he let every one work out his own salvation in his own fashion, and took almost no concern whatever in the welfare of the land. His passivity and *laissez-faire* were the chief obstacles to any further development. The tension between the Oriental and the Occidental grew greater and greater.

Some of the millets—those that were Christian communities—succeeded, with the assistance of Europe, in freeing themselves from the Turkish rule, and forming national states that were more or less independent. This happened to the Greeks, the Roumanians, the Serbs and the Bulgarians. Those that still remained an integral part of the imperial unity were all the more eager to follow their example and gain the right to political independence.

Confronted with this danger to the universal monarchy, the Turks themselves began to adopt Western ideas, making particularly their own the weapon that was most effective politically—the conception of nationality. This was the origin of the Young Turk movement. Its intellectual sub-structure was the conception of nationality—the word “*vatan*,” father-

land, was then, for the first time, uttered and exalted. The desire for progress was simply a means to an end; in practice it came to a point in the demand for the final removal of an anachronistic absolutism and the introduction of a political constitution modelled on that of the Western democracies.

The designation, Young Turks, more correctly, Liberal Turks, had nothing to do with age in itself. They were so named in contrast to the Conservatives, or the Old Turks. Even high-placed officials and generals were among the members of the party. Naturally the majority of their keenest supporters were to be found among the educated youth of the country. These had been familiarised in the advanced schools with modern science, and, consequently, with the modern spirit, and, in most cases, had been still more Westernised as the result of residence abroad. The mass of Mohammedans—and this is an important consideration in view of subsequent events—continued for a long time utterly hostile to the ideas of the Young Turks.

The energetic measures of defence taken by Abdul Hamid were no doubt, for a time, successful in checking the advance of the movement; but he was unable permanently to suppress its spirit. After pausing for a breathing space during the 'eighties and the early 'nineties, the Young Turk movement received a fresh impetus at the beginning of the twentieth century, and this time its advance was irresistible.

Certainly, in the external aspect of the capital no sign of these secret alterations in the fabric could, as yet, be perceived. The political drama was enacted not on the open stage but behind the scenes; like electric cables, all the wires ran underground; current and counter-current met in the brackish waters of subterranean canals. On the stage itself, with its old and rather worn scenery, the opera of life went on with the usual noise and clamour; indeed, as if in anticipation of the coming change, the tempo was even faster.

In this cosmopolis of the East, called “deri seadet,” “the gates of blessedness,” endowed by nature with all the gifts of pleasantness and plenty, existence was richer and fuller, the present more greedily enjoyed, and inviting opportunities more hastily grasped. There were no secure paths, no fixed stages of promotion; success came to those who were the most daring or the most cunning, or who were readiest to seize what lay to their hand; unless, as so often happened, accident threw a full purse into the lap of a man sitting indolently by the wayside. Life was a perpetual adventure; fortune and misfortune frequently alternated more rapidly than night and day. The man who to-day was toiling in poverty-stricken obscurity might bask on the morrow in the radiant sunshine of grace and favour, while the be-starred wearer of Orders of Merit, who drove in splendour through the streets in a state carriage with outriders, would perhaps be sitting in prison a few hours afterwards, or might be on his way to banishment in distant Arabia.

European refinement was wedded to Oriental indulgence—opium, hashish, immersion in blissful dreamy drowsiness on sultry moonlit nights, and women of every shade and nuance. Only the veiled Mohammedan women had to be left severely alone, at least if one was an unbeliever. Dalliance of that sort, even though the risk made it more attractive, was apt to end in a thrust of cold steel in the back, while the fair transgressor of the sacred commandment disappeared for ever in the waters of the Bosphorus.

Mustapha Kemal, now an ensign of twenty, found himself transported from the binding restrictions of a provincial boarding establishment to the luxuries of life in a city. Books for the time were thrust aside, this first liberty had to be thoroughly tasted. Smartly dressed in the uniform once so eagerly coveted, well-grown, not very tall, but with broad shoulders and narrow supple hips, he was by no means deaf to the promptings of an adolescence whose outward evidence was a moustache that had

begun to show signs of manly growth. The table was spread, he had only to stretch out his hands.

And he did so with a will, steadily and thoroughly, as was his wont in all that he undertook. He was eager to unveil the mystery of sex, which thus ceased to be the disquieting and tormenting preoccupation that it usually is for the adolescent mind. This impulse to investigate was certainly, in the main, confined to the material, the superficial aspect, so to speak—to the swift satisfaction of passing desires, the consummation that crowned hours linked together in jollity. The tie, quickly formed and as quickly forgotten, was not allowed to become a fetter.

All this took place without any disturbance of his equipoise. He did not allow romantic ideas to unsettle him for the world of reality; he did not indulge in those wishes that invariably become at once supreme demands; he created no stumbling-blocks out of trifling “ifs” and “buts”; with the *insouciance* of a sound and vigorous constitution his growth to manhood was completed.

At this period there was also a more serious love affair. This time the lady in question was one of those handsome Levantines who were to be met in the Pera drawing-rooms. These ladies moved in the best society, dressed in the latest Parisian fashions, and were cosmopolitan in their speech, their appearance and their tastes. Women like these, with sharply-defined personalities, capricious, well-educated, showing complete assurance in their demeanour and associating unveiled with men—the hub of society, stars round whom everyone circled—were quite modern and unfamiliar phenomena to the young Turk. No wonder that one of this galaxy captivated his heart. Admittedly she was not to be won without some experience in the higher strategy of love, or, at least, without some natural talent. The affair, as so often happens, came to an unhappy end. The ladies may have perceived that this young man, very good-

looking, but taciturn and wrapped up in himself, was essentially cold in his attitude towards them, and had made up his mind not to risk very much in his dealings with them. He never became a drawing-room hero. In contrast to his success as a military leader and a statesman, he never attained the mastery of the *ars amandi*. Still, he was not fastidious, and carelessly plucked the blossom by the wayside as he passed.

This exploration into the region of practical life had, however, been the means of letting him see and experience much that was to occupy his thoughts far more seriously and persistently. He had reached the age at which independent judgments are formed, and he was no longer blind to the fact that the fortunes of his country were on the downward trend, and that the fabric of the Empire was cracking at all its joints and corners. Indeed, the expression "the sick man on the Bosphorus" had become a general catchword. It had become an established conviction with which the European Cabinets dealt as a matter of fact. It seemed only a question of how long it would be before the decease took place.

Meanwhile the army student, rapidly making up, before the close of the session, the time he had wasted at first, had put in two years at the *harbiyeh*, and was specially chosen for the class in training for the General Staff. This entitled him to be enrolled at once in the army with the rank of captain without having had any previous military service.

In his third year, now, at the *harbiyeh*, he began to take an interest in public affairs. They were then approaching a critical juncture, and drifting of their own accord into a thunder-laden atmosphere. For a long time now an earlier generation of writers had lauded and proclaimed a new ideal—recognition of a separate nationality, liberation from the scholasticism of Islam, triumph over the alien classicism of Arabia and Persia; in short, the doctrine of national individuality, which in a final

wave from Europe had now succeeded in reaching the East.

Revolutionary literature of this kind was, however, stringently forbidden, on the ground that it constituted a menace to the state. But that was all the stronger reason for eagerly devouring it. The books had no public existence, but in some of the higher schools they were passed from hand to hand; it was not difficult to smuggle them in, hidden under a coat. Then by night in the dormitories, when the students were by themselves, they were ardently discussed.

Here, then, the youth of the country discovered a spring of renewed confidence and self-reliance. The pernicious suggestions of pessimism and the resulting hopelessness were replaced by a new faith that inspired enthusiasm and devotion. Such a faith found expression in the glowing rhythms of a poet like Namik Kemal. He was the first poet with an unmistakable tincture of Turkish nationalism, and he died in exile at an early age. His ode to freedom became the marching song of the revolution.

“We could not understand,” Mustapha Kemal has written later, “why we were not allowed to read patriotic books like those; and we made up our minds that there was something wrong with the state.”

That being so, intervention became imperative, alterations would have to be made, the obstructions damming back the flow of national life removed, and the established order undermined. But mere exalted feeling would never cause the ancient bulwarks to totter. “Organisation” was in the air. All over the country centres of crystallisation were formed round which the spirit of rebellion gathered. The coming members of the General Staff, therefore, formed themselves into a secret society, which bore on its programme the officially tabooed name of “Vatan”—fatherland. An “executive”—a committee with full powers—was elected, of which Mustapha Kemal was a member. They soon became very familiar with the revolu-

tionary terminology, and they also knew that the most important thing was propaganda. Their chief work was the editing of a newspaper consisting of a few manuscript pages, which was widely circulated in secret. This provided, in addition to its laudable aim, a welcome opportunity for practice in literary composition. They were acquiring familiarity with the use of that political instrument, and learning to give clear outline and driving force to their ideas, which were still somewhat confused. Kemal became one of the most active workers. He occasionally contributed a poem in the style of Namik Kemal.

He had already made his first acquaintance with poetry in Monastir. "In one of our last years there," he says, "Omar Nadshi, who was afterwards celebrated as a poet, came to us. He had been sent away from the army college in Brusa, because he could not adapt himself to military life. He asked me for books to read. I brought him all I had; they were mostly historical works. But Omar Nadshi, declaring that they were all worthless and that there was no use reading them, thrust them contemptuously aside. That made a profound impression on me; I became aware for the first time in my life that there were such things as literature and the art of poetry, and I resolved to apply myself to them. But one of my professors warned me not to meddle with poetry—'It will take your mind away from your vocation as a soldier,' he said. That is a thing I have noticed myself; and any genuine literary preference I have ever had has been simply for rhetoric and style."

In his attitude to the realm of the beautiful he had always a practical end in view—the art of public speaking, the mastery of style. These, he felt, might be, indeed would be, useful. Poetry, harnessed to his dominant purpose, became for him a form of political propaganda that had a special appeal to the emotions. To gain a more complete mastery of words rhetoric was practised in the intervals between the forenoon classes. Some subject was chosen, and the speaker, standing watch in

hand, had, within a fixed time, to say all that was essential in adequate and concise terms.

But this secret society, with its centrifugal tendency, could not be kept permanently secret. Even among their fellow-students there were some who held that it was inconsistent with their loyalty as soldiers to take part in any such conspiracy. Mean tale-bearing need not always have been at work, though certainly there were many advantages to be gained by it.

In any case, one of their superior officers got wind of the affair, the least desirable person of all, the dreaded Inspector-General of the Institutes for Military Training, Ismail Pasha. A rigid Mohammedan and trustworthy henchman of the Sultan's, he repaid the All-highest for his abundant favours with zealous, but sometimes rather reprehensible services. Ismail Pasha had the Governor of the *harbiyeh* brought before him, and gave him a severe reprimand for what had occurred. Riza Pasha declared that he did not know anything about a secret conspiracy, and had noticed nothing of the kind. Whereupon the Inspector-General, not unreasonably, replied: "Then you are of no use as the Governor of a college, if you don't see what is going on under your own eyes. Take better care for the future!"

It is possible that Riza Pasha may really not have seen anything; for being privately in favour of the movement he was accustomed to shut both his eyes. On one occasion, however, he could not avoid "noticing something." The members of the society, instead of applying themselves to their studies, as the orders of the day prescribed, were busy writing articles for their paper, having carefully closed the door of the lecture-room and posted a guard. Unfortunately Riza Pasha suddenly made his appearance in the corridor, and was able to enter the room before the watch could give the alarm, and they were all caught red-handed. However, the general acted as if he had not seen the outspread pages, and merely imposed a number of

tasks to be done after school hours, "because the gentlemen were not occupied with their work."

Thanks to the protecting hand of Riza Pasha this last year also came to an end without disaster, and Kemal, after passing the final examination, had his captain's commission in his pocket at the age of twenty-three.

A few weeks had still to elapse before actual service in the army was begun. The officers employed this interval in carrying on the activities of their secret society with redoubled vigour. A small house was rented from the common fund in the name of one of the members, and this was declared to be the central station of the society and the seat of the executive. At the same time it served as the editorial office of their newspaper, now greatly enlarged, and provided a secret meeting-place for their gatherings.

Ismail Pasha knew his men. He was certain they would go on conspiring; it was simply a question of securing sufficient proof. But, in spite of the sharp watch that was kept, he could not manage to get this.

Before long the conspirators were approached by a former school-mate, by name Fethi Bey. All that they knew about him was that he had been dismissed from the army. He gave them a pitiable description of his distressed condition. He had neither home nor money nor a bit of food. He declared himself ready to join them and to work with them, and only asked board and lodgings in return for his services. The conspirators were delighted to have this addition to their number; the rooms they had rented were standing empty; their indigent fellow-member could easily live there; besides, less notice would be taken of the house if it were always occupied.

The new recruit, Fethi Bey, took an active part in the work, and was a capable helper. Not long after this he informed them that he had discovered another adherent. The society was to muster at an inconspicuous place—a distant café in the

neighbourhood of the Galata bridge—so as, for the time being, not to betray their usual place of meeting. He would bring the person in question with him, and they would then be able to see what they thought of him.

The members accordingly assembled at the appointed place. Soon after, Fethi Bey appeared in company with the supposed new adherent. Unfortunately, however, the latter turned out to be Ismail Pasha's adjutant, who had brought with him a sufficient number of gendarmes, and had posted them secretly at the door. The entire society, thus neatly caught together, was marched off to gaol, and locked up in separate cells, where each of them was allowed to meditate in loneliness on his future fate.

CHAPTER III

A BANISHMENT MISSES ITS AIM

SULTAN ABDUL HAMID had built his royal residence in the environs of Constantinople, where the European shore of the Bosphorus rises in verdant slopes to a lonely height, and where the view extends across Pera and the broad expanse of Stamboul as far as the cypress-bordered Scutari on the Asiatic side.

This Yildiz Kiosk (*Anglice*, “Pavilion of Stars”) was a kingdom in itself, a complete town with buildings, pavilions and miniature palaces—an encampment of stone and marble, hidden among the lofty trees of a thickly wooded park, and surrounded by a triple ring of walls. All his officials, officers and domestics lived there shut off from the outer world; they were only allowed to leave the precincts of the residence under a special imperial permit. Hidden behind these mysterious walls were manufactories, repair-works, farm-steadings, gardens, stables containing hundreds of thoroughbreds, arsenals, menageries (Abdul Hamid was a lover of animals), subterranean vaults with piles of treasure, museums, and an observatory. Eight hundred cooks were employed for the royal household alone.

And he himself, the shadow of Allah on earth, dwelt in this gilded fortress as a voluntary prisoner, a prematurely aged man, after a reign of almost thirty years. His figure, once so slim and straight, was shrivelled and spent. When, in the course of official receptions, he leaned his remarkably small, white-gloved hands on the sword of Osman, the hilt almost touched his chin. His bold, aquiline nose now jutted out from his haggard face like the beak of a bird of prey; his head seemed enormous, and

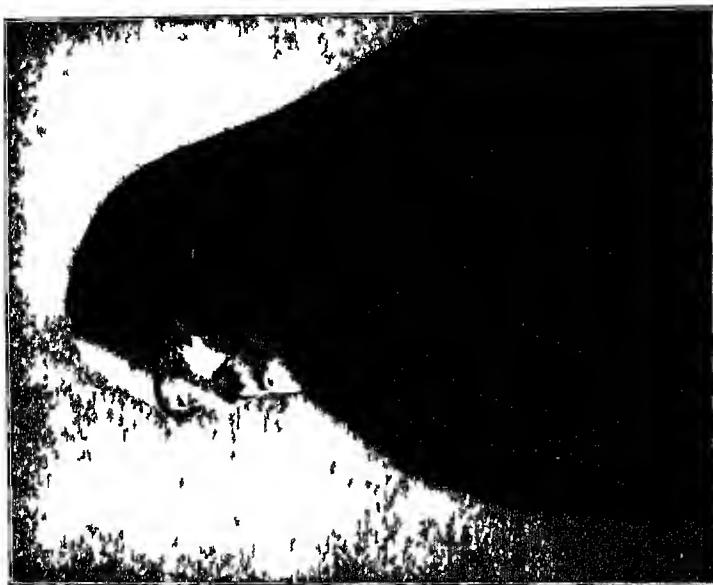


After a painting by Prof. Kranss

SULTAN MOHAMMED V



SULTAN ABDUL HAMID II



ZULBEIDE HANUM
M. M. Kerr "no her"



W. I. DERS. DERS
LATIFFE HANUM
M. M. Kerr "e"

looked all the larger on account of his broad, dark-red, artificially coloured beard; the large, serious eyes of his youth now lay deep in their sockets, their look had become restless, watchful, suspicious; the faint, amiable smile on his wide mouth could not brighten the oppressive melancholy of his whole aspect.

He was still, as he had always been, a match for the most expert European diplomatists; he could still outwit them in intrigue and trickery, and lead them by the nose. Yet, in the end, all he gained was a respite, his moves were the exhausting moves of a perpetual rear-guard action, in which he had to fall back step by step. Already some of his European provinces, distant Egypt, and Tunis were lost; and now the French were beginning to settle down in Morocco, Austria was advancing on the Balkans, and the Russian colossus was bringing the whole weight of Panslavism to bear in the East. A triumphant Christendom was taking possession of the Mohammedan world.

All who set themselves to move against the spirit of the age, and arrest the wheel of events, find that their good turns into evil, and their best intentions become a curse. Abdul Hamid wanted to save his country, but in trying to do so he brought it into jeopardy. As will be seen later, he was right in thinking that the Ottoman Empire could only be kept from further dismemberment by a rigorously autocratic régime. But by the force of circumstances his wise autocracy became a violent despotism; his dictatorship, which was perhaps necessary, an intolerable tyranny; his shrewder judgment a domineering tutelage shackling every independent movement, and in the end burdening the country with a paralysing oppression.

The system of centralisation was carried through to its extreme logical consequences. All the strands of administration converged in the Yildiz Kiosk; the officials became the executive organs of his will. According to an ambassador's report: "Not a stone could fall to the ground in this colossal

Empire without an imperial *iradé*."

The idea of nationality that had come in from the West was poison to a confederation of states in which the most diverse nationalities were linked together by an authoritative bond of union. Once that idea took root and sprang up in the joints of the fabric, then it would burst asunder the whole structure, as, indeed, it actually did. It is therefore easy to understand why Abdul Hamid resisted nationalism with such fanaticism, wished to banish everything that bore the patriotic label, and forbade the word "*vatan*"—fatherland—even to be mentioned. This explains also his opposition to the Young Turks, and his ruthless suppression of their tendencies. Islam, as a political conception, is either universal or nothing; harnessed to the idea of nationality it loses the core of its being, it evaporates into a mere matter of opinion—a religion. Against the European idea of nationality Abdul Hamid set the unifying conception of Islam. He sought to re-animate it, to give a fresh impulse to an order of things that was slowly coming to an end. The only fruit of this endeavour was the construction of the great railway to Hedjaz. By affording readier facilities for communication and better means of transport it was intended to bring shoals of pilgrims to the sacred cities from the entire Mohammedan world, and to make them realise, through the presence of the great mass of humanity assembled there, the unifying power of Islam.

As a result of this posture of defence, every energy being concentrated on the maintenance of a state of things that was doomed to disappear, all that was most needful was left undone. Urgent reforms that had been planned as moderate concessions to the demands of the time came to a complete standstill. Here also a beneficent design was perverted to its opposite. Modern science had been allowed entrance into the schools, but its spirit had now become dangerous, and it had to be suppressed. The reorganisation of the army had been

started, but the instructors who had been brought into the country were rendered impotent, and, with few exceptions, their activities stagnated in lifeless routine. The officers who had been sent abroad for training were not allowed, on their return, to put the knowledge they had gained into practice, and were exiled to distant parts of the Empire. The fleet rusted in the harbours; cruises would have brought them into too close contact with Europe. Every crevice had to be stopped, every opening hermetically sealed, that might afford Western ideas an opportunity of forcing their way into the country.

In his deepest heart Abdul Hamid most probably had a presentiment that all his efforts were really in vain, that in this struggle against ideas he was bound to grow weaker and weaker. In the course of years this growing sense of impotence aggravated his inborn suspiciousness into a morbid mania. His fear that the spirit that was being so rigorously repressed might explode, became a positive terror that perpetually haunted him, darkening his mind and overshadowing his notable gifts—his shrewdness, his dexterity, his tenacious will, and his indefatigable capacity for work.

The circumstances of his accession to the throne over the heads of two Sultans had left an indelible impression on him. The deposition of rulers who were disliked, or who had come into conflict with the will of the people—the compensatory balance of absolutism—was a practice freely employed in the Ottoman Empire. Was there not every chance that a similar fate might be awaiting him? Many a morning, indeed, placards, affixed overnight by the Young Turks, had been found on the outside wall of the Yildiz Kiosk, demanding the deposition of Abdul Hamid, and threatening his assassination if he were not deposed.

Little wonder that he found no rest even in the guarded seclusion of his royal residence. Every night his bedroom was changed, and his bed never stood twice in the same place. Only

a few of the initiated knew where the Sultan actually lived in that endlessly ramified labyrinth. His meals had to be brought to him in covered and sealed dishes, and he never touched the food until it had been tasted first of all by his entourage. His fear of assassination often assumed grotesque forms. On one occasion General Fuad Pasha, a rather eccentric individual and an adherent of the Young Turks, was admitted to an audience with the Sultan. He approached his liege-lord with the prescribed threefold obeisance. In doing so he tripped over his sabre and stumbled forwards. The Sultan, suspecting an attempt on his life, drew the revolver he always carried, and shot at the General, fortunately without wounding him seriously.

The Monarch, in his isolation, distrusted one and all, probably not without reason, for even those in the highest positions were affected by the spirit of antagonism. But neither threats nor bombs (such as the attempt on his life at a Selamlik), nor his unresting apprehension about his life, were allowed to divert him from his path; he only pursued it with all the more stubbornness, tenacity and perversity.

This system of surveillance, tutelage and intellectual turning of the bolt from the outside demanded an apparatus, which in the course of years assumed gigantic proportions. The suspicious ruler wanted to know everything that happened among his people; he wanted even to penetrate to the heart of every individual. For that purpose he needed eyes, innumerable eyes, able to pierce the very house-walls. Thus a vast army of spies and informers was gradually created. They were ubiquitous and omnipresent, in the guise of a beggar by the wayside, or an angler on the quay apparently quite absorbed in his employment, or a be-wigged domestic in a noble house. No one could even be sure of his bosom friends; mutual confidence was impossible. If an unknown person entered one of the numerous Turkish cafés, the conversation, that had been

carried on before in an undertone, was silenced altogether for a time, until it was certain that the newcomer was not a spy from the palace.

Every day whole hampers of reports—*djurnali*, they were called—were taken into the Yildiz Kiosk. If nothing had been ferreted out, it was easy to fabricate the necessary lie. Every bit of information was well rewarded. “Let them steal from me if they choose, so long as they serve me,” said the Sultan.

A fortune was within the reach of all who were in his service. With money and liberal largesse he sought to make sure of the loyalty of his dependents. As happens in the case of every despot, he was surrounded by a palace camarilla—irresponsible advisers and submissive instruments of his will. They were not always, however, of so pernicious a type as Fehim Pasha, the chief of the secret police—the one who was most detested, intelligent, unscrupulous, and intolerably avaricious. It was left to the German Ambassador, Marshal von Bieberstein, to secure the liberation of Constantinople from this terrorist—a deed that secured for the ambassador a measure of public favour hitherto denied to him. Fehim Pasha having ventured to take illegal proceedings against a German merchant, Herr von Bieberstein peremptorily demanded that he should be punished, and the favourite and his harem were exiled to Brusa. But there were also capable brains to be found in the entourage of the All-highest. There were men like Izzet Pasha, the sly, Syrian fox, or like Taksin Pasha, the all-powerful Secretary of State, a man of genuine character. Abdul Hamid was not so foolish as to tolerate none but mere ciphers by his side. If every petition and every request for a concession had to be liberally oiled with backsheesh before it found its way to the person of the All-highest, that was only a long-standing custom. At that period much the same state of affairs obtained in European Russia.

The payments and allowances to these thousands of secret agents, and the generous rewards given for faithful services naturally swallowed up immense sums. Moreover Abdul Hamid possessed to a remarkable degree the Turkish characteristic of being unable to manage money. The finances of the state fell into disorder, the treasury was constantly empty. Foreign capital had to be introduced. But messieurs the bankers in Paris and London distrusted the Ottoman state. They would only hand over their desirable money on condition that they were placed in a position to supervise the payment of interest and attach the taxes and customs-receipts. In this way the "dette publique" was founded, a foreign administration of state liability, which was a humiliation for the Turks, and less a help than a cause of further confusion.

A strict eye was kept on the Post Office (fortunately for those who conducted secret correspondence there were foreign post offices which enjoyed the jealously guarded privilege of immunity). The instalment of telephones in Constantinople was forbidden, as they provided a means for illicit arrangements. The Press lay under a rigorous censorship. That frequently led to unforeseen results. For example, no account of an attempt on the life of a sovereign was allowed to be published; there was never anything but the simple announcement that he had died. Luccheni's murderous deed was also reported in the words—"The Empress Elizabeth died in Geneva." The censor, however, had passed over the sentence that followed, with the result that the immediate context read:—"There is universal indignation about it everywhere in Europe."

But even that enormous apparatus, maintained at endless expense, was no longer of any real avail. As we have already seen, conspiracy blossomed vigorously under cover of the coercive régime.

The youthful delinquents had been lying now for many weeks behind bolt and bar. From their separate cells they could see the silent walls of the Yildiz Kiosk—a very sinister prospect in such a situation. Things did not look at all promising. The authorities were in possession of ample proofs of their secret activities; subterfuges were no longer of any use. The least they might look for was dismissal from the army; they might even have to disappear from public view for an indefinite number of years.

The Inspector-General, the great Ismail Pasha himself, personally conducted the judicial examination. He took the case very seriously. If the army could not be depended upon, if the spirit of revolt had insinuated itself among the soldiers, then the state had no longer anything to rely on; it was the beginning of the end; and in this opinion he was not so very far wrong. He urged this forcibly on the Sultan, and pressed for an exemplary punishment; at the same time also no doubt letting it be seen that he considered the Governor of the *harbiyeh*, Riza Pasha, to blame in failing to exercise the necessary supervision. He had long been on the look-out for an opportunity of putting a spoke in his old rival's wheel.

The case went on for months. Zubeidé Hanum had hastened to Constantinople. But she was not allowed to see her son. Burdened with a load of apprehension for the future, she had to wait in silence. "Her constant weeping," Mustapha Kemal relates, "had already at that time begun to affect her power of vision."

Meanwhile a silent combat was being fought in the Yildiz Kiosk. Riza Pasha knew what he had at stake. In spite of his liberal opinions, which he cleverly concealed, he too enjoyed the favour of his sovereign. Abdul Hamid needed him to keep a strict watch, in turn, on Ismail Pasha—a mutual exchange of rôles, which the perpetually suspicious ruler often found useful. General Riza intervened in support of his former pupils,

asserting that it was probably only youthful lightheadedness that had led to such unpremeditated follies. The army, surely, was not to be deprived of its best officers; it almost appeared, indeed, as if certain high-placed and influential people were more concerned about forming an exclusive clique of their own personal supporters in the army.

Abdul Hamid no doubt quietly enjoyed himself in watching their fervent efforts to trip each other up. Rivalry of this kind among the higher ranks of the army was entirely to his mind; it prevented the formation of an alliance that might menace the throne; such as had led to the fall of his uncle, Abdul Aziz.

His Majesty was able to find a fairly lenient compromise, not wounding to either of the generals, and, at the same time, not giving either of them any advantage over the other. And once more, after a dignified interval, the imperial *iradé* was issued. It ran:—"The wrong-doers were to be banished to such a distant part of the Empire that it would be impossible for them to return."

Twenty-four hours later Mustapha Kemal was taken, in custody, down to the ship which was to carry him to his new destination. His mother, with veiled face, followed at a short distance. She was not granted the privilege of saying farewell to him. For a long time she remained standing on the shore, waiting until the steamer disappeared behind the Seraglio Point, a spot well known to every traveller, where to-day there rises from the greensward that was once the Sultan's garden, the bronze statue of her son.

After eighty days' sail the ship put in at Beirut, and the youthful captain made his way to Damascus, where the garrison to which he had been assigned was stationed. This capital of Syria, of ancient renown, lies gently embosomed in a flattish, cup-like valley; around it there hangs a wreath of elysian gardens; against a background of vivid green there shine the cupolas of the variegated, glazed-tiled mosques, while the sky

overarches all with its dazzling blue. Here the Omayyad dynasty had held their brilliant court when the Arabic world-empire was at the zenith of its glory; it echoed with the clash of arms but, at the same time, it was the home of the sciences and the cultured abode of the fine arts. And while to-day Baghdad, the later seat of the Caliphs and the city of Haroun al Raschid, has sunk into insignificance and drags out a miserable, stagnant existence, Damascus continued to flourish throughout the centuries. The memorials of its erstwhile might and magnificence still stand erect and unimpaired; around them a people proud of their past threw the tendrils of their hopes and wove the fabric of their dreams. The wealthy Syrian merchants in their palatial residences cherished the thought of a resurrected Arabia Felix, and looked down with contempt from the height of their ancient culture on their Turkish conquerors, although they pliantly submitted to them. A Pan-Islamic alliance?—certainly! But the primacy and the Caliphate belonged from time immemorial to the Arabs, and not to those Asiatic interlopers who had only the faintest tincture of Islamic civilisation. The Bedouin in the wilderness beyond kept in their hearts the image of their imperishable city as a vision of promise for the future. In their eager, impetuous longing they sometimes made attempts as brave as they were hopeless to throw off the burdensome but careless constraint of their Turkish over-lord; unless, as was usually the case, they were using their jealously guarded liberty, that had been conceded to them through sheer necessity, to destroy one another in their perpetual tribal feuds.

This very lively, central city of the South might have been reckoned an exceedingly pleasant place of exile; but it had been chosen for its purpose with great shrewdness. Political hot-spurs like Mustapha Kemal and his associates were able, in this unsettled region, to find vent for their zeal and activity in a way that would be serviceable to the State. Once more there

was in full swing one of those risings from which the Arabian provinces were hardly ever free, but which, lately, had noticeably been of more frequent occurrence. Even then there were numerous lines of communication running alongside the road, travelled by armies and caravans from time immemorial, that leads southwards through Palestine to Egypt; and the latter country, under English administration, was reviving with redoubled vigour and promise.

This time it was the turn of the Druses, a people of unknown origin, professing a religion shrouded in mysteries—a variant of Mohammedanism with a tincture of Christianity. Their feudal overlords, the tribal sheikhs, submitted unwillingly to any higher power, and when an attempt was made to restrain their royal caprice a rising invariably followed.

Mustapha Kemal was attached to a cavalry regiment, which set out on a punitive expedition against the insurgents. It resulted in the usual guerrilla warfare which meant much hardship and little glory; but it furnished an opportunity of learning the practical side of a soldier's business, and of becoming accustomed, betimes, to the whizz of bullets.

For several months they were kept on the move in all directions, through Syria and Palestine, from Aleppo to as far south as Jerusalem; for other Bedouin tribes were showing an inclination to follow the example of the Druses. But of still more importance than the experience gained in this first campaign was the insight this opponent of the existing system acquired of the method of administration adopted by the Hamidian officials.

The Vali, the Governor-General, was the all-powerful lord of the province. These imperial pro-consuls lived like grand-seigneurs; they purchased handsome Circassians for their harems, thoroughbred Arab horses for their stables, and valuable Persian carpets for their government buildings.

They had a very good time of it. Towards sunset the colleagues and friends gathered in the Pasha's *konak* round a

copper tray, on which there lay ready the “*rakki*”—the apéritif of the country—and all sorts of highly-spiced *hors d'œuvres*. Cigarettes galore completed the delights of this sociable twilight hour, passed in drinking, eating a little, smoking and desultory chatting. Later, when the hour had come, His Excellency clapped his hands. Then the domestics brought in the chief repast—ten or twelve different courses and a dessert of strongly sweetened comestibles. Coffee and conversation followed, and again numberless cigarettes. After that they were ready for the harem.

They slept on till late in the day; two or three hours in the afternoon were enough for the dispatch of official business. As soon as the sun began to set the faithful assembled again for their evening reunion. The sub-prefects—the mutessarifs and the kaimakams—followed the example of their superiors, only, as was fitting, on a more modest scale.

On the whole their administration was by no means incompetent or stupid. The Pasha knew how to deal with people, and was careful not to injure the susceptibilities of the native population. So long as no insistent demands were made, he was a pleasant, kindly master, receiving everyone courteously, settling disputes as they arose with a pacifying smile, and listening to grievances with an amiable patience. Only there must be no urgent pressure for their redress.

Meantime the streets fell out of repair, the bridges broke down, the forests disappeared, the harbours were silted up, and the land became a waste. If any one drew His Excellency's attention to the serious state of affairs, he simply answered that it was no business of his; he was only there to keep order and collect the taxes. Besides, no imperial *iradé* had been issued with reference to that particular question.

On the termination of these campaigning activities the young General-Staff Captain resumed the secret fight against Abdul Hamid with profounder conviction.

Among the members of the Headquarters' Staff there were quite a number who held the same opinions as himself. Under the spur of Kemal's driving power they formed an association. Their plan was to create the nuclei of a revolutionary movement throughout Syria and Palestine. But their project never came to anything; the secret league was confined to the leaders alone. It soon became evident that the Arab population would have nothing to do with a Turkish national movement. The political leader of later years drew the clear inference from this fact.

All the more strongly did he wish to get to Macedonia. Despite strict supervision and repressive measures, all the progressive elements among the troops had drawn together in the Third Army Corps, which was stationed in that province. Salonica became the political Mecca for the brethren in the faith.

If, however, he wished, contrary to his sentence of banishment, to be transferred to that centre of agitation, he would have to find someone of high rank to protect him. As it happened, there was stationed in Salonica an artillery general Shükri Pasha, who was in favour with the Sultan, but at the same time was considered a zealous "patriot." Captain Kemal wrote to him, leaving him in no doubt as to his opinions, and asking him to assist him in obtaining the desired transfer. Many weeks passed before any answer came. At last, one day at noon, just as he was leaving the barracks at Jaffa, where he was then stationed, an unknown person thrust into his hand a scrap of paper on which there was written:—"Do your best to come to Salonica; you will find support there."

This vague and laconic communication was enough to give shape swiftly and decidedly to his long-cherished wish. In a few days the necessary preparations were made; friends supplied him with money, and the Commandant of Jaffa, Major Ahmed Bey, promised to give him early warning if his absence from the garrison should be noticed. Dressed as a European,

tourist, he travelled by way of Egypt and Greece to Salonica.

Late on the very evening of his arrival he reported himself to General Shükri Pasha. The general seemed rather surprised at the sudden appearance of the banished officer; the oracular instructions were meant to indicate that he should attempt to secure an official transfer. He could not, he said, approve Kemal's taking it into his own hands to leave his garrison; awkward investigations might possibly follow, and, for certain reasons, such were extremely undesirable. Consequently, the Pasha explained, he could do nothing for him. As he said this he no doubt subjected this unknown young officer to a somewhat closer inspection, and was probably favourably impressed with his audacity and the lucidity and decisiveness with which he expressed his views. In any case he abstained from advising immediate return.

Mustapha Kemal, who had come with high hopes and counted on effective support, found himself disappointed. Nevertheless he remained for the time being in Salonica, and, with the intention of bringing into existence by his own unaided efforts a secret league on the Syrian model, he set about the work of gaining adherents. But it looked as if some unseen force were working against him. He met with nothing but evasions, vague replies, and refusals to deal openly with him. At the same time he felt that he was being secretly watched, and being probed and sifted by all sorts of questions.

At last he discovered the explanation of the enigma. A former school-mate, who, on instructions from his superiors, had been cultivating his acquaintance more closely, revealed to him one day behind locked doors that the "Organisation" was willing to admit him as one of its members. This was the first time the young rebel had heard of the "Committee of Union and Progress," which afterwards became so famous.

This league—the most powerful of the secret societies formed by the Young Turks—originated in Paris, and had its quarters

in that city. The voluntary or compulsory exiles who were living in the French capital had formed themselves into a strong group. They were, for the most part writers, journalists, former teachers and students, who had no practical experience in the conduct of political affairs, but who were, for that reason, all the more radical in their theories and tendencies. They were indebted for their intellectual equipment to the rationalistic positivism of Auguste Comte; their example and prototype was the French democracy, with its resultant policy of centralisation; they borrowed their political weapons from the history of the great Revolution, and the source of their faith was the idea of evolution, which in the Europe of that period was still an unshaken dogma, implying that reason alone by its conquests and achievements would assure the uninterrupted progress of humanity. The leader of the group was Ahmed Riza Bey, an estimable personage of senatorial rank, and a man of superior intelligence and wide culture; but owing to his long absence from his native land he had lost touch with the special conditions of national existence, and wished to transfer the Western model mechanically to his own country. In the consciousness of his own superior knowledge of the world he evidenced a lofty intolerance that was very ready to take offence.

The Paris committee, by virtue of its stringent concentration, its radical programme, and its zealous propagandist activity, gained the upper hand, and became the intellectual head of the Young Turk movement. The official organ of the group—*Meshveret*—the news—issued in a large edition, was smuggled into Constantinople through the foreign post offices, and from there was disseminated in secret through the country. Pamphlets and leaflets describing their political programme found admission into their native land by the same means.

A second, smaller group, under the leadership of Prince Zebaheddin, a nephew of Abdul Hamid, had their centre in Berlin. These were the “moderates,” the right wing of the

Young Turks. They were mostly former ministers and high officials, and therefore men of political experience, but they had no definite programme. Their principal idea was the improvement of the administration by means of a thoroughgoing decentralisation after the model of Germany. They proposed to reconcile and unite the various nations and races of the Ottoman Empire by combining them in a federal alliance similar to the German confederate state. In comparison with the Paris committee the Berlin group did not play any important part. They had no driving power, and their rather vague ideas were quite alien to their fellow-countrymen. The majority of the educated classes, thoroughly saturated as they had been for generations with the spirit of France were, in their political faith, completely under the spell of the logical democracy of Western Europe. It was not until later that the group under Prince Zebaheddin, after being driven into opposition, assumed an important position, and became the nucleus of the "Liberal party."¹

The secret societies in the country itself, however, the district committees, among whom the committee in Salonica exercised the most far-reaching influence, began the actual preparations for the Revolution, and supplied the propelling power. Some of the clergy and a number of minor officials belonged to this alliance, men, for example, like Talaat Pasha, who afterwards became Grand Vizier, and who, at that time had already worked himself up from the position of postman to that of telegraph-clerk. But by far the larger proportion of the members were well-educated officers; and they became the decisive factors, since they were the means of gaining the adherence of the army and thereby securing the most powerful instrument for effective action. Most of these officers had been trained in the military colleges by German instructors, like the distinguished General von der Goltz, and had probably also served for several years in Germany itself. That accounted for their energy,

their tenacious perseverance, their methodical procedure and their capacity for organisation, while the Paris Committee, so completely in harmony with the French spirit, supplied them with their constitutional theories and the ideas that were needed for their political struggle. From the very beginning, therefore, there was implicit in the Young Turk party, thus inspired from two different sources, a kind of dualism, which found expression afterwards when they came into power, in the sharpest conflicts between the military and the governing "civilians."

These district committees, who were the prime movers in the propagandist activity, had set to work with the utmost caution, for the eyes of the Sultan penetrated everywhere, and the glitter of his gold so lavishly disbursed was very tempting. The Freemasons' lodges, especially the Italian Grand Lodge in Salonica, provided a welcome cover. The liberal lodges gave moral support; the meetings were held in their rooms, which were closed against prying eyes; many of the adherents were themselves Freemasons, and through this connection many new members were gained. The Masonic system, tested by long usage, was employed in the selection of candidates, and by means of its concealed lines of communication contact was established with Constantinople and even with the Imperial palace itself.

The organisation was formed on the model of the lodges. Members were admitted only after strict examination and very close observation. Anyone who introduced a newcomer had to guarantee his good faith with his own life. No member was known to more than four of the others. The principal leaders remained behind the scenes. The committee's orders had to receive an unconditional obedience. An oath of allegiance was administered on the Koran, and traitors were brought before a secret tribunal.

It seems doubtful whether Mustapha Kemal was ever initiated into the higher degrees; he himself has refrained from giving any information on the subject. But it is certain that

from this time onwards he no longer sought occasion for separating himself from others, and took an active participation in the great struggle. But he felt that his hands were tied; he was not allowed to appear much in public, the recollection of his political misdeeds being still too fresh to allow the committee, as he had perhaps expected, to give him anything to do. At last Constantinople got wind of his unauthorised presence in Salonica and immediately issued a warrant for his apprehension. The Commandant's adjutant, Djemil Bey, who afterwards became Minister of the Interior, let him know that, at the utmost, his arrest could only be postponed for two days. So there was nothing for it but a swift departure, and a return to the garrison at Jaffa, by a route that was circuitous, but free from danger.

But instructions for his apprehension had been also sent to Jaffa. Major Ahmed Bey met him on board ship, bringing with him the necessary uniforms and equipment; and the journey proceeded without any delay. There was only one way of escaping the clutches of the law. A short time previously a boundary-dispute had broken out between Turkey and the Egypto-British administration. The far-seeing English had laid claims, in the name of their protégés, not only to the whole of the Arabian peninsula, but also to the town and harbour of Akaba at the north-eastern corner of the Red Sea, the gateway to Central Arabia. Turkey, however, preferred to keep hold of this strategic point, and in order to guard against a sudden attack had massed troops at the boundary. Kemal made his way by the most direct route to the camp of this army of demonstration, and took command there, under his friend and political associate Lüfti Bey.

The commandant at Jaffa, however, intimated to Constantinople that the rumour of Captain Mustapha Kemal's unauthorised absence must have been due to a misunderstanding; he had been for several months at the Sinai front in Beersheba.

A direct enquiry elicited a confirmation of this statement from Lüfti Bey, the commandant at Beersheba.

The conflict at Akaba ended in favour of the Turks; they retained both town and harbour. From Beersheba—the place from which, according to tradition, Jacob set out to visit his sons in Egypt—Kemal returned to Damascus. For the future he considered it wiser to keep quiet, and avoid anything that might bring his name unpleasantly into prominence. There was nothing in his conduct to connect him with any illegal activity, nor did he allow any expression of dissatisfaction with the existing state of things to escape him. His superiors reported that the young officer was now at last applying himself with the utmost devotion to his military duties, and also did not fail to draw attention to the remarkably distinguished abilities of this very promising member of the General Staff. The exalted lord in Yildiz Kiosk formed the opinion that the banishment had accomplished its restorative purpose. The possessor of such useful qualifications was promoted to Kol-agazi, Lieutenant-Major.

In these activities more than a year had elapsed. The Macedonian Committee considered that the time had now come for bringing to a focus all the forces that might be utilised for the approaching decision. A hint was conveyed to Damascus that an application for an official transfer should be made. The business was transacted behind the scenes; the proposal was sanctioned, and Mustapha Kemal was transferred to the Third Army Corps in Salonica.

Meanwhile heavy clouds had gathered above the Balkan storm-centre. For a long time now Macedonia had been the troublesome child of Europe. All endeavours to master the situation—often more apparent than real—had only resulted in more hopeless confusion.

There was, in the first place, the question of nationality. The

middle portion of the peninsula exhibited a fairly representative sample of each of the Balkan peoples. All around there were independent states which had severed themselves, in the course of the nineteenth century, from the main body of the Ottoman Empire. As a matter of logical consequence these national groups were striving to expand. With the assistance of tribes related to them that were still uncemancipated, they were endeavouring to secure Macedonia. That land was all the more desirable because it was bounded on the west by the Adriatic, and on the south by the *Æ*gean, and thus offered the cramped northern states a much coveted outlet to the sea.

With the support and at the call of their temporary mother-country the various nationalities in Macedonia formed belligerent organisations—the forerunners of annexation, and free-lances in the fight for national self-determination. From these organisations an internecine guerrilla warfare developed. The Greeks in the south set about protecting themselves against the pressure of the Slavs from the north. The Bulgarian komitadjis fought against the Greek anthartes, and the Serbians in their turn against the Bulgarians; the Mohammedan Albanians descended from their hills and fought with every Christian nation alike. Robbery, plunder and murder became endemic. The “Macedonian chaos” formed for many years a constantly recurring headline in the European newspapers. The Porte was helpless. It could not seriously yield to the desire for reform, for every concession in the question of nationality—as Eastern Rumelia and Crete had shown—led inevitably to dismemberment. If, however, it ever attempted to take vigorous measures, without regard to religion, then the whole of Christendom rushed in to protect their innocent brethren in the faith.

As the situation was gradually becoming untenable, Europe began to think of taking independent action with the view of introducing some order into the chaos. At Mürzsteg, in 1903, Austria and Russia, the Powers chiefly interested, agreed to

raise a combined gendarmerie in Macedonia. They were joined by France and England; Germany took only a subordinate part, while the supreme direction was assigned to Italy. But even this international fire-brigade could make no impression on the dangerous conflagration. At the approach of every spring the guerrilla warfare broke out afresh. The foreign gendarmerie, which was really useless, merely meant a humiliation for Turkey.

The situation became more involved when the Central Balkans came between the cross-fire of the newly awakened imperialisms. Near the end of the first decade of the twentieth century the notable reversal of European policy began to show its effects. England set about the incorporation and protection of all the members of its widespread Colonial Empire. An understanding with France had been already reached—Egypt was the makeweight for Morocco. As a result Germany sustained its first diplomatic defeat at the Conference of Algeciras.

Russia, cut off by the victory of Japan from any further advance in the Far East, turned its attention once more to the West, and resumed its old designs on the Balkans and Constantinople. England soon won over its traditional foe. The agreement of 1907, again made at the expense of the Moslem world, made allowance for the aims of both, and stipulated that there should be no encroachment on either side.

Edward VII, at that time the principal figure on the political world-stage, travelled unweariedly from capital to capital, in order to move the pieces in his great game to their proper positions. In the Near East, which lay in the direct line of advance both for Russia and England, the Central Powers would have to be driven back—Austria, first of all, with its pressure towards territorial expansion, and then Germany, which at that time was beginning its commercial conquest of Turkey, and, by its Baghdad railway, running clean athwart the plans of Britain.

King Edward now took a personal interest in the Macedonian

affair as well. By placing this country under the common administration of all the powers, he wished to create a kind of barrier against Central Europe, and also, without doubt—for England hoped to gain her ends by peaceful means—to avert the perpetual danger of war in that region. The European control of finance followed the raising of the gendarmerie. As the Sultan did not submit with good grace to this limitation of his sovereign rights, the execution of this plan was enforced by a naval demonstration—a fresh humiliation to the Turks, which did not help to remedy the evil. For the powers concerned were united only in appearance. The third and last proposal was to place the Supreme Court of Justice in Macedonia under European control. Thanks to the urgent pressure of the English King, the consent of the majority of the Cabinets was won for the scheme. Russia alone, who was still pursuing her own separate plans, still hesitated. The Sultan, by fighting a battle for delay, sought to gain time, and also, perhaps, by this means, to find a way out. The Young Turks followed with eager attention this duel between King Edward VII and Abdul Hamid.

The surprising victory of Japan over the Russian Colossus had given fresh vigour to the hopes of the Turkish nationalists. Names like Port Arthur and Mukden roused the spirits of the beleaguered defenders of Plevna and Shipka. It had been proved that a small Oriental nation was more than a match even for one of the strongest of the Great Powers of Europe. Japan became a brilliant example and model for them: regeneration by virtue of their own inward powers: self-assertion at all costs and resistance to all foreign interference and tutelage. It was a question of saving what still remained of the Ottoman world-empire. Even Islam supported the movement, bringing to bear the whole weight of its religious influence with the masses.

But the Hamidian absolutism checked every upward impulse

in the nation; worse still, it had shown its weakness all too clearly in dealing with the greed of the foreigner; despite all its diplomatic shifts, it had been constantly compelled to give way. The whole system was hated; it stood self-condemned. Home and foreign policy re-acted on each other, and gave a two-fold impetus to immediate action. In the winter of 1907-8, when Mustapha Kemal came to Macedonia, the work of extending the organisation and of winning the army was being carried on with redoubled zeal. It was felt that the crisis was approaching.

Kemal, after his transference to the Third Army Corps, remained in Salonica on the Headquarters' Staff. He was, at the same time, entrusted with the inspection of the Macedonian railway. He was thus in the position of being able to carry on propaganda without exciting suspicion, travelling continually all over the country, and becoming the intermediary between the central committee in Salonica and the branch committees in the various towns.

If, during this period, he put himself entirely at the disposal of the Young Turk movement, one has the feeling that he did not do so without some mental reservation. With his profoundly reflective nature he was not the man to accept unquestioningly a programme that had not been put to the test. He may have had, even then, an instinctive feeling forewarning him to exercise political foresight, or he may have discovered in his cool observation certain imperfections and defects which were hidden from the majority in the heat of their enthusiasm; in any case he kept himself noticeably in the background, and avoided any position that would make him conspicuous. He was not one of the leaders in the Young Turk Revolution. Taciturn and unfathomable he remained even for his closest friends a "dark horse," as they expressed it afterwards.

A little incident that took place during this period of con-

spiracy is worth mentioning. Zubeïdé Hanum, now a widow for the second time, was then living with her only daughter in a commodious house in the centre of the town. This roomy abode was particularly well suited for secret gatherings. "One night," Mustapha Kemal relates, "I had a secret session in the house with our friends. The maid-servant we had at the time had become suspicious of our behaviour. She went to my mother and informed her that something must be going on upstairs. We were discussing our plans, and great piles of money were heaped on the table." (It ought to be said here, in parenthesis, that the committee handled considerable funds. Each member had to subscribe a fixed amount; especially the owners of large Macedonian estates, who were badly hit by the ceaseless guerrilla warfare, contributed large sums.)

"My mother came quietly upstairs, listened for a while at the door, and then returned to her room.

"After the business was finished and the members had left, I was just about to go to bed when my mother, who, I thought, was sleeping, came into my room.

"'My boy,' she began, 'there's one thing I want to know. Are you really rebelling against the Padishah, on whom the power of the seven holy ones has been bestowed?'

"Until then I had not told my mother anything about our secret activity. But I now considered it unnecessary to keep her ignorant any longer.

"'Yes, mother,' I replied, 'the man whom you invest with the sevenfold power of the saints is, in reality, impotent. We intend to deprive him of his power and liberate the country from him. You are living in a different world and perhaps, cannot understand us. But you will surely not, for that reason, wish to stand in our way.'

"My mother saw that her worst fears were confirmed. It was a while before she was able to compose herself again. Then she said:—'I'm afraid you won't succeed. Failure is more

likely—far more likely. And then . . . You are my only son, and I don't want to lose you. Even to think that that is possible gives me infinite sorrow.'

"‘We have already made a beginning,’ I answered, ‘I cannot go back. You do not wish me to break my word?’

"‘No, my boy. You cannot do that. What can I possibly say? I have neither your learning nor your knowledge. I don't understand those things that you grasp so easily. But one thing you must always keep before you—you *have* to succeed. Do all that is possible to bring things to a successful issue!’

"From that time onwards both my mother and my sister gave me their help in carrying out my plans."

In the beginning of 1908 Dr. Nazim Bey, one of the journalistic spokesmen of the Central Committee in Paris, came on a secret visit to Salonica, in order to get into touch with the agents there. They had to make sure of a successful outcome; and, for that reason, the organisation had first to be still further enlarged. Very little progress had been made with the Second Army Corps in Adrianople; Asia Minor remained practically untouched. It was reckoned that another year yet would be required before all the necessary preparations were completed. Nazim Bey went to Smyrna disguised as a *hodja*, in order to win round the troops in Anatolia.

Meanwhile, as the result of European policy, just a month or two later, the stone was prematurely set rolling. In January Herr von Aehrenthal, the Austrian Prime Minister, had announced that the Bosnian railway to Mitrowitz was going to be extended, in order that Salonica and the sea might be reached from that point. The annexation of the north-western extremity of Macedonia seemed therefore to be simply a question of time. These declarations brought Russia on the scene; she answered with the counter-project of constructing a railway line via Nish, towards the south. Thus it looked as

if the first steps were being taken for the actual occupation of the whole Turkish province.

The Committee of Union and Progress decided to send a manifesto to all the European Cabinets. In this document they drew attention to the existence and the growing importance of the Young Turk movement. The Powers were requested to abstain from all further interference with Turkish affairs. The manifesto was quietly shelved; this insignificant body of so-called Young Turks was not to be taken seriously. "I have no knowledge of any firm called 'Union and Progress,'" the diplomatic representative of one of the Great Powers remarked, when some members of that committee were to have been introduced to him.

Hope was still fixed on England; that out of consideration for the Mohammedan population of her colonies, she would prevent any further dismemberment. Then followed in the early part of the year the famous meeting between Edward VII and Nicholas II in Reval. The conclusions of the new Anglo-Russian rapprochement were soon known. These were —agreement even on the Macedonian question, the taking-over of the supreme judiciary, and wide-reaching European administration. Past experience had taught the Turks that this would be the final step towards the complete autonomy of Macedonia, and mean the loss of another province. If a passive attitude were adopted, and the European administration allowed to gain a firm foothold, then in a few months it would be too late to do anything.

Reval gave the signal for instant action. Macedonia was to be the death of Abdul Hamid.

CHAPTER IV

STROKE AND COUNTER-STROKE

THE Revolution of 1908 began as an officers' revolt, and ended as a national festival.

The Sultan had been cognisant of the increased activity of the agitators that set in early in the year 1908. He also knew of the existence of a revolutionary alliance. But all efforts to gain more exact information concerning it, lay hold of the leaders wherever possible, and extirpate this dangerous nest, were fruitless. Neither bribery nor coercion was of any avail; none of those who had been initiated could be induced to turn traitor. Even the regular spies, although they were highly paid, were of no use. All that happened was that only too frequently one of them was found murdered by some unknown person. Abdul Hamid knew that *something* was going on, but *what* he knew not. He wished to see everything, and for that reason his vision was very faulty when the decisive moment came.

After the conference at Reval, the Executive Committee in Salonica resolved on an immediate rising in Macedonia, without first consulting the Central Committee in Paris. It was a venture in which everything was staked, and success seemed highly improbable. The troops were in no way to be depended upon. No doubt there had been some propagandism among the rank and file, and the spirit of discontent had been roused; but the person of the Padishah was sacrosanct for the soldiers, and quite a number of the officers were still loyal to the Sultan. Nevertheless the risk had to be taken, since any longer delay might ultimately lead to the exposure of the conspiracy. The officers' *coup d'état* was accomplished without any reliable back-

ing from the army—probably the sole example of the kind in history.

The first to take action, in accordance with the instructions of the committee, was Major Niazi Bey, an Albanian by birth, a soldier who had had many years' experience in guerrilla warfare, daring but discreet, a kind of Turkish Garibaldi in external appearance. (After the successful issue of the Revolution, he withdrew quietly to his native land, and being compelled to leave Albania at the conclusion of the Balkan war, he was shot by disappointed peasants on the landing-stage as he was boarding the boat.)

With a band of hastily armed followers—there were few soldiers among them—Niazi Bey left the garrison at Resna, a small town in Western Monastir, and, making for the hills, he openly proclaimed rebellion against the government in power. He soon received accessions to his forces, and the inhabitants of the district, both Moslem and Christian, declared themselves in his support. Major Enver Bey, of the Third Army Corps Headquarters Staff, as intrepid as he was elegant, and trained in the Prussian Guard at Berlin, followed his example, setting on foot, in a similar fashion, the rising in Eastern Monastir.

In the palace of Yildiz Kiosk the reports that were arriving made it clear that something more was involved than the ordinary barrack mutiny of discontented soldiers, demanding the settlement of their arrears of pay, and the discharge of what was due to them for length of service with the colours. Disturbances of this nature had certainly been occurring pretty frequently of late, and were becoming more and more difficult to suppress. On the whole, however, Abdul Hamid was probably quite glad that the conspirators had now shown themselves in the open, and that, at last, it was now possible to lay hands on them, as he had so long wanted to do. A strong body of troops was concentrated on Monastir. But no reliance could be placed on the Governor-General of Roumelia, Hussein Hilmi Pasha,

who had been appointed under the pressure of the foreign Powers. His pale, thin face was clean-shaven. A beardless Pasha! That, in itself, was an odious innovation. At heart he was in favour of the Young Turks; but his position compelled him to assume an attitude of temporizing neutrality. The supreme military command was therefore entrusted to Shemsi Pasha, a fearless, energetic man, and a loyal supporter of the Sultan. But before he could take a single step, he was shot in the market-place of Monastir, in broad daylight, by a young officer, without any attempt being made to arrest the assassin.

A second emissary from the palace, the aide-de-camp Nazim Bey, was to take action in Salonica, where, it was surmised, the Central Committee had its headquarters. If the ringleaders were rendered harmless, the conflagration would die out. Thirty-eight officers were placed under arrest and sent to Constantinople; but nothing tangible could be proved against them, and they were set free again. When Colonel Nazim learned that he had been placed under sentence of death by the revolutionaries, he fled from Salonica. On his way to the station he was shot at and slightly wounded, but he was able to apprise the Sultan of the serious situation in Macedonia.

The government troops, who had little relish for the work, were unable to master the insurgents. Some of the battalions refused to shoot at their comrades. None the less the forsaken officers and their companies were pursued for ten days. Abdul Hamid endeavoured to negotiate with the rebels; he offered to promote Niazi and Enver at once to generals, if they laid down their arms of their own accord. But the bait did not take.

The ferment, which had already spread over the whole of Macedonia, now affected Adrianople as well, and along with it, the province of Thrace. The Second Army Corps stationed there also refused to take part in the suppression of the rebellion.

And now the trusty Anatolians had to be brought into action. ;

As can well be supposed, they had not been infected yet with the spirit of disaffection. The redif (militia) battalions were assembled in Smyrna; before their departure they received triple pay. Young Turks smuggled themselves on board the transport. Among them was Dr. Nazim Bey, disguised as a merchant making his escape. They employed their time usefully during the voyage, and as soon as the Anatolians landed in Salonica they deserted to the insurgents.

Thereafter, on the 23rd of July, an extraordinary Council of State was summoned in the Yildiz Kiosk. It was composed of former Grand Viziers and Ministers, all who had been in any important position during the last thirty-five years, and a few generals as well. The President was Ferid Pasha, who was then Grand Vizier. Abdul Hamid, concealed behind a curtain, attended the sittings of the council. The members were asked to say what, in their opinion, was the best action to take for the improvement of the present situation. The general feeling was that the only remedy was the introduction of the Constitution. But none of them would venture to utter the word. The proceedings dragged on at great length, in shilly-shallying discussions of vague proposals.

Meantime in Macedonia the Revolution had been victoriously accomplished. As early as the 23rd of July, the hero, Niazi Bey, with his following, marched into Monastir, to the music of fifes and drums; and the era of the Constitution was inaugurated with a salvo of twenty-one cannon shots.

Even on the forenoon of the 23rd July the Committee had posted up, all through Salonica, the capital of the province, proclamations announcing the introduction of the Constitution. The chief of police, who tried to have the notices removed, was shot down, with the result that the police refrained from taking any further part.

Gradually the inhabitants began to move about the streets, and the officers, standing on chairs hastily produced, or ladders,

or the balconies of houses, addressed the groups that gathered round them. The municipal authorities received a hint to submit to the Committee's orders. They did so, in the main without reluctance, since the army and the police both refused to take action. Similar events took place in the other towns of the Turkish Balkans.

The Council of the ancients was still debating when the tidings burst in upon them that the Constitution had been proclaimed in Macedonia. Abdul Hamid notified them, through his intermediary Ferid Pasha, that he would like them finally to express a definite opinion. Whereupon the two old Grand Viziers, Said and Kiamil Pasha, held a short private consultation, and then declared that there was now no other alternative but the re-introduction of the Constitution.

The Sultan seemed to have been only waiting for this. With the utmost possible speed he took the necessary steps. Ferid Pasha retired, and the wily Said Pasha, who had taken a chief part in the absolutist *coup d'état* of 1877, installed in his place, was entrusted with the Grand Vizierate and the formation of a Cabinet. Late on the same afternoon the news flashed over all the telegraph lines in the country that His Majesty had deigned to re-establish the Constitution of 1876.

In Salonica towards evening an immense crowd had assembled in the principal resort of the town—later called “Liberty Square”—opposite the Hôtel Olympos-Palace. A group of young officers were standing on the hotel balcony; among them was Mustapha Kemal, silent and retiring, as he always was, and scarcely affected by the general enthusiasm. Then Enver Pasha, now in his twenty-fourth year, and already looked upon as the hero of the Revolution, stepped forward and addressed the people; “We are all brothers,” he said, “Whether we are Bulgarians or Greeks, Serbians or Roumanians, Moslems or Jews—we are all Osmanli. It matters not whether we attend the synagogue, the church or the mosque; under the blue

heaven we are all proud to own the one name, Ottoman. Long live the fatherland! Long live freedom!" The Sultan was not mentioned. The applause sounded hesitating and uncertain.

At that moment the secretary of the Governor-General, Hussein Hilmi Pasha, arrived with an official telegram. Mustapha Kemal, who was standing nearest the door, took the sheet of paper, and handed it with a smile to Enver. It contained the imperial declaration of the re-establishment of the Constitution. Enver announced the news. And then the cheering broke out, and it looked as if it were never going to stop.

The 24th of July, a Friday, was made a day of high festival for the whole country. Every one wore, as a cockade or a rosette, the red-and-white symbols of the new Union and Freedom. People of different nationalities embraced one another, and the adherents of the various religions swore brotherhood. "Constitution"—the angel of peace—had come down to the earth; all antagonisms were suspended; a new era of blessedness seemed to have been ushered in. Very few understood what exactly the mysterious, foreign word signified. One thing was palpably plain—they would now be able to go as often as they chose from Stamboul to Pera, without exciting any suspicion; they would be able to talk on the streets and in the cafés, without fear of being overheard by spies. For the rest many of them imagined that "constitution" meant exemption from all further payment of taxes. In the evening all the towns were festively illuminated. In Salonica it had been arranged to celebrate the day by publicly hanging two "traitors"; in consideration of the happy dénouement their lives were spared.

Abdul Hamid played a masterly part. Every one believed that he had granted the Constitution of his own free will. A huge multitude gathered before the Yıldız Kiosk to do homage

to the Sultan. But he considered it the wiser course not to show himself. As the crowd refused to disperse, two military bands were brought on the scene. They played for a while, and then to the strains of marches, they gradually moved away at a slow pace, in opposite directions. And, as in the case of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," the people followed them and vanished. But through the whole land there rang the shout: "Padishaim chok yasha!"—"Long live our Padishah!"

The complete success of the *coup de main* surprised most of all those who had been the means of bringing it about. The upheaval had taken place with little bloodshed; nowhere had any resistance been in evidence; at the first blow the Hamidian system had collapsed like a dilapidated building.

But the revolutionaries had been forced, probably against their will, to protect the Sultan himself. The people clung to him, and it was this fact, rather than his own clever moves, that saved his throne. They vented their wrath on his agents—the counsellors who had deceived the exalted lord, and the courtiers who had misled him. The majority of the highly-placed officials were able to secure their safety by opportune flight. Only Fehim Pasha, once the terrorist of Constantinople, was lynched by the crowd in Brusa. None of these men intervened on behalf of a ruler to whom they owed their position and wealth. Taksin Pasha, the Imperial Secretary-General, was the only one who remained at his post. When he was implored to flee as quickly as possible, he said to the dragoman, who offered him asylum in one of the embassies, "Il n'y a pas d'iradé." On the following morning he was seized, maltreated, and thrown into prison.

Abdul Hamid was nominally still the head of the government, but he ruled no longer. The palace lay desolate, the pomp of the royal household had vanished, the audience chambers, that, not long before, had been thronged with

ministers, marshals, and ambassadors, stood empty. The Sultan had become a mere constitutional façade. To his honour it must be said that he was not so weak yet as to be permanently satisfied with a rôle of this kind. That position was reserved for his successor.

The actual administrative power lay, for the moment, in the hands of the Young Turk Committee. Before the upheaval, the party, as it turned out, numbered no more than three hundred members. But now that adherence no longer involved any risk, but rather offered the prospect of securing positions and appointments, a flood of new members streamed in. In a few months their numbers rose to more than a hundred thousand. Money, too, began to pour in freely; the Sultan himself contributed as much as £75,000 from his private purse, and appointed himself Grand Master of the Young Turk Order. The band of secret conspirators developed into a political party. And their influence, at that period, was so strong, that in the election of representatives to the National Assembly, the mandates were exclusively restricted to those deputies who, at least according to their signed declaration, belonged to the Young Turk party.

In the autumn of 1908, shortly before the opening of parliament, a party congress was held in Salonica—the first proud display of power. Ahmed Riza Bey, the elegant Parisian, now the accepted leader of the party, and future President of the Chamber, referred, not without some self-satisfaction, to the successes that had been achieved. Even foreign countries showed apparent goodwill. The reformation in Macedonia had been immediately stopped, the foreign officers of the gendarmerie, and the official controllers had been withdrawn. Even the most democratic of the Great Powers were no longer able to find fault with a Turkey modernised after the European model. The ground for foreign interference, so detrimental to the country, was taken away; that was no longer to be expected. It

was an hour that had brought the fulfilment of every wish, and the future shone with a rosy light.

This inspiring inauguration had now to be followed by the consideration of the next steps that would require to be taken; but here the first differences began to emerge. For one thing, after the success of the military insurrection, the *émigrés* and fugitives came flocking back to their native land from Paris, London, Berlin and Cairo. These were the real politicians, versed in the most accepted constitutional theories of the nineteenth century, very eager to put into practice the experience they had gathered abroad, and bring the Gospel of the West to their benighted country. They were not lacking in intelligence, still less were they lacking in praiseworthy enthusiasm and resolute desire for progress; only, as so often happens in the East, they allowed themselves to be too readily dazzled by ideas, and lost sight of the real world. The result was that "they very often took the second step before they had taken the first," as a diplomat of that time expressed it.

In the Committee this civilian element, owing to its preponderance in numbers, had gained the upper hand. Those who had done the real work of the Revolution found themselves pushed into the background. Besides, most of the officers were probably not interested in government business. Niazi Bey had retired to his native hills, and Enver had gone to Berlin as military attaché. It was only when the Committee sought to bring their influence to bear on the army as well that a critical state of affairs arose. They were driven to do this by sheer necessity; for whoever possessed the army, possessed also the power. And already a beginning had been made of appointing officers to important commands, more on account of their political opinions, than from a desire to select the best men.

But had the Committee any justification for its existence? was the astonishing question of an officer of the Congress who had asked permission to speak. The Committee, he went on to say,

was begun as a revolutionary society. The Revolution had now been accomplished, and the Constitution, after a great struggle, had been established. The leadership had now to devolve on the lawfully constituted authorities. An independent government contradicted both the wording and the spirit of the Constitution. The dictatorship of a party was no better than the Hamidian absolutism. The Committee had accordingly become superfluous, and he therefore moved that it be dissolved.

He was applauded by his professional colleagues. For the first time the sharp antagonism between the "military" and the "civilians" became clearly manifest. Enquiries were made as to the name of the speaker who had taken so determined a stand against the opinion generally held. It was said, he was called Mustapha Kemal; he had taken a part in the movement without being particularly prominent; otherwise nothing was known about him.

Dr. Nazim Bey, the spokesman of the politicians, then stood up and said:—"Our work is not finished; it has only begun." The people had to be enlightened, the path of progress levelled in every direction, the whole administration thoroughly re-organised, and the practical working of the Constitution narrowly watched. The supreme control of government business had to be entrusted to Abdul Hamid's experienced officials, since the new men did not possess the requisite knowledge of public affairs. For that reason supervision was all the more imperative.

Those in possession of power do not give it up of their own free will. The motions proposed by the leaders were approved by an overwhelming majority. The Committee continued in existence, indeed its powers were still further enlarged. A standing central committee was to be elected to watch over the working of the Constitution—a Council of Seven, chosen according to a complicated method of procedure, that kept the names

of the omnipotent Seven unknown to the rest. Once a year a general Congress was to be summoned for the purpose of giving the necessary instructions to the government.

Shortly after this promising beginning the first blow fell on the nation that had been steered so hopefully into the fair-way of democracy. Austria-Hungary announced that Bosnia and Herzegovina were to be regarded as provinces of its Empire. Tacit possession developed into open annexation. This, too, was one of the results of Reval. After the Anglo-Russian understanding, the agitation in those regions, for a larger Serbia, was resumed with redoubled vigour. Besides, Vienna was afraid that a revived Ottoman power might be able to assert claims on the provinces that belonged to it *de jure*. The Balkan stone that had been laboriously balanced, as it were, on the point of a pyramid, came hurtling down, ultimately to drag all the guardians of peace into the World-War.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, until then a vassal of the Sultan, did not allow the favourable opportunity to slip past him. He turned his country into an independent kingdom, while Greece took final possession of Crete.

Turkey, in the throes of a radical, revolutionary change, could not, single-handed, offer any opposition to what had taken place, and had to content itself with the passive gesture of a boycott of Austrian goods. All hopes were centred in the entente between West and East, above all in England, where public opinion had shown itself to be highly pleased with the moral reformation and the manifest desire for improvement in the "barbarian" of the Bosphorus. As a matter of fact Russia, although only weakly seconded by London, entered a threatening protest; and the Bosnian crisis smouldered through the whole winter.

Mustapha Kemal was one of those officers who became more and more opposed to the policy the Young Turks were pursu-

ing. They had made the Revolution, but they saw their work being spoiled, and even endangered by clumsy handling. The attempt he had made to exercise some influence on the course of events had been unsuccessful. He could not approve what was being done, but he had no power to alter it; he refused to become a pliant tool and join in the hunt for appointments. So he welcomed the opportunity of escaping from the sultry atmosphere without having to remain inactive; in response to a request of the Committee he consented to undertake a mission to Tripoli.

The African province, the remnant of a vast possession, lay hemmed in between Egypt, on the one side, governed by England, and Tunis, on the other, now in the possession of France; it had been, besides, in more recent times, the object of a suspiciously benevolent interest on the part of Italy. To judge from past experience, it seemed prudent to make timely provision for the retention of this part of the Empire, and to get over the difficulty of its spatial remoteness at least by means of a spiritual bridge. The wave of national feeling was to be directed across to Africa; the Ottoman State, uniting all its races, was to give new strength to the feeling of dependence on the mother-country, and the root-and-branch reform of the Empire was to prove beneficial for those distant brethren as well.

The mission was difficult and not without danger. The Arabs and the Berbers of those regions were not well-disposed towards the Turks, nor had they, up till then, received much benefit from them. While kindred tribes over in French Tunis were liberally supplied with money and food, they remained poor and needy; the Turkish Government let the land go to ruin. They felt that they were restricted in their freedom without receiving in exchange any advantage whatsoever. Besides, these sons of the wilderness were zealous children of Islam, and any change in the sacred order of things appeared to them a sinful

defection from Allah. The European conceptions of nationality and democracy were unknown to them; and if their unpopular Turkish overlord was now coming and bringing these ideas with him, they were sure that, at the best, they merely meant a new means of coercion.

The bearer of blessings might possibly find them expressing their aversion, in their blunt way, with a shot from a flint-lock rifle, and, once they were roused, passing from their perpetual insubordination to open revolt.

No detailed information is available as to how far he was successful in the task he had been sent to undertake. It seems doubtful whether, according to the plan, an offshoot of the Young Turk movement was established in the African province. But the effort cannot have been altogether fruitless; for when the Tripoli war began a short time after, the Arab tribes fought with great valour for their Turkish overlord.

In the beginning of February Mustapha Kemal returned to Salonica. On his way there he stayed for a few days in the capital and thus witnessed a rather dramatic change of Ministry.

At the instigation of the Committee, Said Pasha, who was still entitled Grand Vizier by the Sultan, was very soon compelled to retire in favour of Kiamil Pasha, at that time an old man of seventy-eight. Kiamil Pasha was born in the island of Cyprus and, under Abdul Hamid's régime, rose very rapidly to the highest honours. He was one of the few Hamidian officials held in general esteem, and on that account, he ultimately incurred the displeasure of the All-highest. His great admiration of England made him also *persona grata* with the Young Turks; for, in the beginning, they looked for support to the British world-empire. In the autumn of 1908 the new English Ambassador, Sir Gerard Lowther, received an enthusiastic reception on his arrival in Constantinople, the people removing the horses out of the shafts of his carriage and taking their place. The Committee thought they could

utilise the political experience of Kiamil Pasha, the senior of the former Grand Viziers; his influence with all classes of the population could not but be helpful in the work of national reconciliation; and at his advanced age he could scarcely be expected to develop a will of his own. Nevertheless, in this respect, the secret dictators were destined to be disappointed.

They were still less fortunate in their national representatives. As it turned out, quite a number of the candidates sailed under the Committee's flag simply to get into parliament—a proceeding clearly the result of coercion, and repeated afterwards, when Mustapha Kemal was President. As soon as the session began some of the Young Turks broke away and founded a "Liberal" party. The main body consisted of the former Berlin society of *émigrés*, among whom was Prince Zebaheddin, who was aiming at the Grand Vizirate. They were joined by the malcontents and the ambitious aspirants who had been left in the cold at the distribution of appointments. In the East politics are still frequently regarded as the means of gaining lucrative posts.

This cleavage had, to begin with, only slight importance. The majority of the Young Turks, called "Unionists" to distinguish them from the Liberals, remained loyal to the party. They were the backbone of the famous and rather legendary "Committee"—a political club similar to the Jacobins of the French Revolution; its lines of communication stretched beyond the Chamber, and were lost in the darkness surrounding the unknown Council of Seven and the secret conclaves of the Congress.

The new Magna Charta of Turkey asserted as its most important fundamental principle that every citizen of the Empire was equal in the eyes of the law without distinction of religion, and had the same rights and duties in relation to the country. The Mohammedan view, however, of this equalisation of status for all the citizens of the Empire is well illustrated by a remark

made by the then Governor of Yemen, in Southern Arabia: "So from to-day we shall not be allowed to call Christians the sons of dogs any longer."

The Christian population, for their part, guarded themselves against any fusion with Mohammedanism and would not tolerate any deprivation of their cultural and autonomous privileges. As the Unionists now began in earnest the work of creating a homogeneous nation, and ordained that the Turkish language should be the medium of instruction in the schools, the Christian delegates, indignant at such "Turkeyfying," joined the Liberals, whose programme of decentralisation was more in accordance with their wish to remain apart.

Union, therefore, was at an end; progress, too, came to a standstill. Modernisation, *i.e.*, Westernisation, which was bound to show itself immediately and extravagantly in external usages and fashions, roused the opposition of Islam. A few thousand enlightened people were confronted with a compact mass of twenty millions, unable to throw overboard at a moment's notice, the ideas and modes of belief to which they had been accustomed for centuries. The too zealous innovators caused general displeasure by behaving in public like Europeans. When a few daring women ventured to walk through the streets unveiled, they were assaulted by the populace for such shameless conduct; the police had great difficulty in protecting them from a worse fate. One unfortunate woman fell a victim to the rage of those who felt they had been insulted in their most sacred feelings. Even more resentment was roused by the rumour that the President of the Chamber, Ahmed Riza Bey, had vowed that he would, before very long, walk across the Galata Bridge in a tall hat.

This ebullition of popular feeling gave fresh courage to the Old Turks and the orthodox believers, and they formed themselves into a society, under the name of the "Mohammedan League." This reactionary party, supported principally by the



Wenckebach, Peru

REFET PASHA



Wenckebach, Peru

KIAZIM KARABEKIR PASHA



After a painting by Prof. Anatole

TALAAT PASHA



Atlanit Photo Berlin

ENVER PASHA

subordinate clergy—the *hodjas* (in contrast to the *ulema*, the higher clergy)—instituted a very active propaganda. This caused the political gearing to rattle more and more ominously; the machine produced only more speeches and discussions.

Supported by the growing opposition, the Grand Vizier Kiamil Pasha thought that he could now free himself from the tutelage of the Committee. He began with the purging of his Cabinet, and abruptly—and not quite constitutionally—dismissed the Minister of War, a member of the Committee's inner circle.

But the Unionists would not brook being curbed. They demanded the immediate resignation of the whole government. Kiamil refused; the Liberals supported him; the Clericals, between the two parties, made a flourish of trumpets; the parliament wavered.

At once the stage managers behind the scenes pulled the ropes and brought the most effective of their artistes—the armed power—on the stage.

On a levelled height in inner Stamboul overlooking the sea rises Sta. Sophia of ancient renown. In front of it extends a clear space that passes into the long stretch of the Hippodrome. The Parliament buildings stood, at that time, next to Sta. Sophia. That group of squares, framed by noble structures, has, from time immemorial, been the stage of the great political dramas of the State.

When the Chamber opened its session on the following day, soldiers marched up and took their position in front of Sta. Sophia. Near the shore below lay a warship prepared for action. A few hundred Young Turk officers burst stormily into the House. Kiamil Pasha refused to enter a Chamber that had been outraged in such a fashion. But since the Committee were able to give so emphatic an expression to their wishes, the national representatives resolved to pass the vote of no confidence. Hussein Hilmi Pasha, a former Governor-General

of Macedonia, became Grand Vizier in Kiamil Pasha's place. The Committee had no fear that he would try any tricks.

This insignificant political passage-of-arms, which Mustapha Kemal as a spectator had no doubt watched with mixed feelings, was, however, merely a preamble to far graver events. The Mountain had triumphed; the Committee seemed more powerful than ever. But there were rumblings among the people; and just at that moment, most unluckily, there came a serious reverse in their foreign policy. The menace of war in the Bosnian crisis had been successfully averted at Turkey's expense. The Germans, faithful champions of their dark-yellow racial brethren, were able to persuade the Russians to abandon the proposed Conference of the Powers; the remaining Cabinets found themselves compelled to acquiesce. The Sublime Porte could only say *Yea* and *Amen* to the stipulations that were agreed on. Turkey was to receive an indemnity for the provinces it had lost, and was thus, to some extent, able to save its face. The hope in the British lion had proved delusive. After the waning of the Anglo-Russian entente Turkey must have regarded the Central Powers as the stronger group; and the helm was now turned to that side.

But the sting remained; and the bitterness that had accumulated was directed first of all against the men of the new era, who were considered, rightly or wrongly, responsible for the damage. The chief ground of complaint against Abdul Hamid had been the loss of portions of the Empire under his régime. Absolute rule had been abolished, and it was expected that such losses would never be incurred again in the future. And now, most disappointingly, this was precisely what was taking place, in an almost more brutal fashion.

In order to get the better of the Unionists and their Committee, it was necessary to wrest from their hands their strongest supports—the army and the navy. Their opponents now set themselves to this work and inserted the lever at the most

susceptible point—religious feeling. The swiftness with which the change of attitude in the troops was brought about will always remain a matter of wonder. Armies as political instruments are always unreliable.

Once more a catchword had to be found. It required to have a well-defined form, easily recognisable by the man in the street and, at the same time, it had to possess a symbolic significance, and a flavour of mystery. If the battle-cry had formerly been "Constitution," now it was "*sheria*." It is difficult for Europeans, who for long have looked upon Church and State as distinct conceptions, to understand the complex of ideas and feelings that group themselves round this word for Mohammedans. The "*sheria*" is in the first place the canon law of Islam—not a coherent series of commands comprised in one book, but a loose collection of religious and secular precepts, traditions, rules and maxims from the Koran, somewhat comparable in its general character to the Mosaic legislation. It is complicated, rich in lines intercrossing in ever new forms like the Arabic ornamentation. But besides that the "*sheria*" is the expression of a complete world-view, the precipitate of a mode of thinking and living centuries old, the spiritual backbone of Mohammedanism, the guarantee of unity between this world and the next, between earthly and heavenly ordinance—what belongs to the Emperor belongs also to God, and what belongs to God belongs also to the Emperor. Thus almost anything could be justified by the "*sheria*"; its diversity gives room for manifold interpretations (even the Constitution did not come into collision with it); but to question its authority, to despise it or to declare it invalid, would be to deprive the Mohammedan of the sure ground beneath his feet, and take from him all that unites the world and life into an intelligible whole.

It is only when this is realised that one can understand how the *hodjas*, when they visited the barracks, found it an easy

task to thunder against the abomination of modernism, accuse the “Jewish Freemasons” (as they called the Young Turks) of every imaginable crime, and suggest to the soldiers that the sacred law of the “*sheria*” was in danger.

The opposition newspapers opened an undisguised attack. They made liberal use of the freedom of the Press that had now fortunately been won, and put no restraint on the expression of their opinions. Scoundrels and traitors—terms describing those who are of another political cast of thought, employed not only in the East—were the mildest words that were used for the Unionists and their Committee. This campaign of the Press was all the more effective from being carried on in a country in which reading and writing were rare accomplishments, and which, in consequence, enjoyed the enviable position of being able to accept everything that was printed as true.

Prince Zebaheddin, too, the leader of the Liberal wing of the Young Turks, recognised that the favourable moment had at last arrived for him. *Coups d'état* were the latest fashion. Accordingly his plan, as it appears, was to remove Abdul Hamid by force, place the young Prince Yusuf Izzedin on the throne in his stead, and appear on the scene himself as Grand Vizier. Yusuf Izzedin, the favourite son of Abdul Aziz, was pursued by an ill-starred destiny. His father had wanted to modify the right of succession to the Ottoman throne in his son's favour, and this, in a certain measure, was also the cause of his having to forfeit both his throne and his life. Yusuf Izzedin had an interesting personality, and in many ways resembled his uncle Abdul Hamid, endowed, like him, with extraordinary energy and versatility, and showing the same reserved and incalculable character and melancholy temperament. His tutor said he would be a second Abdul Hamid. But, during the Great War, when he was just on the threshold of the throne, he came to a tragic end, in a way that has never been quite explained. Like his father, he was found one morning with his arteries slit open.

A caustic Frenchman coined the phrase: "On l'a suicidé."

Prince Zebaheddin, the princely politician, also experienced his share of the misfortune that seemed to dog the later scions of the House of Osman. He had the ill-luck always to arrive a minute too late and was thus permanently left in the cold. In the end he wandered back to the exile from which he had come with such high hopes.

Before he succeeded in taking action the waves of a counter-tide of genuine sentiment were already rising from the depths. If the Revolution of July, 1908, was to all intents and purposes carried through by the officers without the help of the army, the reaction of April, 1909, was a rising of the army without the help of the officers.

The start was given by a rather obscure affair. The editor of a clerical journal, Hassan Fehmi Bey by name, in himself a person of no account, was shot in the back by night on the Galata Bridge. The assassins escaped, and neither they nor their actual reasons for doing the deed were ever discovered. The case immediately became a political question, and gave the opposition the desired wind in their sails. The Unionists and their Committee were accused of having hired the assassins, and as usual such an indictment, although it had really no positive proof to support it, found an all too faithful echo in the populace.

Scarcely two months after that impressive display of power by the Committee the same Hippodrome became once more the stage of a political drama, although certainly on this occasion the rôles were quite differently filled. A compact mass of people presses slowly, mutely and irresistibly through the streets of Stamboul up to Sta. Sophia. Above a sea of red fezes, flecked by the *hodjas'* white turbans, gleaming in the afternoon sunshine, there sways a simple coffin upborne by unseen hands, covered with a dark cloth, and inscribed simply with a verse from the Koran. There is no band, nothing of Western

funereal pomp. Only, behind a thin wreath of fragrant incense a choir of white-bearded *ulema* and ascetic dervishes are singing in nasal descant the prescribed lament for the murdered "shehid," the "first martyr of the Turkish liberty of the Press." And then the body of the insignificant and hitherto unknown party journalist, Hassan Fehmi Bey, is deposited in an imperial family vault—that magnificent mausoleum where the Sultans, Mahmoud the Reformer and exterminator of the janissaries, and the less fortunate Abdul Aziz, rest beneath monuments adorned with silver and mother-of-pearl—for such is the command of Abdul Hamid. Whilst the mourning solemnities are proceeding shouts of menace rise from the crowd against the Grand Vizier, the Government, and the President of the Chamber, Ahmed Riza Bey, and street hawkers can be seen freely selling satirical squibs about the gentlemen who represent the nation, and who for four months have done nothing but fill their pockets and their bellies.

The Cabinet and the Committee could be in no doubt as to the feeling among the great mass of the people. But the administration was not so weak as to be afraid of unpopularity, and surrender on the spot to the man in the street. The only mistake they made was in underestimating the danger of a movement that drew its impelling power from religion—that magazine of Mohammedan feeling that was most liable to explode. Apart from a somewhat sultry atmosphere of tension there was absolutely nothing to give them timely warning. The outbreak came just as unexpectedly as the revolt of July, 1908, and indeed as almost every revolution in history.

On the afternoon of April 12th, 1909, the troops were still drilling, as usual, in the barrack-squares under the command of their officers. But on the morning of the thirteenth, when the inhabitants of Constantinople were about to set out for their work, they found—somewhat like the people of Berlin on the 9th of November—the streets filled with troops, the Galata

Bridge and all the approaches to Stamboul barred by machine-guns ready for action. Meanwhile still more troops were marching from the barracks, whole divisions being led by corporals or sergeants, as officers were lacking. Only here and there a grey-bearded lieutenant or captain could be seen, veterans who had risen from the ranks and who from the bottom of their hearts had for long hated their "diploma'd" and rapidly promoted colleagues.

The principal scene was enacted on the classic ground in front of Sta. Sophia. In the course of the forenoon the broad Hippodrome had become densely packed. A swarthy crowd of *askaris* (soldiers) with loaded rifles surged hither and thither round the Kaiser Wilhelm fountain (a gift to Abdul Hamid), and the famous serpent-wreathed columns—the remnants of a votive-offering of the Greeks to Apollo in commemoration of the victory of Platea.

The soldiers, before their secession, had gagged or locked up their officers. Those who offered any opposition or tried to prevent the troops from marching out were shot. In a moment the flame of insurrection leaped from barrack to barrack. Even the battalions of sharp-shooters from Salonica, the domestic troops, so to speak, of the Committee, stationed in Constantinople on account of their trustworthiness, had deserted to the insurgents. There was no doubt about what the mutineers wanted. "Long live the '*sheria*!'!"—"Down with the Young Turks!" rang out in that rhythmical alternation that is also to be heard in Western countries on similar occasions.

Whether Abdul Hamid had taken an active part in this rebellion of the lower ranks has never been quite clear. The Young Turks assert that he had; but no reliable evidence of this can be produced. The packets of bank-notes, often pretty bulky, that were found afterwards in the pockets of the mutineers, may just as likely have come from the clerical treasury. There can be no doubt that Abdul Hamid would

have welcomed the abrogation of the Committee's dictatorship, but he made no attempt to restore the autocratic régime, although he might perhaps have done so successfully. The devotion spontaneously manifested to this Sultan who continues to live in history as a type of the most blood-thirsty tyrant was astounding. Had he stepped forward from the shadow of a Constitution that had been forced upon him, and unfurled the flag of the Prophet's faith in a crusade against all the innovators, the mass of the people would have followed him enthusiastically. But he sided with neither party; he let himself be swept on by the course of events. He took no steps against the mutineers, but neither did he use them for his own ends. He preserved the Constitution, but he yielded to the dictation of the mob; his sympathies were against the Young Turks, but not his will. Since those days in July his strength seemed to have been broken, and his hitherto unbending determination enfeebled. There remained only his craftiness, this time, however, inopportune, and his desire, as he thought, for the peace of an untroubled conscience. This moral reparation was not of the slightest use to the old fox; his neutrality deprived him of the sympathy of his remaining adherents; no one shielded him any longer, and he was made the scapegoat that had to be sent into the wilderness.

It looked like a return of the days of the janissaries—that prætorian guard of the capital, which finally became more powerful than the ruler himself, until Mahmoud II, driven by necessity, had to have them all swept away by grape-shot. As at that time, so now the soldiers demanded the removal of the Grand Vizier and the President of the Chamber—this was granted. They wanted as their Minister of War Edhem Pasha, the conqueror of the Greeks—he was immediately appointed. They asked for the heads of some of the unpopular leaders; but fortunately their wearers were not to be discovered; so this part of the programme had to be allowed to drop. As the final

of the drama there came the reading aloud of an imperial *iradé*, granting an amnesty for all that had occurred, including a fairly large number of "incidental executions." One of the victims in these executions had been an Arab of high rank, the deputy Emir Mahomed Arslan. He was mistakenly condemned to death in the belief that he was the extremely unpopular editor-in-chief of the *Tanin*—the official organ of the Committee. This tragic error also recoiled on the Sultan; henceforward the entire Arab community, which might have supported him as Caliph, was hostile to him.

The troops were then politely requested to return to their barracks. But before they did so they had to hold a second after-celebration. A festive salvo of rifle-shots in the streets was organised and kept up through the whole night. Millions of ear-splitting ball-cartridges were fired. These hailed on the roofs and smashed through the window-panes, to the accompaniment of rousing vivas for the Sultan. Quite a number of the inhabitants, some of whom were women and children, were killed or wounded in their houses.

Formally everything seemed to be in order. Nothing had been done to upset the Constitution—the watchword of the July Revolution. Only a ministerial change—brought about, certainly in an unconstitutional way—had taken place at the instance of the Liberals. But only a short time before the Committee had acted almost after the same manner in removing Kiamil Pasha. And, after all, the soldiers in their revolt had only followed the example of their officers.

Nevertheless, after that night of horrors, the spirits that had been called up began to be heartily execrated. The aimless shooting was renewed, and unfortunately the killing of the officers went on, even to a greater extent than before. There was a fear that this mass of fanatics might break out into a St. Bartholomew massacre of the Christians. The soldiery was in possession of the city. Below in Adana and Mersina, districts

populated by natives of Asia Minor, the mowing down of the Armenians had already begun. All who could do so fled from Constantinople or sought refuge in foreign embassies. Every day brought fresh fears; the municipal government became a farce. Neither the new Grand Vizier, who was neutral on account both of his party connection and his convictions, nor a single General or Minister ventured to take resolute action. Even those who were not sorry for the discomfiture of the innovators, saw that they had driven out the devil by Beelzebub. And over all the confusion of this discordant intermezzo there arose the spectre of a threatening encroachment from the foreigner. It almost looked as if the inward dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, so often proclaimed and hoped for, had at last begun.

Accordingly a breath of relief went through the population when reports were spread—first as uncertain rumours, officially contradicted, but taking at the same time more and more tangible shape—that troops were on the march for the Capital from Macedonia.

Some of the Young Turks, fleeing from the city, had been able to reach Salonica. The first and rather precipitate deserter from his post, was the President of the Chamber, Ahmed Riza Bey. Certainly the wrath of the faithful had been specially directed against him, although he proved braver in word than in deed. He had never carried out his intention of appearing in a tall hat on the Galata Bridge. From that time his political career was finished. As soon as the events in Constantinople became known in Macedonia, the troops of the Third Army Corps stationed there declared themselves ready to take action for the suppression of the reactionaries. They were joined by Bulgarian and Greek volunteers, led by notorious bandits. The Second Army Corps, stationed between Macedonia and the capital, hesitated at first; as a whole it was loyal to the Sultan. But when the soldiers were assured by a deputation they had

sent to the capital that the rumours of the murdering of officers were in the main true, they promised their support to their Macedonian comrades.

This was the occasion on which Mustapha Kemal stepped, so to speak, for the first time into the light of history. In the order of battle for the troops engaged his name appeared as Chief of the General Staff for the First Combined Division.

The march to Constantinople and the strategical movement of the troops were, according to the verdict of an expert, carried out with masterly swiftness and precision. An English spectator remarked: "It is easy to recognise the German military style."

The leader of the "*haraket ordusu*"—literally "the army of liberation," as it was called on Kemal's suggestion—was Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, an Arab by birth, tall, with a thin face and deep-sunk eyes. General von der Goltz said of him: "He is the man with the clearest head and the most far-seeing vision I have met in Turkey." A favourite of Abdul Hamid, he had had a swift and brilliant military career. He had been frequently abroad in charge of military commissions, and had thus become an advocate of the liberal ideas then prevailing in Europe. He was a kind of Gneisenau, if you will, but neither a Cæsar nor a Pompey, as, perhaps, he would have needed to be, if one is to judge from subsequent events. Fearless and determined though he was as a soldier, in politics he was timid and irresolute. It was in Mustapha Kemal that the qualities both of general and statesman were first united. Mahmoud Shevket was undoubtedly driven by destiny to play a decisive part, but he always hesitated. When, finally, he had no longer any choice but to assume the position of dictator, he fell a victim to a murderous attack, as he himself, it is said, had always foreboded.

Every day the iron ring round Constantinople grew narrower and narrower. And every morning the key of the liberal and clerical Press dropped a tone lower; until by a transposition from the major to the minor, it broke out into hymns of recon-

ciliation. To these, however, their opponents, continuing their onward march, turned a deaf ear. In the barracks the frenzy of the troops was followed by moral depression. To their perplexity—for they had no leaders; these had either taken flight or been killed—there were added an incipient feeling of injustice, and the fear, only too well grounded, that the misled soldiers would have to bear the whole brunt. And really at heart they had only been children who did not know what they were doing.

The army from Salonica had thrown troops rapidly forward, and seized the heights of Tchataldjá that were afterwards to become so famous. They were thus in possession of a strategic position that was of decisive importance for the defence of the capital against an attack from without. The method by which they gained possession of a second point of strategic importance deserves mention on account of its amusing features.

During these days of disagreeable waiting, an afternoon sitting of Parliament, discussing at that precise moment the expediency of coming to an understanding with the Salonica army, was interrupted in a very menacing fashion by the arrival of troops to the number of nearly two thousand. The soldiers wanted to speak to the President. To judge by recent events, that meant a very delicate business, and the President quietly prepared for the termination of his earthly sojourn, as he went down to the soldiers, whose request he could not very well deny.

But the intruders were far from contemplating any act of violence. Their spokesman, a sexagenarian Major—the only officer accompanying them—explained that the garrison of Hademkoi had come to make enquiries as to the state of the Constitution, and to ascertain whether any danger was threatening it, as had been reported to them. The President, visibly relieved, in a cleverly improvised oration, was able to allay

completely their apprehensions regarding the state of the Constitution; whereupon the soldiers, after raising a cheer for Parliament and President, marched back to the station, from which they were to return to their garrison.

Instead of doing that, however, they remained standing about in the station for hours, causing the inhabitants no little alarm. Nobody knew what they were really wanting, or which side they were supporting. The shops were closed, all business came to a standstill, and the direst apprehensions were entertained for the following night. Ultimately the troops camped in the neighbourhood of the station. It was not until later that the enigma was solved. Hademkoï, it should be said, lies on the main line to Macedonia, about twenty miles from Constantinople. The leaders of the Army of Liberation had selected that place for the de-training and assembling of their advancing regiments. In order to carry out these operations without interruption, and secure Hademkoï without needless fighting, they resolved to have the loyal garrison removed by trickery. Their officers, who were in secret communication with Salonica, got the soldiers to believe that the Parliament and the Constitution in Constantinople were in danger; they would have to go there without fail, and look after their rights; their praiseworthy intervention would certainly not fail to be amply rewarded. That was quite obvious to the soldiers; and so a train was ordered, and they set off full of enthusiasm for their noble mission. But when they wished to return to Hademkoï, they were informed that, during their absence, troops from Salonica had occupied their barracks, and their reappearance there was for the present, undesired. So they had to remain in Constantinople.

A sinister stillness reigned in the Yildiz Kiosk during the time the hostile army was advancing. No instructions were issued; no orders given. And yet it only needed a single word for the court garrison—picked troops, far outnumbering the

army marching against the city—to take part in mortal combat for their Padishah. Whether Abdul Hamid scrupled at bloodshed—a thing he had certainly never done before—whether he was paralysed by fear, or entirely unconscious of being in any way blame-worthy, will never be known. According to his own statements referring to that time, he does not seem to have had any fears for his life.

On Friday, April 23rd, the Selamlik was held as usual—that solemn prayer in the Hamidieh mosque, near the Yildiz Kiosk, where the Sultan was accustomed to show himself to his people for a few minutes every week. As heretofore, a great crowd of people were awaiting the appearance of the Caliph; as heretofore, the soldiers paraded in double lines—only the officers were for the most part lacking, and the stands on which the foreign ambassadors and envoys usually gathered were empty. As the Sultan, now seventy-six years old, but looking fresher and in better health than ever, drove through the lines of soldiers at the “Present,” there rang out, perhaps even with greater heartiness than ever, the shout: “Long live the Padishah!” with the added traditional phrase: “Maghrulanma! Padishaim serden butuk Allah var!”—“Be humble, O Padishah! Allah is greater than thou!”*

Shortly before this the Unionists, who had constituted themselves a Rump parliament in San Stefano, under the protection of the troops that were marching on the capital, had resolved on the deposition of Abdul Hamid. This decision had been preceded by long and heated debates. The officers demanded the death of Abdul Hamid. But the principal members of the Committee, with commendable prudence, had managed to prevent this rash step.

On that very Friday a proclamation was issued to the inhabitants of Constantinople, signed by Mahmoud Shevket

* A touching admonition apparently handed down by immemorial tradition, as is also addressed to the Pope on certain solemn occasions.

Pasha, the leader of the Army of Liberation, declaring, along with other things, that all the rumours concerning the dethronement of the Sultan were untrue and devoid of any foundation. Mustapha Kemal is said to have been the author of this tranquillizing proclamation. He was to practise a similar deception afterwards, in order to mask his designs and gain over public opinion to his side.

On Saturday night the Salonica troops entered the city in absolute silence. Anyone who encountered them must have thought that this procession of noiseless shadows that filled the streets was a phantom army. In the morning the key positions were occupied; the fight was soon over; in only a few of the barracks did the soldiers in their despair offer an obstinate defence; resistance was hopeless, and simply meant unnecessary sacrifice. Before the early part of the day was over, Mahmoud Shevket Pasha was already master of the city, and the prisons were filled. An attack on the Guards surrounding the Yildiz Kiosk had been avoided. Persuasion had been effective in winning the soldiers over; they withdrew quietly, while two Macedonian battalions proceeded to occupy the approaches to the Imperial Palace.

And then came the sequel, expected by all, and hoped for especially by those whose consciences were uneasy. Indeed there was even some impatience at the delay in coming to a decision. But, in order that everything should be done with due observance of legal form and procedure, a *fetva*—a decree from the Sheikh-ul-Islam, the Procurator-General of the Mohammedan Church—was required. It had been the threat offered to the “*sheria*” that had provoked the reactionary movement; and now in the name of the “*sheria*” the sentence was pronounced. For it is written in the Koran: “If the Caliph does his duty we are bound to obey him; but if he fails to do it, then we shall depose him.”

The Parliament and the Senate had assembled. When the list

of the sovereign's iniquities had been recited in the hearing of the faithful, the question was put to the Sheikh-ul-Islam: "Are the representatives of the people permitted, under these circumstances, to depose the Caliph?"

The answer was a simple "Yes."

Surely never has the fate of a ruler been decided in a more laconic fashion!

In the evening the gates in the three walls of the Yildiz Kiosk stood wide open. But not a sound broke the sinister stillness; the Residence with its numerous buildings was like a city of the dead. The royal household and the domestics had left their lord in the lurch, and had fled, carrying their hastily snatched booty. Behind lowered curtains, in the dim light of his private room, Abdul Hamid awaited his visitors. Beside him sat his youngest son, Abdurrahmin, a boy of ten years. In these last days the Sultan had always kept him by his side as a shield; for Mohammedans scruple to hurt children. Three emissaries of the Parliament, announced by a secretary who had remained faithful, entered and presented the decree of the people's representatives.

"It is fate," said the Sultan, as he received it, "the decision grieves me; for I have always wrought for the welfare of my people—I submit myself to the will of the nation. . . . My life, at least, will be spared?"

His apprehension was by no means groundless, and it does not justify the imputation of exceptional cowardice that has been made against him. For, until recent times, a violent removal has almost always been the sequel of a dethronement. On this head the envoys were able to give him complete reassurance.

Shortly afterwards the dethroned monarch was taken to Salonica, and interned there in the Villa Alatini. The ladies of the harem, who accompanied him, found in the novelty of the journey some consolation for the sudden change; for, although

they were no longer in their first youth, they had never seen a railway before.

Previous to his removal Abdul Hamid could actually hear the firing of the cannon announcing the solemn enthronement of his brother and successor. The latter, Mehmet Reshad by name, had for the last thirty years lived a prisoner in his palace, his every movement narrowly watched by attendants and domestics, who were all in the pay of his suspicious brother. As the result of this he had become a worn-out man. The legs that supported his squat, heavy body were crooked. His sponge-like face had a yellowish colour, and was framed by a grey, red-besprinkled beard. His eyes were shrewd, but they never lost their shy, frightened expression. This peaceable old man sustained with dignity and honour the closing years of the Sultanate; and all who knew him were astonished at the wealth of culture and knowledge his conversation displayed.

When the man who was henceforward to be known as Sultan Mohammed V returned after the solemnities of the coronation to the Palace of Dolma Baghtché, on the shore of the Bosphorus, he must have noticed that in the interval all his old servants and Court officials had been replaced by new men. If he had formerly been his brother's prisoner, he was from then onwards under the stricter supervision of the Committee, now reinstated in power.

In the same Division in which Mustapha Kemal had the important post of Chief of the Staff, Enver, who had hurried back from Berlin, also had command of a small detachment. After the deliverance of the city, the portrait of the young Major Enver was shown in the shop windows alongside that of Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, and he was spoken of by everyone as a "hero of freedom." While Enver's star rose brilliantly on the horizon of fame, Mustapha Kemal withdrew into the darkness of the unknown.

CHAPTER V

THE FRONDEUR

“To reform Turkey means to destroy it,” is a saying of the Marquis of Salisbury’s. If the Ottoman Empire is substituted for Turkey, then the prophecy of the great British statesman has come true. As always happens after catastrophes of this kind, reasons and causes have been sought and even found, theories of responsibility have been invented, and the leading men have incurred the adverse judgment of posterity. From the human standpoint that is only right and fair. But on a profounder view a universal, tragic significance can be discovered in the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire. The forms which communities assume, like species and races, die out, no one knows how; and this takes place by the fiat of an inexorable destiny that is mightier than the will of the individual.

About the same epoch another Eastern nation, the Japanese, succeeded without serious danger in leaping from medievalism into the modern world. But Japan, at the moment of its transformation, already had the structure of a homogeneous nation; and it was simply a question of adapting a thoroughly vital organism to the demands of an altered condition of existence. The situation of the Ottoman Empire was quite different. Simultaneously with the acquisition of a new form of life, an entirely new organism had to be created to take the place of the old. In other words, the modernisation of the State occurred at a time when one of the most difficult processes known to modern history was taking place—the transformation, namely, of the State into a coherent nationality. Everyone knows that frequently wars of a hundred years’ duration

were needed, as in the case of England and France, to accomplish this, and that the Germans, after severe travail, only succeeded in creating a very imperfect structure.

For such a change of form—the biological mould imposed by the age, which no nation in recent historical times has been able to evade—there was no preparation in the Ottoman Empire. When the Sultanate lost its power of enchantment, the mystic attraction of a central government vanished. That force, as in the kingdom of France, might possibly have welded together the diverse elements that were seeking to separate from one another. Nor was there any field of energy, any atomic nucleus, so to speak, like the Prussians of their day within the German confederacy, to group the various members round it by virtue of its natural power of attraction. The Turks no doubt thought that the Mohammedan world would provide a centralising power of this nature. But they lacked at that time the material, not to speak of the spiritual, force of gravitation. It is not unlikely that a quasi-Prussian mission will fall to the lot of the Turks when some statesman has discovered a kind of Bismarckian solution of the problem.

A national State was a necessity for the Osmanli, if they were in any manner to continue to assert their existence. But what form was it to take? If an attempt were made on the lines of a centralised unity, the Christian sections of the nation would rise in opposition, and insist on retaining their language and their autonomy. If their claims were considered, and an effort made to associate them in a federal union, winning them over by concessions, then the Mohammedans, in their turn, would take offence and raise an outcry against the preference given to Christians and the betrayal of Islam. If the comparatively small numbers of the Christian Greeks, Serbians and Bulgarians in Macedonia had alone been in question, a settlement might possibly have been found. But the chief obstacle lay in quite another direction. In the heart of Islam itself, in

Asia Minor, there existed a very large foreign body that could not be assimilated—the Armenians. This unfortunate nation, the not altogether blameless victim of a tragic fate, has, at the present day, with the exception of a small portion included in the Association of Soviet States, disappeared from the map of the globe. At that time they numbered millions, possessing wide territories in Eastern and South-Eastern Asia Minor, and existing, besides, in a diaspora scattered over all the large towns in the country. In addition to their pride in their early Christianity and in their great past, they possessed a higher cultural development, which they believed entitled them to a separate national existence. In view of their continually growing numbers and increasing wealth, they dreamed of the re-establishment of the former Armenian kingdom, and were encouraged and supported in this hope by their neighbours, the Russians. The Mohammedans living around and among them cherished against them a bitter hatred, for which no apparent reasons can be assigned, and which, in its deepest roots, must have been racial. The Kemalists, as the successors of the Young Turks were called, have pronounced judgment on nearly all the deeds of their predecessors; but on the Armenian question they have defended the Young Turks, and have tacitly, if not expressly, upheld their policy of extirpation—a policy set down to their account by the rest of the world as their blackest crime. Even at the present day the subject of Armenia is for every Turk a *noli me tangere*. Looked at from a human standpoint, the ejection of the Armenians from the body politic was for the new Turkey a scarcely less urgent necessity than—*mutatis mutandis*—the extirpation of the Indians for the new State of the Whites in America.

In the face of such irreconcilable antagonisms in the old kingdom all efforts were in vain. When, following on the victory over the reactionaries and the removal of further obstruction on the part of the Palace, the work of creating a

national State was seriously undertaken, the first attempts were met by an outbreak of civil warfare. Guerrilla fighting flamed up afresh in Macedonia; the people would not submit to being "Turkeyfied." The Albanians, the Swiss of the Ottoman Empire, who had served as Life Guards to the Sultan and to many a Grand Vizier, and who, on that account had received indulgent treatment, were opposed to a closer membership within the national unity and to the restriction of their racial freedom. This opposition grew into open insurrection. A regular campaign had to be undertaken in order to bring the Albanians to reason. This was not always conducted with the requisite shrewd knowledge of psychology, and in the end produced fresh hatred instead of peace. An entire expeditionary force had to be sent to Arabia. The Emirs of the desert, who were vassals of the Sultan, took advantage of the weakness of the central Government to form independent tribal duchies—after the well-known example of medieval Germany, where every abatement of the Imperial power gave the Princes of the Empire a welcome opportunity to increase their domestic forces.

The reforms—to give a concise and comprehensive term to the modernising of the antiquated State—fared little better. In the case of this urgent necessity also obstacles were encountered which neither keen insight nor well-meaning schemes were able to overcome. With laudable zeal the building of new fabrics, and the rebuilding of the old, were taken in hand. Numberless plans and projects, in themselves entirely appropriate, were sketched and begun, and hundreds of decrees issued. But a homogeneous system of legislation—the first pre-supposition of a completed constitutional structure—was scarcely feasible in a country which represented, so to speak, an illustrative chart of all stages of civilisation, from that of the prehistoric nomad to that of the nineteenth-century citizen. But what was still worse was that they were not masters in their own house. Their budget was regulated by the foreign

debt administration, the “*dette publique*”—a kind of Reparations Commission—to describe it by a term in current use. But since the income of the State went almost entirely towards the payment of the interest on that, it was imperative that a start should be made with the much-needed revision of the old system of concessions to foreign corporations. If, however, money was to come into the country in return for these concessions, not a finger could be laid on the ancient legal and commercial privileges that had been granted to the foreigner—those famous “*Capitulations*” about which something more will be said later. Against the dead-weight of the Great Powers, whose moral as well as physical superiority was at that time beyond all question, there could be no thought of even touching those fetters that were strangling industrial development. And without industrial improvement there can be no advance in civilisation.

In the region of the spiritual there was the same gyratory dance movement. In order to prepare for the acceptance of modern social customs—even *that* was regarded as a necessity that could no longer be evaded—there had to be a break of some kind made with the Church. But there was opposition to this on the part of Islam, not so much in the clergy—obstacles from that quarter might have been ultimately overcome—but in the general sentiment of the people. The mass of Mohammedans had their whole existence deeply rooted in the Church, and they clung to their customs, not because they had been handed down by immemorial tradition, but because they still possessed vital worth for them. After the April rising, which was a reaction inspired by religion, the reformers avoided any further meddling with the symbols of Islam. There was no more talk about wearing the hat. Even as late as the Great War the leaders of the Turkish Army had the greatest difficulty in inventing headgear for their soldiers that would protect them from sun and rain, without at the same time reminding them

by showing the least sign of a rim, of the tabooed European hat. The injunctions that women should wear veils and be debarred from men's society were stringently enforced—and obeyed. Only by a process of secularisation, even on a small scale, could the transformation of social life and the alteration of current ideas be accomplished; but at that time the separation of Church and State lay quite beyond the limits of possibility. There never could be any freedom from Islam so long as it remained the most powerful cohesive force in the Mohammedan world. Without it Arabia, which constituted well nigh half of the territory that was still in possession of the Osmans, could not be retained. But Islam not only prevented adaptation to the spirit of the age; in its inmost essence it contradicted the national idea, precisely as the universal Church of medieval Europe, by its very nature, came into conflict with the delimitation of States according to the principle of nationality.

The task dictated by necessity to the Young Turks, no matter into what varieties they were very soon to break up, became very like trying to square the circle. They failed to establish a Constitution. Action and counter-action became entangled in an inextricable knot, which had afterwards, not indeed to be unloosed, but cut through by another hand.

The situation in Turkey during the years succeeding the fall of Abdul Hamid was like that of Rome before Cæsar appeared. Civil wars and party conflicts were the marks of that epoch. Not ideas merely, but forces were contending with one another.

The Committee—the executive organ of the radical Unionists, as they were called in contrast to the moderate wing of the Young Turks—aimed resolutely at the establishment of a party dictatorship. Just as at the present time in the Soviet State, delegates of the Unionist party were to be found in all the important districts of the country, often simply as telegraph clerks or lieutenants. Their duty was to keep close

watch on all the officials, from the Provincial Governor to the chairman of the Parish Council, to enforce the will of the central body, and spread among the population the light of the new civilisation. The Committee had certainly no lack of shrewd heads and efficient executants, but they had no real leader, no personality with the revolutionary genius of a Lenin, or even the callous hardness of a Trotsky. The party never succeeded in getting the reins of government completely into its hands, as would perhaps have been both advantageous and necessary for the country during that period of extreme peril. Every time the Unionists were on the point of finally establishing their power, a reverse in their foreign policy would occur, which undermined their prestige, brought division into their ranks and gave their opponents once more the upper hand.

The period is mirrored in moving pictures; a confused film passes before the eye of the observer. Grand Viziers follow one another in swift succession; parliaments are dissolved; noisy all-night sittings of the Chamber are held, in which despair and hope alternate like night and day; on the Government benches Ministers look round apprehensively at the shadows behind them; political clubs meet behind closed doors, issuing orders, exchanging passwords, pronouncing verdicts, while every member lies suspiciously in wait for his neighbour; one of them falls to the ground, stabbed in the street by night; another climbs the back stairs of some house, to appear on the following morning as a personage clothed with official dignity; figures become visible for a little and names flash out, to be just as suddenly extinguished. Now one figure comes distinctly into the foreground, as if destined to have a permanent place in that fluctuating glimmer—Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, the conqueror of Abdul Hamid. The army hail him with cheers; a single step more and he is dictator; but menacing Jacobin heads emerge alongside of him; he recedes—disappears. And while this play of power and impotence is going on without

coming to any definite issue, the martial music of advancing battalions is already heard in the distance.

On one occasion during this period Mustapha Kemal made a remark regarding human greatness, which may be given here in its context.

“I was back again on service in Salonica after the march on Constantinople,” he told a circle of friends afterwards, “and I went one evening to the Crystal Palace in the well-known Liberty Square, not far from the Hôtel Olympos. The saloon was chock full, and I could not get a seat. I was directed to another room upstairs. I went up and found a small, elegantly furnished drawing-room with a number of tables all occupied. I approached one of the tables where some men were sitting drinking *rakki* and beer and carrying on a very patriotic conversation. They were talking about revolutions, and were saying that bigger men were needed if they were to be carried through successfully. It seemed to me as if each of them was giving expression to his secret wish to be himself the great man that was required. But how was he to manage that? What, above all, were the qualities that were necessary?

“One of them said: ‘I should like to be a man like Djemal Bey.’”

“‘Bravo—like Djemal!’ the others agreed.

“Then they all turned to me, although I only knew them slightly.

“I gave them a quiet, steady look; and by looking at them in that way I wanted, of course, to convey something to them. But none of them seemed to grasp the meaning of my silent immobility. They seemed rather to expect me to side with them in their opinion about great men in general, and about Djemal in particular. And I do not know what it was that kept me from showing, even by a single gesture, that I agreed with them.

“My unflinching silence seemed little to the liking of these

* Djemal was then a major; he became afterwards one of the famous triumvirate.

mess-mates, and I could read from their faces what it led them to think of me. 'This gentleman here,' they were no doubt thinking, 'has such a great opinion of himself that his judgment has been biassed, and he cannot recognise the worth of anyone else.'

"That same evening when we were sitting round the table in a thick cloud of tobacco smoke, two views were expressed.

"According to the one, a man had first of all to be great before he could save his country. According to the other, mere ability to talk would never make a great man. Let a man save his country first, and even after that there should be no mention of greatness.

"You can easily understand, friends, which of the two views was mine.

"A few days after—I should like to add in this connection—I went in the tram with Djemal Bey to the Olympos Hotel, as we were both working in the same office. Djemal had written an anonymous article for the Salonica newspapers. He showed me the paper he held in his hand, and asked me:

"'Have you read this leading article?'

"'No.'

"'Read it.'

"I read it and handed him the paper back.

"'Well, what do you think of it?' he asked.

"'The usual journalistic scribble.'

"'Oh, but listen. I wrote the article.'

"'Sorry. I did not know. But I wish you hadn't.'

"And then I added:

"'Djemal Bey don't allow yourself to be led away by the present-day fashion of trying to justify yourself to every empty-headed fool. The applause of the populace neither goes far nor has it any importance. If you are bent on trying still further to draw your power from the approval of all and sundry, then I don't know how you may get on just now, but

you will certainly destroy your future chances. Greatness consists in not being the echo of others, in not throwing dust in anyone's eyes, in seeing only what is necessary for the welfare of the country, and making straight for the goal. Others will come with their proposals and try to turn you from your path. Let them come, but don't let them influence you; go on unflinchingly. All kinds of obstacles will be put in your way; but, in the conviction that you are not great, but small and weak, and expecting no help to reach you from any quarter, you will, in the end, surmount all hindrances. And if any man, after that, calls you great, you will simply laugh in his face.'

"Djemal Bey listened to me in silence, and the unfavourable impression made by my criticism of his article seemed to be effaced"

The success of the Constitution brought to an end the snug, somnolent existence that had been enjoyed by the garrisons. Instead of having short spells of drill in the barrack-square, the troops were on the march in the open for half a day, sometimes even for a whole day. Infantry and cavalry manœuvres were carried out all over the countryside; rifles and even cannons were allowed to be properly loaded and fired, a thing forbidden under Abdul Hamid's régime. This brisk, soldierly activity, with regiments marching through the streets to the strains of martial music, provided the liveliest spectacle that was then to be seen in Constantinople, and, to some extent, consoled the inhabitants for the terrible confusion of public affairs and the discordant squabbling of the newspapers. Of course, there were also those who were displeased with this general cleaning, scouring, polishing and airing. An end was made of the Sultan's prætorian establishment; many a thirty-year-old general had his rank reduced, and began again simply as a lieutenant. Since all citizens were now equal in the eyes of the law the Christian Osmanli had also to don the coloured coat—a thing not at all

to their liking. The army of Mussulman believers was made inter-confessional, or at least, that was the intention. But the attempt did not succeed. If one had to fight, or even to die for one's country as a Christian, then let it be under the Cross rather than under the Crescent.

Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, Minister of War for the time being, did not brook the interference of the civilians or the members of the clubs, at any rate, with his schemes for the re-organisation of the army. Against the will of the Committee he secured from the German Emperor General von der Goltz, that amiable, be-spectacled Marshal, who was so well able to combine kindly encouragement with biting irony, and whose superiority every Turkish officer acknowledged, no matter whether he swore by England or by France, or whether he was a Young Turk or an Old. Mahmoud Shevket also clearly recognised that the army must be the servant of the State, and not of a party. He issued an order that no officer was to belong to any political association; but this enactment never got beyond the paper it was written on; it was a blank shell.

In Salonica Mustapha Kemal was gradually becoming a man of note. This Major with the tabs of the General Staff was always to be found wherever there was anything to be seen or learned of the military art; he took part in all the exercises and rides and in all the discussions of the manœuvres, although he was not officially obliged to be present. He kept a memorandum book for his critical observations on what he had seen and heard. Interspersed among these notes there were quotations from Moltke's writings and short essays on the Napoleonic campaigns. At the beginning he had written, in clumsy letters as he was unfamiliar with the Latin script, Napoleon's constant exhortation to his Generals: "Activité! Activité! Vitesse!" Here and there reflections on the French Revolution were introduced; its history, and even its terminology, were well known to him.

In the garrison he was looked upon as one of the most ambitious officers. When a Turkish deputation was sent in the autumn of 1910 to take part in the great French manœuvres of that year, he was selected to accompany General Riza Pasha. It was the first time he had crossed the Balkan frontier and paid a visit to Europe proper. That continent presented itself to him arrayed in clattering armour. In the charming plains of Picardy he saw one of those instruments of power that gave the polite speeches of foreign diplomats in Constantinople such as unpleasantly metallic flavour. There he saw a modern army, trained to the finger-tips and furnished with the latest marvels of technical equipment. It was a mass-organism regulated with absolute precision, uniform, not simply in external appearance, but in its animating spirit, and free from that discordant mixture of races and creeds that he found in his own country.

He kept his eyes and ears open. Wizardry of this sort might surely be learned from those Westerners. Only a few hundred years before the terror of the Turk had been in their very bones; and now someone in Vienna or Paris had merely to frown and every Pasha and Grand Vizier began to tremble. Certainly they had a long start, and their superiority was still more in evidence when it was seen at close quarters. But he did not, on that account, allow himself to be so profoundly impressed as many of his fellow-countrymen were. He had never shared their sacrosanct respect for Europeans. And that gave him in later years the courage to defy, single-handed, three Great Powers in the flush of victory.

“I knew,” said General Hussein Riza Pasha to the author, “that Mustapha Kemal was a go-ahead officer. From the manner in which he solved the problems set for the French leaders, and the judgments he pronounced on each day’s military situation, I was convinced that he had a clear head.”

He returned home with a fuller realisation of the imperfections of his own army. In his mathematically accurate mind

there was no place for that too nimble fancy that characterises the Oriental. The Turk is inclined to rock himself to sleep in illusions, to take his wishes for reality, to see things as he thinks they ought to be and not as they are, and to lapse easily from this self-deception into self-satisfaction. But Mustapha Kemal did not share this trait of his fellow-countrymen either. The profound chasm that separated what was desired from what could actually be attained did not escape his cool observation, though in his eagerness to put his superior knowledge into practice he often overshot the mark. He never failed to express his opinion on the manœuvres; he criticised adversely the directions of his superiors, and disobeyed orders when they seemed senseless—actions that could scarcely be reconciled with European ideas of discipline. The disrespectful criticism of this Major nettled many a grey-bearded general, all the more since the younger man was usually in the right. As before in political life, so now in military affairs, he became a *frondeur*, without in the least caring whether he was doing harm to his own prospects. This man so eternally ready with his admonitions, who did not show the slightest respect for generals' braiding, became troublesome in course of time and a damper had to be put on him. So he was removed from his specially favoured position on the Staff, and given the command of a regiment.

The secret hope that this officer, who was still very young for such a position, would come to grief in this undertaking, was not fulfilled. The man of theory stood the test in actual service as well; with the best will in the world no one could find much fault with his regiment.

Against his intention not to take any part in public affairs, he was driven once more into the political arena solely by the development of events. The actual agents of the Rebellion, *i.e.*, the military, grew more and more discontented every day with the "civilians" in Constantinople, and the way in which

they were patently mishandling the entire Revolution. The situation, instead of growing better, had become steadily worse. In former days there was, at least, *one* visible authority; now there was none at all. In the army, too, the disintegrating fungus of party squabbling was spreading again. The Unionist Committee, with its power continually menaced, and seeking support from the army at least, favoured its own adherents, and pushed them into important positions. Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, by his imprudent weakness in dealing with the Club-men, gradually alienated the sympathy of the military. Conspiracy was once more in the air.

In the winter of 1910-11, the younger officers in Salonica began to gather round Mustapha Kemal. He had a weekly meeting of those in his own regiment for tactical discussions, and even officers from other detachments began to put in appearance. It seems that it was not always military matters that were discussed at these gatherings. Spies of the Committee conveyed information regarding this suspicious activity to Constantinople. The Council of Seven demanded that he should be severely punished. Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, Minister of War at the time, had to submit, perhaps not unwillingly. In the spring of 1911 Mustapha Kemal was deprived of the command of his regiment, on the ground that, "he had tried to incite the Army Corps to rebellion against the Government." He was summoned to the capital, possibly with the object of closer surveillance, and was employed at the central office of the General Staff. The banishment to the writing desk, however, was not destined to be of long duration.

The year 1911 was a period of high tension for the continent of Europe. The famous German "panther-spring" to Agadir in July, 1911, brought the fermenting world-crisis to a head all at once. France wants to remain the sole master in Morocco. England has meanwhile secured the Soudan, and joins France. In place of Edward VII, who died the year before, Sir Edward

Grey now carries on the great game. In the Lower House he is already speaking of the immediate danger of war; and the British Fleet is concentrated in the North Sea.

With breathless tension the whole Mohammedan world follows the collision of the Great Powers over the question of Morocco. Will there be an end at last to the continual grabbing? Will Wilhelm II really step forward now and become the mighty champion of Islam, just as, once before, he seemed to be for every Moslem, when he entered Jerusalem in all his imperial pomp and glory? Even in Constantinople the weapons of internecine strife are laid aside; hope has brought about unity, and everyone sees the long-desired turning-point come at last.

But the scene has already changed. Potsdam comes to a kind of understanding with Petersburg. Persia is unreservedly handed over to Russia, and the Young Persians are scattered. By the permission of Russia, Ex-Shah Mohammed Ali is re-established as absolute ruler. This is the first disappointment; a second, and a far greater one, is soon to follow. The significant gesture of Germany has not been made *pour les beaux yeux* of the Mohammedans. Berlin gives in, and concludes a not very advantageous bargain with Paris. In return for some marsh-lands on the Congo—the first step towards the formation of a Central African colonial Empire—Morocco and Western Islam are given up to France. The waves of the political storm in Europe subside; the peace of the world is again assured; the Mohammedans pay the bill.

And they had to pay it in a fashion that even the most lugubrious prophets of evil in Turkey could not have foreseen. France had hardly been appeased when Italy appeared on the scene. In North Africa, between the colonial possessions of England and France, only the central part—and the worst—still remained. That was the district on the Gulfs of Sidra and Gabes, the two Turkish provinces of Tripoli and Cyrenaica,

the ancient Libya, once the granary of the Roman Empire. Italy, after surrendering her claims to Tunis, saw in this part of the coast lying immediately opposite her shores a portion of the heritage of the Mohammedan world-empire that ought rightfully to fall to her share. She had long before prepared for its acquisition by the peaceful means of economic expansion and investment of capital. Since Morocco had now been adjudged to France in due form, Italy thought that she need wait no longer before taking possession of Tripoli. She soon found an excuse for taking overt steps to protect the interests she had created in that region. On the ground that Italian trade was obstructed by the Turkish officials, Rome, in an ultimatum, demanded that the Porte should give consent to the Italian occupation of Tripoli. After the expiry of the appointed interval of twenty-four hours the ultimatum was followed by a declaration of war.

Just as promptly a storm of moral indignation broke out in Europe over Italy's "flagrant breach of International Law." No one saw—or wanted to see—that Italy had acted, only with less adroitness, essentially in the same way as England had done with Egypt, France with North-West Africa, Austria with Bosnia and Herzegovina, and, at an earlier date, Russia with the Crimea and Bessarabia. And, considered from a wider outlook, these changes of ownership were only the external phases of one of those great historical transformations that are constantly altering the face of the earth. The Arab and his successor the Turk had advanced in triumph across the Mediterranean as far as Spain, and on the continent to the gates of Vienna; so now, at first slowly and then with full impetus in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, the counter-thrust from a Europe that had grown more powerful had set in, and gradually all that the Mohammedan had won by violence was by violence taken from him again.

A remark made by Marshal Ahmed Izzet Pasha, the Chief

of the Turkish General Staff, makes it clear that even from the Turkish side an unbiassed verdict could be pronounced on Italy's arbitrary act. He writes in his Memoirs* :—“ Judged by the standard of human, or even of international law . . . the uncalled-for attack on this province (Tripoli) is clearly an injustice. But *that* injustice is still greater which a state commits by showing itself unequal to the magnitude of the country it has to govern and incapable of utilising its natural resources, by lowering its power of resistance through mal-administration and squandering like a spendthrift the wealth of its enormous territory.” In other words, Turkey by her criminal neglect had lost her right to the possession of this portion of her realm, like the servant in the Biblical parable of the Talents.

As a matter of fact, not the slightest preparations were made for the retention of these provinces, although, for a long time now, there could have been no doubt about Italy's designs. In Tripoli there were only inconsiderable bodies of troops, insufficiently equipped with the means of defence, and scattered over hundreds of square miles. It was now too late to send across additional troops to a terrain that could only be reached by sea; the little Turkish Fleet could not show itself outside its harbours in face of the strong Italian Navy.

It followed, therefore, that the war could never be won. At first Turkey still kept hoping for an authoritative command from London or Paris. Italy, however, had long ago come to an understanding with her rivals, and the Cabinets very swiftly declared their neutrality. “ The Great Powers are leaving us to our fate,” Enver laconically notes in his diary.

But the case of these provinces, which were inhabited by a purely Islamic population, was different from that of Bosnia and Herzegovina. To give them up without a blow would have deprived Turkey of the remainder of her prestige with the

* “ Denkwürdigkeiten des Marschalls Izzet Pascha,” published by Karl Klinghardt, Leipzig, 1927.

Mohammedan world, and would probably have lost her the Caliphate. To use a phrase of General von der Goltz, it would have meant suicide. In this situation the Government in Constantinople had no other alternative but to put itself in a position of defence, however strongly reason and prudence might argue to the contrary. The Turks had to prove by a heroic effort their desire, at least, to assert their existence. Historical examples show that such desperate ventures have often unexpectedly turned the scale; and everyone who makes a sacrifice that looks hopeless to human eyes cherishes the hope that some miracle will happen, and that God or Allah will in the end come to the help of those who do not despair of themselves. Enver, at any rate, was then of that belief.

Mustapha Kemal was one of the officers who endeavoured to reach the scene of the Tripolitan war-drama. They were forced by necessity to go by way of Egypt. England as Protector, in order to please Italy, maintained a strict neutrality, and kept a sharp watch to prevent any Turkish combatant from slipping through. Shortly after landing in Alexandria two of Mustapha Kemal's comrades were arrested in spite of their being disguised as innocent Arab wayfarers. The authorities, however, endeavoured to lay hands on a third officer, named Mustapha Kemal. He had been described to them as easily recognisable by his blond hair and blue eyes—particularly striking marks of identification in one who gave himself out as an Arab. It was discovered that the man they were seeking had left Alexandria by the light railway that runs westwards in the direction of the Tripolitan frontier. An Egyptian officer turned up at Sanga, and after examining the passengers, very soon discovered and easily identified Mustapha Kemal, whom he had orders to arrest. Unlike his English master, the Egyptian naturally sympathised with the Turk. The express command had nevertheless to be complied with; and accordingly a way out of the difficulty was found by handing over to

the English authorities, instead of Mustapha Kemal, a subaltern in the escort, whose hair, though it was not blond, was certainly light brown in colour. Thereupon he was sent back to his native place, while the genuine bearer of the name was able to reach longed-for Tripoli.

Italy found herself disappointed in her expectation of taking possession of this region after a campaign that would be as glorious as it was brief. As soon as the Arab tribes of Tripoli and Cyrenaica learned that their overlord and Caliph in Constantinople had not left them in the lurch, but had sent, in addition to the blessing of Allah, a number of his best officers to their assistance, they hurried from the pasture-lands and oases of the interior to fight against the unwelcome invaders. As once before in the early Middle Ages, all the faithful assembled under the shining green flag of the Prophet. All their resentment against their brethren in the faith was forgotten in their united action against the menace to Islam. Even further south at Yemen in the Arabian peninsula, where a Turkish army was engaged in a severe fight with insurrectionary grandees, hostilities ceased all at once. With the cry—"El jihad sabil illah! El jihad!"—The holy war!—for Allah's sake—the Arab swarms stormed the Christian entrenchments.

The Italians no doubt held possession of all the important harbours, but they were confined to a narrow strip of the coast.

Their attempts to gain a firm footing in the wilderness-like interior beyond the range of the guns of their ships, came to grief, and were given up as useless. The well-known military situation resulted—sporadic skirmishes, with a serious engagement by way of a change; many a minor deed of heroism on the part of the defenders of the soil, giving them no doubt some satisfaction, and raising their spirits, but not altering essentially the fact that the army with the immensely stronger battalions was master of the situation.

Mustapha Kemal, promoted meanwhile to the rank of major,

commanded the section facing Derna, a sea port in north-eastern Cyrenaica. In the same encampment at Derna there stood also the tent of the Generalissimo of the forces engaged there, Lieut.-Colonel Enver Bey, who was a year younger than Kemal. The "little Napoleon," as the army, even then, was calling him, soon became the life and soul of the defence. Under his leadership the conduct of the campaigns became more indefatigable, tenacious and persevering; he never for a moment desisted in his efforts to give a fresh impulse to the resistance, and above all to give it the importance of a thoroughly organised force. Out of wild hordes he created an army that was at least partially disciplined; he was able to transport arms and munitions over the most difficult routes, and he even had cartridges manufactured in swiftly improvised workshops. The enemy recognised in him their most dangerous antagonist, and honoured him by putting a high price on his head, and repeatedly announcing that he was dead. Without belittling the not inconsiderable merit of those who were associated with him, it may be asserted that the defence of Tripoli, and in particular of Cyrenaica, characterised as it was by such immense energy and unyielding tenacity, was the work of Enver Bey.

This young Alcibiades of Turkey, the son of a former court purveyor, had shortly before won the heart of an imperial princess. Nadshié-Sultane, as she was called, had been destined for a son of Abdul Hamid. But the hero of the liberation had fascinated her; and as this charming creature had great influence with the reigning Sultan, the latter had sanctioned her engagement to Enver Bey. He was thus encircled with the nimbus of a future son-in-law of the Caliph, the "greatest of the great in the earth." Wherever he appeared, attended by his life-guards, the Bedouin hailed him with acclamation. He knew the right way of dealing with these big, but by no means harmless, children; they obeyed him at

the word. In his magnificently furnished tent—without pomp there is no power in the eyes of the Arab—he received the homage of the various tribes, the Berasa, Tarhana, Djafara, Ubéidat, Fessani, Tuaregs, and the rest, their chiefs kissing his hand and shoulder. He listened to their endless complaints and requests with unwearied patience, distributed favours, and, what was more important, gave them ample rewards in hard cash. He reigned like a king in the wilderness. The principal Sheikh of the Senussi, the Grand Master of a kind of knightly Order of Islamic monks and the real ruler of Cyrenaica, sent him a friendly message, in which he gave him the following title:—“The unweariedly active, the bravest of the brave, the strong lion, our friend and the feast of our eyes, our brother, His Highness Enver Pasha.”

The career of this favourite of fortune had, it appeared, up till then been a succession of happy accidents, and promised to continue to be that for a still longer time. Certainly he never hesitated to stake his all, his life and future, boldly and resolutely, on a single card; but, until then, he had always won. Was it to be wondered at, then, that he believed in his star, and hoped, like Napoleon, after *his* Italian campaign to march into the capital as general wearing the laurels of victory?

According to the Turkish view of the matter, the unnecessary prolongation of this fruitless war—it dragged on for more than a year without any change in the initial situation—is to be ascribed to Enver. He is said to have lulled the Government in Constantinople, by his rose-coloured reports, into the belief that before long a decisive blow would lead to a successful issue. Others, more sagacious, were of the opinion that Turkey, now that she had vindicated her honour could, with decency, come to a settlement, and leaving the natives to carry on any further resistance, ought to make peace with Italy as soon as possible. For even in the beginning of 1912 there could no longer be any doubt that a severe storm was brewing in the Balkans.

Enver had undoubtedly believed in the possibility of regaining Derna. "It may be said," writes a German officer who was in the camp at Derna,* "that Enver had been living for months self-willed and deluded, simply for this foolish and almost childish dream. This rather touching monomania, however, had tragic consequences; it demanded useless hecatombs of human lives; it filled the ravines of Wady Derna with corpses and blood; it incited the Turkish Government, in the expectation of a brilliant victory, to persist in a purposeless war that was ruinous to the country; it presented Europe with an excuse for intervention, and perhaps even in Italy, brought about a sudden change in public opinion, and led to the cession of Tripoli. All the Turkish officers did not share the naïve idea of their leader; but woe to any of them that ventured to express any doubt about it."

Apart from the personal animosity that can be read between the lines (the statement appeared in the *Corriere della Sera*), this version of the matter, shared by many of Enver's comrades-in-arms, may be a correct reading of the situation. And Mustapha Kemal, who was jointly responsible as commandant of Derna, certainly was one of those who "ventured to express their doubt," and very probably he did this in his usual trenchant manner.

It is well-known that in Cyrenaica a profound disagreement took place between the two men, which was never bridged again. All that is known about Mustapha Kemal entirely precludes any complex of envy or injured *amour-propre*. The antagonism sprang purely from differences in regard to matters of fact. If the breach became permanent and, in the sequel, grew wider, the deeper cause may have lain in the fact that Mustapha Kemal from that time onwards no longer looked upon Enver as the leader of genius that popular estimation considered him to be. Mustapha Kemal found himself after-

* G. v. Graevenitz, "Geschichte des Italienisch-Türkischen Krieges," Berlin, 1912.

wards in a somewhat similar position. All reasonable men declared that his action was almost mad, but they did not even admit that his plan had any chance of being successful. Like Enver in Cyrenaica, he refused to be diverted from his path by the opinions and the counsels of those who were opposed to him. The only difference was that he did not depend on luck, as Enver did so readily, but, like a deliberate chess-player, he estimated with almost mathematical nicety the actual possibilities of the situation, and calculated with utter exactitude every one of his opponents' moves. The result proved that his calculation had been right; the luck was super-added.

Under the pressure of this new threat of war the Sublime Porte had to accept without qualification the conditions that Italy had offered three months earlier. On the 18th of October, 1912, peace was concluded at Ouchy, an executive seat of Lausanne, that afterwards became the birthplace of the new Turkey. In order to avert, at least in form, the odium of ceding a territory with a purely Mohammedan population, the Sultan solemnly released the Tripolitans from the national union, and conferred on them complete autonomy. Rome, the new master, was not destined for some years yet, to have any real enjoyment in its Libyan possessions. In the peace treaty Italy bound herself to evacuate Rhodes, of which she had taken possession—like the English Cyprus, a pistol aimed at the breast of Turkey—along with the associated group of islands immediately opposite the south-west coast of Asia Minor. The pledge, however, was never redeemed.

The period that now followed became for Mustapha Kemal, as he wrote afterwards, the darkest time of his life. He had seen the trouble coming, but had not been able to do anything to avert it. He had for a long time now severed his connection with his former political associates; he had become suspect to the Committee on account of his merciless criticism of the

outstanding figures among them and of their pernicious system of giving so many different leaders a hand in the management of affairs. He was distrusted and yet he could not be got at. For though he made no secret of his opinions, he kept himself personally in the background, having no desire for position or influence. It must have been a melancholy satisfaction to him when his apprehensions were confirmed in a way that surprised himself.

What Abdul Hamid by his wise precautions had been always able to prevent, the Young Turk statesmen allowed to take place unhindered—the Balkan States south of the Danube united for the first and only time, and formed a belligerent alliance against the Osmanli. The enterprise that had been begun two hundred years ago before in Vienna was now to be consummated, and the Turk finally expelled from European soil. As a symbol of the liberation of the continent, the Cross of Jesus that had formerly had to yield to the Crescent, was once more to be placed on the cupola of Sta. Sophia.

Not the least effort was made to mask the preparations for this combined crusade by the usual peace-pipings. Turkey seemed to be stricken with blindness. Nothing was done in the way of defence against this aggression of Christendom. Discontent in all its forms found relief in abortive risings. Once more the officers bound themselves together in a patriotic league, called the "*Halaskiars*," soldier-saviours of the fatherland. On this occasion it was organised against the victors in the Revolution—the Committee of "Union and Progress," and especially against the too complaisant War Minister of this Jacobin Club, Mahmoud Shevket Pasha. In Macedonia there was an open revolt of the officers, just as in 1908, and in Constantinople the "saviours" succeeded in breaking the power of the Committee. The Unionist Government was displaced, and Mahmoud Shevket had to retire. The Chamber was dissolved; a Cabinet of aged men, chiefly former Grand Viziers

of Abdul Hamid, took over the reins of power. But there was one younger man among them—the ambitious, energetic Nazim Pasha, now Minister of War and the chief of the "Saviours" of the fatherland. He had been long waiting for the overthrow of his rival Mahmoud Shevket Pasha; and now there was every prospect of his reaching the top over the heads of the aged men, and becoming the dictator he had hoped to be.

When, as a result of the continual pressure of the Greek Venizelos, the Balkan alliance had everything in readiness for striking the great blow, the pygmy Prince of Montenegro was the first to declare war against the Sultan and Caliph; he was followed by the three kings of Serbia, Bulgaria and Greece. The Great Powers watched the course of events with mingled feelings; they declared, however, with uplifted finger of menace, that they would not allow any alteration of the *status quo*—an event that was quite likely to happen.

Mustapha Kemal's chief anxiety was to reach his native land as quickly as possible. But the direct road was already blocked. By a lengthy route overland he succeeded in reaching Italy, and finally arrived in Turkey after endless railway journeys through Austria, Hungary and Roumania.

When he entered Constantinople at the end of November, 1912, he found his country in precisely the same situation as Prussia was in the year 1806. Names like Kumanovo, Kirk-Kilisse and Lule Burgas signified the Jenas and the Auerstädt's of Turkey. To the surprise of the entire world and its military experts, the *débâcle* of the Ottoman army was completed in two weeks. Nazim Pasha as Generalissimo and Minister of War, then at the zenith of his power, by conducting an energetic offensive contrary to the plans of the General Staff, meant to win the laurels of a great military leader and the glory of being the saviour of his fatherland. His strategy ended in a retreat that was more like a flight. The enemy pressed on until they

were quite near the gates of the capital. There must really have been an altogether intolerable breakdown in the organisation and leadership, from the general commanding to the humblest official in the commissariat, when it proved too much for the brave and likeable Turkish soldiery, who are so utterly patient and unexacting. It was not until the very last hour that the receding flood could be checked. On the heights of Tchataldja, directly north of Constantinople, one of the positions of defence thoughtfully provided by nature for the city, the last desperate attempt at resistance was offered. A glance northwards from these heights into the distance gave a little encouragement in the midst of all these misfortunes—Adrianople, the second capital of the Ottoman Empire, situated on the Maritza, so often praised in song, held out under brave Shükri Pasha against the enemy's attack.

Scenes of terror and folly greeted Mustapha Kemal on his return. Hunger snatched away more victims than the enemy's bullets, although a few miles away there was a wealthy city plentifully supplied with all that was needed; and in addition cholera, that dire destroyer, came to ravage among the densely packed masses. With the débris of the defeated armies there mingled long trains of fugitive Mohammedans from Macedonia and Thrace. His mother and sister, who had come from Salonica, were among these. He found them after a long search, and was able to place them in safety. Then he proceeded to the Gallipoli peninsula, where a fresh army corps had been hurriedly got together from Anatolian reinforcements.

Fortunately for the fate of the Crescent on Sta. Sophia, no Napoleon arose on the opposing side; there was rather a coalition of mutually suspicious princes, each one looking askance at the success of the other. After the Serbians and the Greeks had secured their booty, the Bulgarians were left to bleed to death in front of their lines at Tchataldja. After that, Christendom considered it more advantageous that none of the brethren

in the faith should succeed in gaining possession of the metropolis on the Golden Horn. The Great Powers—especially Russia—remembered that they were morally bound to establish peace. The Cabinets mediated an armistice, and, under the auspices of London, began their deliberations round the green table.

Kiamil Pasha, after the first defeats, had succeeded in becoming the leader of the government. The aged man, now approaching his ninetieth year, took action with unabated energy against his old enemies the Unionists and their Committee, who, as we have described above, had ejected him with violence from his last Grand Vizierate. He hoped soon to conclude a peace, and then sit so firmly in the saddle that he would be able to give the Unionists a complete knock-out blow—a design in which he had the lively support of the War Minister, Nazim Pasha. The figure of Damad Ferid Pasha, who afterwards became one of the most indefatigable opponents of the Kemalists, emerges for the first time as President of the Senate in the background of this Cabinet of the Right. As the consort of a princess he was linked by the closest of ties to the Imperial House and was an advocate of a strong Monarchy. He had studied at Oxford and had all the external appearance of an English gentleman. Along with the aged Kiamil he was the supporter of a policy that expressly looked to England for support.

But the friends of Britain found themselves—once again—disappointed in their hopes. The peace that had been adjusted in London demanded from Turkey the cession—with the exception of a small corner north of the capital—of her entire Balkan possessions, along with the most important island in the *Ægean* Sea, lying in front of the Dardanelles. On European soil only Constantinople and the Straits were, for very obvious reasons, left in possession of the Turks.

Kiamil Pasha, as the Parliament had been dissolved, in order to relieve himself of the burden of responsibility, summoned

a great council of statesmen and generals, a "Divan" after the old fashion, which was to come to some decision with regard to the terms of peace. These dignitaries found it difficult to make up their minds, so the deliberations dragged on for a considerable time. Nevertheless there seemed to be great need of haste; for Enver Bey, to the great disquietude of all his Unionist opponents, had arrived in the capital, after being fêted and honoured on his way home by the Khedive in Egypt. It was said that Kiamil Pasha, by reports of repeated victories in the Balkans, had kept him from leaving Tripoli. Enver entered Constantinople on the 18th of January, 1913, and immediately the Unionist Committee began to hold secret sittings.

On the 23rd of January the Divan unanimously decided to accept the peace proposals. They were even compelled to agree to the cession of Adrianople—the bitterest mortification imaginable for the Osmanli. It was only a question now of drafting the reply to be sent to London. As they were discussing this, noise and growing tumult were heard outside. Nazim Pasha, the Minister of War, rose and went out to see what was the matter. He found Enver occupying the ante-chamber of the Sublime Porte with two hundred of his faithful followers, while the adjutants of the Grand Vizier were endeavouring to check his further advance. Nazim, with a cigarette in his mouth, approached the intruders and shouted half-jokingly to them: "Hallo boys! What's all the noise about? Don't you know you are interrupting the business?"

At the same moment several shots rang out, and Nazim Pasha fell to the ground fatally wounded, pressing his hand to his breast. "The dogs have done for me!" were his last words. Whether this account is entirely in accordance with facts has never been quite cleared up. Those who took part in the *coup d'état* assert that the Minister of War was the victim of a stray bullet.

Amidst the general excitement Enver, with a revolver in

each hand, leaped on to a chair, and threatened to shoot all who made further use of their weapons.

It was Enver's 18th of Brumaire. Like Napoleon after his return from Egypt, he had scattered the government, and made himself the man in the State, in whom the hopes of the whole country were centred. Only he still hesitated to grasp the position of First Consul, and prudently gave precedence to Mahmoud Shevket Pasha. But his now proverbial luck very soon opened up his way to the top.

Mahmoud Shevket Pasha now at last entered the Sublime Porte as the supreme leader of the State, a position that a bold decision might have won for him four years earlier. His appointment had to be wrung from the Sultan—the first and only time Mohammed V tried to give effect to his wishes. But along with the General and the Grand Vizier, the Unionist Committee revived and stronger than ever as the result of Enver's success, once more took up their position behind the scenes. As before, this secret, sinister gang, whose actual members no one knew, stealthily pulled the wires.

Certain historians venture to assert that the *coup d'état* of the 23rd January came a few hours too soon. According to the Committee's instructions the surprise attack should not have taken place until after the answer had been finally sent to London, and peace formally concluded. In that way they hoped to saddle their opponents with the odium of a peace so disgraceful, and with all the blame for the disaster. Be that as it may, the Unionists, willy-nilly, felt themselves compelled, for the sake of their prestige in the eyes of the country, to break off the negotiations, and the war was carried on.

CHAPTER VI

THE TRIUMVIRATE

THE new dictators had to justify their rejection of the peace terms by a military success. The one that lay nearest to their hand was the relief of the citadel of Adrianople, which was still besieged by the Bulgarians. For this purpose they planned an advance from the shores of the Sea of Marmora in a north-westerly direction. If that was successful, then the entire Tchataldja line would have to move. Enver Bey, although he was not officially in chief command, was the leading spirit in this hopeful offensive. The army corps assembled on the Gallipoli peninsula, to which Mustapha Kemal had been assigned as an officer of the General Staff, received orders to push forward. They were the first to come into contact with the enemy, but being left unsupported at a decisive moment, they suffered a severe defeat, and could only save themselves by a rapid retreat. The whole enterprise ended in complete failure; and though this strengthened in many minds their doubts as to Enver's capacity for military leadership, it in no way detracted from his popularity with the nation as a whole. The marriage of this favourite of fortune with Princess Nadshié Sultane was celebrated with great pomp; and thence-forward he began to live in princely style.

Adrianople surrendered, though with the honours of war. Mahmoud Shevket's government felt themselves compelled to sign the very same peace terms that they had formerly rejected as disgraceful.

After this manifest failure on the part of the Unionists their opponents took heart again. The stirrings of another *coup*

d'état were felt in Constantinople. The pretty see-saw motion in the possession of power seemed about to be resumed. One of the conspirators, however, was foolish enough to spoil the whole idea by an act of violence.

The government was aware that something was going on, and it had put martial law more stringently into force. On the 15th of June, 1913 Mahmoud Shevket Pasha was even expressly desired not to show himself in public without taking the greatest precautions. He seemed in particularly high spirits that day, and exclaimed: "Oh, the future is in the hands of Allah!" as he entered his carriage to go from the Ministry of War to the Sublime Porte. Shortly after five shots were heard. At the corner of the Bayezid Mosque, where the narrow street leads from the open square, the Grand Vizier was assassinated. It was a retribution for the death of Nazim Pasha.

This execrable murder came just at the right time for the Committee to give the opposition a final, decisive blow. A period of proscription, like that under the dictatorship of Sulla, began. Djemal Bey, of whom mention has already been made, raised himself to the all-important political position of Military Governor of Constantinople. As the executive agent of the Committee this little, suave gentleman proved himself extraordinarily useful. He took a firm grasp before the opponents of the Unionists really knew what was happening. Only Damad Ferid Pasha and Prince Zebaheddin—pursued as ever by ill-luck—were allowed, apparently on purpose, to make their escape.

Those of lesser mark were sent into exile, but thirteen of the outstanding men were condemned to death. The sentences already drawn up, were sent to the Sultan for his signature. In the case of twelve of these men the Sultan had no hesitation in granting his visa for their dispatch into eternity. But when he came to the thirteenth he let the pen fall; it was Damad Salih Pasha, his own son-in-law. He, the Sultan and Vicar of

the Prophet, actually sank to his knees before the citizen Talaat Bey and sued for mercy for his daughter's husband. But the Committee looked upon his execution as a sign of their power. It was not that the unfortunate Damad Salih Pasha had taken a particularly prominent place among their opponents, but they wanted to give an exemplary demonstration of the fact that even intimate relation to the Imperial House could not protect him from the avenging arm of the Unionists. Talaat Bey compelled Mohammed V, the last monarch but one of the Ottoman dynasty, to exhibit his signature. And on the following morning His Majesty's son-in-law dangling from the gallows proclaimed that the Committee, and not the Sultan, ruled the land.

Nevertheless this rigorous action had its effect. From that day civil war and party combats ceased. At last there was peace in the country; the opposition no longer ventured into the open. Their activity was mostly confined to their leaders in distant Paris or London, who secretly conspired against the dictatorship of the Unionists, as the latter themselves had formerly done against Abdul Hamid.

A second fortunate event helped to invest even the Committee with the nimbus of patriotism, and wiped out the disgrace of Lule Burgas and Kirk-Lilisse. Like the princes of the middle ages, the nations of that day held that their main object was the increase and expansion of their power. But the pursuit of this aim brought the smaller nations as easily as the larger into collision. The Balkan kings, recently in harmonious accord over their crusading venture, were unable or unwilling to rest satisfied with the arbitrator's distribution of the Macedonian booty. Serbia was disappointed in her hopes of reaching the sea; for the Powers in their wisdom considered that Albania, which was essentially Mohammedan, should be independent. Greece also, the third claimant in order to Byzantium, along with the Russian and Bulgarian czars, thought that she had

not received sufficient recompense for the sacrifices she had made, and that she had suffered loss for the benefit of Bulgaria. Hence a few months after the conclusion of the London peace there came a sanguinary epilogue to the first Balkan war. Serbia and Greece made common cause in an attack on Bulgaria. Roumania, too, who had had her eye for a long time on southern Dobrudja between the Danube and the Black Sea, advanced troops against Sofia. Ferdinand the Coburger, who had recently made the gesture of seizing the Imperial Crown of the East, was in great straits.

The Turks could scarcely be blamed if they for their part took advantage of this quarrel among the Christians. Despite the frowns of the Great Powers they had their armies on the march northwards to Adrianople in the month of March.

Once again, as had frequently happened before, Mustapha Kemal and Enver took the field together, the latter as lieut.-colonel and the former as major. While the army was still a few days' march from Adrianople, Enver asked permission from the commander-in-chief to join the cavalry brigade in front. Advancing by forced marches, the troopers overcame the very slight resistance of the Bulgarians, and on the anniversary of the Young Turk Revolution, the 23rd July, 1913, Enver marched at the head of the cavalry into the regained town. He thus earned the honourable designation of the "Victor of Adrianople," as the telegraph lines all over the world announced.

The Maritza line along with Adrianople had to be abandoned to the Turks, who once again had won a firm foothold on the Continent of Europe. Moreover, even the new frontier strongholds established by the peace of Bucharest were not destined to have a long existence. Greece, instead of Bulgaria, now held the principal part of the Macedonian territory, and with it Salonica also, the native town of Mustapha Kemal. Once more Serbia was left without any outlet to the sea.

The winter that ushered in the year 1914, and saw Europe swollen with power, increasing in wealth, and incontestably at the height of its ascendancy, brought even to Sofia, the royal city of Bulgaria, a period of unfettered gaiety. There was a general desire to rid the minds of the spectres of two bloody wars. The playful, merry combat of the sexes took the place of the struggle with death-dealing weapons, the ammunition was banter, not bullets; the fair were captured, not fortifications.

The centre of social life in Sofia was the house of Sultana Ratsho Petrov, a lady well known throughout the Balkans as a brilliant conversationalist and authoress. Diplomats from East and West met in her drawing-room, and in that salon many a knot was untied that could never have been unravelled by means of correspondence. Among the privileged guests was the Turkish Ambassador, Fethi Bey, a thorough man-of-the-world, intelligent and versatile, and at the same time bearing himself with that unaffected aplomb that is characteristic of the Turk of good lineage. Originally an officer by profession, he had won his diplomatic spurs in Paris, and afterwards rose to the highest positions in the new Turkey. He was usually accompanied by his military attaché, Mustapha Kemal Bey, who was now a lieutenant-colonel. It was remarked that the two men, who had formerly been school companions, had formed a close and confidential friendship, despite the dissimilarity in their dispositions. If Fethi Bey was talkative, bright and frank, his fellow-countryman, on the contrary, was taciturn, stiff, sombre and soldier-like in his whole bearing. He was evidently not at home in a drawing-room, and in appearance and demeanour was the reverse of the hero depicted in popular romances, and cherished by imaginative young ladies as their beau-ideal.

✓ One of the most celebrated beauties of that winter season in Sofia was the daughter of General Kovatchev, a maiden just

out of her teens, her hair a mass of brown curls, and a bewildering sweetness in her dark eyes. The Turkish military attaché was one of the most ardent of her admirers. His dancing left a great deal to be desired, and he was just as unsuccessful with the small talk of the salon. Still the damsel with the brown ringlets seemed to find pleasure in the homage of the blond, Ottoman officer. But she was passionately fond of dancing, and for that she could have a super-abundance of young gallants. When she was dancing the taciturn wooer would sheer off to the next room and take part for a while in a game of cards, but would return again and again to the reception-room, drawn as by a magnet. The society gossips whispered that something serious would happen, and eagerly followed the subsequent course of events. Then one evening it was observed that the relations between them were visibly cooler; the Turkish attaché avoided the ballroom, and devoted himself to the bridge-table more assiduously than ever, although with no more luck. The rumour ran that he had received a nice, straight rebuff. Whether that was true or not, Fräulein Kovatchev was as little able as any one else to foretell at a glance the future of this quiet, serious officer. The only thing that was striking about him was the unusual energy betrayed by the lines of his rugged features. For the rest all the witnesses of that period agree that there was nothing in this man's nature, demeanour or conversation to lead anyone to conclude that a great future awaited him—a fact that ought to give some comfort to nations that have any hankering after a dictator.

None the less there were those among the experts who had a better knowledge of this lieutenant-colonel. In Constantinople it was considered more prudent to keep this officer, who was always refractory, at a distance from the army—to promote him to the Upper House, so to speak—so he was given this honourable, but harmless post abroad. Among the members of the Committee Fethi Bey was the only one who always took

Mustapha Kemal's part, and he was probably the first to recognise his outstanding gifts.

Meanwhile the Committee drew together into the constellation in which they were to continue for years to figure, and in which they found entrance into the pages of European history. After the death of Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, Marshal Izzet Pasha had, in the first instance, become Minister of War. He sprang from Albanian feudal lords and was a very capable soldier, but was forced against his will to take part in politics. He had thus accepted the Ministry of War, after refusing it in the first instance, simply because Enver would otherwise have held the post, and that, according to Izzet Pasha's opinion would have meant "a serious peril for the fatherland." His imperturbable placidity, his moderation, his superior discernment, which he never paraded, and the sincerity of his character, which even his opponents never called in question, made him a man who was trusted by everyone. He never bound himself to any party, but tried to preserve a strict neutrality. But precisely on that account he was never able to hold his ground for any length of time, always retiring after a short period, only to appear again in seasons of distress as an unshaken pillar of strength. When the Albanians received the gift of independence from the Great Powers, they offered Izzet Pasha the throne of their country. But he nevertheless refused it, "because I had no desire for it," he writes in his Memoirs, "or, as Talaat Pasha thought, or at any rate said, 'because I was lacking in self-confidence.'" He may have had his own weighty reasons for his refusal; for the occupation of the throne by one of the Albanians themselves was undoubtedly to the advantage of Turkey. Then there followed in Albania the brief, but not very brilliant, star-performance of the Prince of Wied. And Marshal Izzet Pasha had to give place to Enver Pasha, now made a general, who in his twenty-second year became Minister of War and Vice-Generalissimo of the Forces, with

full powers (the Sultan, as his name implies, was the Commander-in-chief).

In the Ottoman Empire, as in ancient Rome, a triumvirate preceded the transference of power into the hands of one man. Although a regular constitutional apparatus with a complete Ministry and Parliament was functioning, the actual leadership was from that time onwards in the hands of the renowned three-starred constellation—Enver, Talaat, Djemal.

Enver Pasha was externally the most conspicuous figure of the three. This fascinating youth in general's uniform wanted to make his *début* as the saviour for whom the country in its exhaustion and despair was longing. He was the idol of the army and, in truth, he possessed a very unusual measure of personal courage. To give only one of many examples of this, on the occasion of a mutiny in some Albanian troops against their officers, he is said to have placed himself in front of a loaded cannon and called on the rebellious artilleryman to fire. He was as bold in statesmanship as he was intrepid in battle. Cool deliberation or fear of risk was entirely alien to his nature.

Hans Kannengiesser,* one of the officers in the German military mission, gives a striking description of the scene that might almost be called world-historical, in which Enver, entirely on his own responsibility, made a decision most momentous in its consequences for Turkey.

“On the 10th of August, 1914,” writes Kannengiesser, “I was giving my usual report to Enver Pasha, the Minister of War, when a servant in a most unprecedented fashion broke in on the interview to announce Lieutenant-Colonel von Kress—the well-known commander of the later expedition against the Suez Canal. It was evident that some very urgent business was in question.

“Kress: ‘Fort Chanakaleh reports that the German warships

* Hans Kannengiesser Pasha, “Gallipoli,” Berlin, 1927.

Goeben and *Breslau* are lying at the entrance to the Dardanelles, and are requesting free passage. The fort desires to know what instructions are to be given to the commandants of the forts Kum Kali and Sedd-el-Bahr.'

"Enver: 'I cannot decide that just now; I must first see the Grand Vizier.'

"Kress: 'But we have to telegraph immediately.'

"It was a difficult decision that confronted Enver, a man usually so swift and resolute in action. He fought a hard, inward battle without showing any outward signs of it. At length the curt answer came:

"'Let them be allowed to enter.'

"A load fell from both our hearts. But still Kress was not satisfied.

"'If the English ships follow the German, are they to be fired at in the event of their wanting to enter?'

"Once more Enver reflected. The matter had to be settled by the Ministerial Council, he said. In the meantime the question could be left open.

"Kress: 'Your Excellency, in such a situation we cannot leave our subordinates without definite orders. Are they to fire or not?'

"Enver, after renewed deliberation, said: 'Yes.'

"None of us had moved a muscle. Kress took his departure, and I went on with my report as if nothing had happened."

That was the manner in which the entry of Turkey into the war on the side of the Central Powers was in principle determined.

Foolhardy in daring as he was, spasmodic in resolve, and often changeable in his aim, he nevertheless had a single impulse behind all his activity—the re-establishment of the Ottoman Empire in its pristine power and glory. He felt that destiny had elected him for this mission, and had up till then treated him like a spoiled favourite and playfully thrown success after

success into his lap. This idea dazzled him like a *Fata Morgana*; it stood so vividly before his imagination that he no longer saw the world of reality. He sought in every conceivable way to give substance to that vision of the future. If it could not be accomplished by an Islamic confederacy, then an attempt ought to be made to create a great Pan-Turkish Empire. To realise this dream he dragged his country into the conflict of the European Powers, for he believed, like so many more, that the hour of the Ottoman State had now come. He always grasped at the highest, but, as he did so, the ground slipped from beneath his feet. He wanted to see his country rise in new splendour, and he drew it to destruction. He remained the eternal youth, delighting in daring and reckless exploits, over-estimating his own abilities, blind to hard reality, mistaking the wish for its fulfilment, and he ended his brief life on a note in harmony with his nature—pursuing a phantom. His contemporaries called him a hero, posterity will describe him as an adventurer.

His co-regent Talaat Pasha had probably the most notable, statesmanlike intellect in the Turkey of that time. Thoroughly rational, facing facts with cool deliberation, and a practical politician, he nevertheless allowed himself to be carried away by the powerful impetus of Enver. Nothing was ever heard of serious differences between the two men, although they stood at opposite poles, a fact that was manifest even in their external appearance. Enver was all smoothness and grace. He was slightly built and under average height, his hands were thin and almost feminine in appearance, his face, good-looking and smooth, without any pronounced profile or lines. His courtesy never varied, and his features even in moments of greatest excitement never lost their tranquil expression, or betrayed even the shadow of his thoughts. Embarrassed when he had to appear in public, shy almost and blushing readily, he looked more like an innocent lieutenant of the Prussian Guards than

an Oriental Minister and a vigorous Radical.

Talaat, on the contrary, was all strength, exuberance and vivacity. He gave one the impression of a good-humoured bear, with his gigantic figure, his heavy shoulders, his fists twice the size of any other man's, and his head set strongly on his square shoulders. His capacity for eliciting confidence was still further strengthened by a blunt straightforwardness which it suited him to wear as a disguise, and which led men to open their minds and speak freely to him. Behind this mask of bright joviality there were concealed an artful shrewdness, a cold-blooded calculation, and an almost clairvoyant ability to read the motives of other men.

If Enver occupied a princely palace, in one of the finest situations on the Bosphorus, Talaat delighted in emphasising his unadorned simplicity, and lived in a middle-class flat in an insignificant side-street. In Enver's magnificent reception-room a gilt chair, the bridal throne of his imperial spouse, stood beneath a baldachin. In the narrow corridor of Talaat's dwelling stood the telegraphic apparatus with which he had won his living and which he still secretly used in order to keep in touch with his agents. He was inordinately proud of his humble origin, and of having worked himself up, constantly and steadily, from being a postman to becoming the last Grand Vizier of the ancient kingdom. As is the case so frequently with Orientals, his lack of educational training and acquirements was never noticed. If, in his earlier days, he had not known the use of knife and fork—only the upper orders used them at that period—he was nevertheless able to preside with complete ease at diplomatic dinners, and represent his country with unimpeachable dignity.

The third of these, Djemal Pasha, was, so to speak, the Crassus of the Triumvirate. Small, square-built, with yellowish face framed by a black beard, he had in his external aspect the unruffled placidity of the Asiatic. It was only in rare moments

that his violent temper, kept as a rule under rigid restraint, broke out like lightning. Rumour had it that his grandfather had been the Constantinople hangman; and he was certainly thoroughly expert in hanging. Versatile, amiable, fond of women and cards, and ostensibly frank, he could be fascinating when he chose. He did not lack either intellectual ability or incisive resolute determination, but he was never a match for his two colleagues. Politically he was more of an opportunist than they were; his sympathies lay with France, and as late as July, 1914, he had gone to Paris with the offer of a Turkish alliance, only to meet with a polite refusal. After that he had wheeled round determinedly to the side of Germany. His restless ambition, however, was troublesome in Constantinople, and he was dispatched with an honourable commission to Syria, where, as a pro-consul of the Empire, he wielded regal power.

In the first period the Grand Vizierate had been entrusted to the Egyptian Prince Said Halim Pasha, a cousin of the Khedive, and a grandson of the renowned Mehemet Ali, who founded the modern Egyptian kingdom in the form of an hereditary monarchy. Said Halim was a distinguished gentleman, with a well-groomed exterior. He was immensely wealthy and had an extraordinarily impressive appearance, but was merely the figure-head of the government. He counted on ascending the Egyptian throne, after the expected victory of the Central Powers, but like the other three he came to a violent end.

If the rule of the Triumvirate also ended unhappily, there can be no doubt but that, at the beginning, their régime, before they became entangled with world-politics, proved a blessing to the country. Party strife came to an end, and the dispute that for five years had disorganised the Empire, ceased at one stroke. The position of Enver and Talaat was so strong that even the constitutional camarilla, if the expression may be used, the secret Unionist Committee which, until then, had held a

commanding position, was driven into the background. No doubt it still continued to exist and exert a certain amount of influence, but it was no longer so aloof as, say, the Communist Centrale in the Russian Soviet of the present day. Talaat took the Central Committee under his care, and sheltered himself occasionally behind it, when it seemed to his interest to do so, but for all that he ruled it. The party as such was eclipsed; the leaders governed, and the opposition was eliminated. The Ministerial Council and the Parliament approved the decisions, in the main without objection, and the Sultan added his signature.

Hampered no longer by the struggle for power, every energy could be devoted to the urgently pressing task of national reconstruction. While the outward forms of Mohammedan life were retained, an effort was made to take advantage of the progressive systems of the West. But fundamental reforms and the revival of the Empire were obstructed less by the connection between Church and State that could not be got rid of, than by the privileges enjoyed by foreigners and by the perpetual threats of opposition on the part of the Great Powers. The desire, *e.g.*, to abolish the Capitulations was one of the most decisive reasons for the entry of Turkey into the war. A course was steered through the difficulties in the best way possible. Experts were summoned from Europe, and were taken, as far as possible, from different countries, so as not to give offence to any of them. This procedure, being an attempt to please everybody, was, of course unsuccessful. England was entrusted with the re-organisation of the navy; the gendarmerie, which plays a much more important part in Turkey than in Europe, was handed over to France; and the same thing happened with the administration of finance. A whole series of remunerative concessions were conferred on claimants belonging to a large number of different nationalities, for in no other way could economic openings be secured. The re-organisation of

the army was carried out according to the German model, and for that purpose a military commission was brought into the country. Imperial Russia, as well as England and France, were highly incensed at this encroachment on the part of Germany, and made a great outcry, but Enver did not allow himself to be diverted from his purpose.

As soon as the young general had taken over the Ministry of War he made a clean sweep of the officers. Younger men took the place of those who were over age, or who could not be relied upon. He took this opportunity of purging the army of his political opponents as well. Even Shükri Pasha, the renowned defender of Adrianople, had to go into banishment. Enver has been reproached with pursuing a course that was entirely to his own personal advantage. He certainly wanted to create a reliable support for his régime, but at the same time he was trying to put an end to the perpetual political cliques that were rife in the army. He himself had won an exalted position as the result of a *coup d'état*, and he knew only too well how a handful of determined men could engineer a most effective revolution. But the country had had more than enough of these.

Like the Prussians in 1806, Turkey, after her notorious military collapse, confronted as she was by heavily armed neighbours, had to make the raising of an army her first business. It is due to Enver and to the military mission that this was, to some extent, achieved in a very short time. At a great review in the summer of 1914 in the Taxim at the exit from Pera, non-German military experts had to admit with rueful countenance that the Ottoman Army was once more in quite good form.

At the beginning of the second year of the war that saw almost the whole world in arms, in the early spring of 1915, the struggle on French soil had come to a visible standstill;

none of the combatants was able to gain any real advantage over the opponents. But on the Eastern front the Russians had fallen into serious distress. If these eastern auxiliaries were to recover from their defeats, and throw their weight once more into the scale—and this time, perhaps, decisively—then the Allies (as the opponents of the Central Powers were then called) would require to supply them more rapidly and steadily with the war material that was so urgently needed. At the same time this offered the tempting prospect of extending the iron girdle round the gigantic fortification of Central Europe towards the south-east, and thereby completing it. But the well-laden ships that were to bring the Russians arms, ammunition and everything else that would serve to revive their fighting spirit, were shut up in the Mediterranean harbours. The only permanently serviceable route was barred. The mastery of the sea possessed by the Allies ended at the Dardanelles; for the Ottoman Empire had declared itself on the side of the Central Powers.

The way to the Black Sea had therefore to be opened up by force. That did not appear to be too difficult an undertaking, since the Turks had but recently been soundly trounced even by petty Balkan kings. At first the attempt was made by a naval *coup de main*; the combined English and French fleets were simply to sail through the narrow waterway of the Dardanelles; there was nothing to fear from the few antiquated cannon in the coastal forts. But the enterprise was a complete failure; the swiftest possible withdrawal from the mousetrap had to be effected, with the loss of several large men-of-war. The way by sea being blocked, an attempt by land might prove successful. With the utmost possible caution an attack on the shores of the straits was prepared. The Turks perceived what was in progress. A Turkish army was mustered, both on the peninsula of Gallipoli, which forms the northern land-boundary of the Dardanelles, and on the southern. Asiatic side, not far

from the battlefield of the Trojan war. The chief command was held by a German general, Liman von Sanders; one of his division commanders was Lieut.-Colonel Mustapha Kemal Bey.

He had had some difficulty in obtaining his command. As soon as the news reached Sofia that his country had intervened in the world-war, he naturally applied for a post at the front. Enver Pasha, the Minister of War, informed him that his post in Sofia was more important, and that he was to remain there. Kemal telegraphed back that in the hour of danger fighting was the most important duty. He never received any answer to this telegram. After weeks of fruitless waiting he packed his trunks, and had made up his mind to set off without orders, when he received his recall. The telegram was sent by the War Minister's agent, Quartermaster-general Ismael Kakki Pasha. Enver was then absent from the capital on his campaign against the Russians.

The interlude in the war that bears the title of Gallipoli, with its circumambient hope that it would mean a decisive turning-point in the struggle, unfolds itself like a drama constructed on classical lines, with its mounting curve of tension, its retarding cæsuras, its climax, and the final unravelling of its plot. At the same time it was so fraught with surprising alternations, incredible chances, mistakes and sudden blindesses, that it seemed as if the ancient Greek gods had come on the stage to take part in the drama. The very scenery wore a historic nimbus. The Hellespont, as the straits were called in antiquity, is one of those hapless places on the earth's surface that have become by geographical necessity, the focus of racial encounters. From this point Xerxes set out on his march against Greece; Alexander the Great and Barbarossa were driven southwards across the Hellespont; and on Gallipoli the Turks, coming from Asia Minor, planted a firm foot for the first time on European soil. And now a modern army approached, hidden in the holds of a whole swarm of ships and armed with everything that the

human mind had devised for the waging of war. England took the lead; she had assembled for the purpose the best men in her world-wide empire—Scots, Australians and New Zealanders. France played only a subordinate rôle.

The Turk lay in ambush; along the coast he had stretched a thin thread of protections; behind these he had his forces concentrated in large groups. The peninsula was long and narrow; the roads were few and bad, the terrain hilly and deeply fissured, with tough bushes growing on the slopes. No one knew at what point the enemy would launch his attack. Days and days of waiting followed. Then on an April night, when least expected, the foe sprang to land in three different places at once. On the Asiatic side and at the southern point, a firm wall of defence is very quickly and successfully established. But at the third spot, Ariburnu, the Cape of Bees, it is called, things begin to look very serious. A Turkish regiment, no doubt, is stationed there; but it is being pressed further and further back by the assailant, who is receiving constant reinforcements from his ships. In the grey of the early morning he is already approaching the topmost ridge of the height that rises from the shore and commands the entire peninsula.

On that very morning—was it due to chance or presentiment?—Mustapha Kemal had arranged a military manœuvre for his division precisely in the neighbourhood of Ariburnu. The regiments had just been assembled when a gendarme, bare-headed, weaponless and showing every sign of excitement, suddenly came rushing forward. “What is the matter?” the division commander asked.—“They are coming, they are coming!”—“Who are coming?”—“Inglis, Inglis” (the English). Then a question to the officer of the General Staff: “Have we ball-cartridges with us?”—“Yes.”—“Well then, up and at them!”* The English are thrown down from the heights up which they have scrambled a short time before,

* Hans Kannengiesser, “Gallipoli,” Berlin, 1927.

and can only just keep hold of the cliffs of Ariburnu. As a permanent memorial of this decisive attack one of the summits that were fought for is called Kemalieri.

News of this kind was not received very graciously in Constantinople; for the Vice-Generalissimo himself had clutched in vain at the laurels of a military leader. In the first winter of the war, when the Russians had penetrated into Turkey from the Caucasus, Enver Pasha set out for the Eastern front, and took over in person the supreme command. His intention was to put the Russians to flight, and after achieving this success, to push forward, as he expressed it, through Afghanistan to India. By means of a wide-flung flank movement the enemy was to be taken in front and rear at once, in the manner he had learned from his study of the great commanders. But the enveloping columns were left stranded among pathless mountains heavily covered with snow. Enver's Russian campaign, like Napoleon's in 1812, ended in complete disaster. It cost Turkey an entire army. Out of 90,000 men scarcely 12,000 returned; all the rest had either fallen, or been taken prisoner, or had died of hunger, or been frozen in their tentless bivouacs in the snow. Among the remaining 12,000, however, spotted typhus broke out, and the greater number, even of these, were swept off.

The catastrophe was hushed up as far as possible, but naturally the news of it leaked out. For a while Enver remained invisible. When he was compelled to appear in public again at the opening of a charitable institution, he kept himself well in the background of the stall. But, lo and behold! immediately he was recognised, the crowd were cheering him enthusiastically.

When the first attempt at landing by the Franco-British forces had led to nothing more than the occupation of two narrow strips of the coast, the Vice-Generalissimo of the Turkish Army paid a visit to the brave troops in Gallipoli. Kemal's Division was the only one that was passed over,

although it was precisely the one that deserved the honour of a visit. Thereupon Mustapha Kemal informed the leader of the army that he felt compelled to give up his command. The German General managed to persuade him to remain; he did not wish to lose a useful Division Commander, although he had to fight many a tussle with this head-strong and self-willed subordinate. "Liman von Sanders," said Mustapha Kemal later, "is all a superior ought to be. We often had differences of opinion and came into sharp collision with one another; but, for all that, he left me free to act as I considered best."

In the August of the same year the English, stubborn as ever, made another great attempt to conquer Gallipoli, and open up the way to Constantinople. On this occasion still more powerful forces—the "Kitchener Army"—were got ready for action, still more extensive preparations were made, a still more effective apparatus set in motion, every possibility still more exactly weighed, so that according to human reckoning there seemed every chance of success. Then there came the dramatic moment which the English Commander-in-Chief, General Hamilton, described with the words: "Two minutes from victory."

The landing of the Kitchener Army was successful; the district of Ariburnu again became the critical terrain, and the Turkish outposts were driven back. And now the coveted ridge stretching northwards from Ariburnu to the villages of Major and Minor Anafarta, lay open to the invader. Whoever gained possession of that crest was master of Gallipoli. A race to the heights starts from both sides. They are still exposed to the heavy fire of the British battleships. The weak Turkish detachment in possession is scattered. Then the cannonade suddenly ceases, and the English, twenty-five battalions strong, storm forwards. On the southern position the Lancashire Fusiliers and the Gurkhas succeed in gaining the hill-ridge. The key position of the peninsula is in their hands. Beneath them the

plain stretches out, and before their eyes for the first and only time is their longed-for goal—the blue arm of the Dardanelles Straits, so near to their grasp that they can make out men on board vessels. They have only to make a swift forward movement now, and they will be able to reach the coast on the further side. And then by an inexplicable blunder, a broadside from the English battleships pours into their own ranks. Many of them fall; the rest waver and then fall back. But these few minutes are long enough to allow the Turks to rush forward and scramble up the slopes; and they now establish themselves firmly on the summit.

Further north Kemal's Division were in a difficult position. The reinforcements were not willing to advance, and the heights could scarcely be held any longer. That very night the Commander-in-Chief had ordered an Army Corps forward; but it had not appeared. The General in command made all sorts of excuses, but Liman von Sanders dismissed him on the spot, and appointed Mustapha Kemal as commanding officer of the entire group of forces.

The young Colonel thus became leader in the fight that was developing near Anafarta, the severest of all the battles in the Dardanelles. The struggle for the hill-ridge lasted several days. In the ebb and flow of trench-digging, advancing, retreating and trench-digging again, the issue remains for a long time wavering in the balance. At last the English have to give up the idea of any further attacks. All their sacrifices have been fruitless. They have retained possession only of one commanding height. This has to be reconquered by the Turks, if the whole position is to be held. Mustapha Kemal gives the command to storm the height. But the enemy's fire falls heavily on the newly-dug trenches, and the soldiers exhausted by so many days' severe fighting, are unwilling to leave their secure cover. Reports from all quarters reach the Commander that the troops will not venture to leave their trenches. But he

knows how to deal with his men. Walking through the trenches he cries to the soldiers: " You are too much in a hurry, lads! Don't rush things! Wait for the right moment! I shall go in front, and when I lift up my hand, then it is time." He does what he says, and on that signal the troops actually rush forward and take the dangerous height.

When the fight was over, the leader at Anafarta, when giving his report to the Commander-in-Chief, handed him his watch that had been smashed to pieces. It had received the bullet that might have killed him. Liman took out his own watch, and gave it to Mustapha Kemal in exchange.

Though he had been for weeks under the severest fire, and had often been far in advance alone when leading his regiments to the charge, he had, strange to say, always remained unhurt. One afternoon he was sitting on the outward edge of a trench. The English had finished their afternoon tea, and had begun to bestow their evening blessings. One of their field-batteries that had got the range accurately was directing its fire on that very trench. The first shell fell exactly on the front edge of the trench, the second did the same, only it was twenty yards nearer Mustapha Kemal. The third shell was twenty yards nearer still. One of the officers besought the colonel to take cover. But he refused. " It's too late now. I cannot give my men a bad example," he said, putting his cigarette into his mouth again only his face was a trifle paler. It could be predicted with mathematical certainty that the fourth shell from the battery would fall exactly where he was sitting. The men in the trenches were watching and looking at him as if they were paralysed. But by some happy accident the English battery sent only three shells instead of the usual number, and the firing was resumed by the first battery.

It is well known that every soldier is something of a fatalist. But after the fiery ordeal of those weeks at Ariburnu and Anafarta he was filled with a strange assurance, a confidence

in his future, a belief not justified by anything as yet, but resting on an inward certainty, that destiny had reserved an important task for him to accomplish. And, strangely enough, just as Enver's fame began to decline, Mustapha Kemal's star began to rise. Only his path, unlike Enver's, was not that of a blazing comet. He received no gifts, he was granted no dispensations, nothing fell into his lap of its own accord. He fared just in the manner he had described to Djemal years before, in words full of foreboding—all were against him, he was laughed at for a fool, everyone tried to divert him from his purpose, if he by any chance succeeded in overcoming any opposition, other and greater obstacles were heaped in his way. Reverses occurred—desperate situations in which the most sanguine lost heart. Just as in the old fairy-tales, so fraught with meaning, he had to force his way through a thousand adversities. At that period there certainly came a moment when it seemed as if he would reach an exalted position at a single bound. Marshal Liman, as happened pretty frequently, had come into conflict with Enver Pasha. The antagonism reached such a point that the German General decided to give up his post. He is said to have nominated his successor for the chief command in the Dardanelles, selecting, as a matter of fact, Mustapha Kemal. He said that he considered him the most capable officer, and added that he possessed the quality that every officer in high position required—namely, luck. A proposal of this kind met with very little response in the Turkish headquarters, and Enver, henceforward, took care to put an end to the conflict by submitting to von Sanders.

But Mustapha Kemal, afterwards, was thankful to his opponents for saving him—although from dubious motives—from being dragged along with them in their downfall.

It was not until years after, when all was over, and the Triumvirate were already in flight, that he, in fact, took Marshal Liman's place as Commander-in-Chief.

CHAPTER VII

A JOURNEY AND A CHANGE OF RULERS

ON a dark December night the British, with the utmost secrecy, evacuated their positions on the coast of Gallipoli; and their warships, after being swiftly loaded, sailed away. The undertaking had been given up as hopeless. Tens of thousands of their dead lay on the field of battle.

Mustapha Kemal returned to Constantinople. He had gained a great reputation in the Army; and even the common people spoke of him as the "Victor of Ariburnu and Anafarta." In their easily intelligible endeavour to strengthen their own self-confidence and to blot out the memory of alien assistance, they magnified his merits, and called him the saviour of the capital. There were even some who saw in him a "saviour" in quite another sense of the word.

It was well known that Mustapha Kemal was one of those who opposed the alliance with Central Europe. But—and the existing documents leave no doubt about this—there was scarcely one of his fellow-countrymen who foresaw the coming disaster so clearly as he did. Even when he was in Sofia he had written repeatedly to the Government, seriously warning them against dragging the country into war, unprepared as it was, and weakened by former campaigns, and pointing out that there was no prospect of victory for the Central Powers. That was precisely at the time when the Germans were marching, apparently irresistibly on Paris. In the face of such a promising outlook his views were regarded as absurd, and his warnings attributed to the pessimism of a malcontent. His prophetic judgment, however, was founded on a carefully considered estimate of the

world-situation, and he was not alone in holding these opinions. Such a far-seeing observer as the Swiss Hermann Stegemann believed then that Germany had already lost the war politically, and therefore could no longer hope to win a military victory.

The Triumvirs counted on the victory of the Central Powers, and framed their policy accordingly. In the Ministerial Council—to go back to the critical period when the decision was made—the prevailing feeling was in favour of an expectant neutrality. It may be doubted whether it would have been possible for Turkey, in the long run, to have kept out of the conflict, since it was a vital question for the Allies to have a free passage through the Dardanelles in order to get into communication with their Eastern auxiliaries. On the other hand, Russia was reckoned as the so-called hereditary enemy of the Ottoman Empire. The three Pashas determined to take the risk, and practically presented their colleagues in the Cabinet with a *fait accompli*. Three of the Ministers resigned, among whom was the very distinguished Minister of Finance, Djavid Bey, a Dönme,* and one of the leading men in the Committee. The Grand Vizier, Prince Said Halim, also wished to give up his office, but was persuaded to remain. Not long after that, Talaat Pasha took over his post. The others submissively agreed. Their decision was made easier by the fact that though the Entente agreed to guarantee the sovereignty of Turkey, they were unwilling to consent to the abolition of the Capitulations as the price of Turkey's neutrality. The Sublime Porte then made a clean sweep of the Capitulations, and the whole country hailed with acclamation this deliverance from a yoke that had become intolerable.

That, however, was almost the only thing that gave general satisfaction. The war was not popular. The Turks felt that

* This word is used, especially in Salonica, to describe the Jews who had emigrated from Spain, and had several centuries before been converted to Mohammedanism.

their taking part in it was more a game of chance than a matter of necessity. The nation had no say in the matter, and acquiesced, though without any enthusiasm. The educated upper section of the nation, who were only half-hearted in the business, were silent, or—what was worse—tried to utilise the situation for their own advantage.

All that Mustapha Kemal saw and heard in the capital after his return from the Dardanelles strengthened his conviction that his country had taken the wrong road. He did not keep his own counsel in regard to this, and endeavoured to convert some of the influential people to his way of thinking, but he met with a very cool reception. Despite the general recognition of the Colonel's military services, no one desired, or indeed was allowed, to give him an opportunity of interfering with politics. To listen to him too readily was to lay oneself open to suspicion.

This accounts for the partly amusing, partly serious, little incident that took place with the Foreign Minister, Ahmed Nessimi Bey. He had voted against the war in the Cabinet Council, and he was naturally expected to be sympathetic. When Mustapha Kemal called upon him he was asked to wait. Fresh visitors came, were admitted, and took their departure. This lasted a considerable time. Perhaps the Minister had forgotten about the Colonel, so the Secretary went to announce him again. "Let him wait!" was the order once more. Finally the servant appeared. "Please enter," he said.—"Why?"—"His Excellency is granting you an audience." "Let him wait!" said Mustapha Kemal, proceeding leisurely to finish the conversation he had begun with the Secretary.

The Minister took a very hopeful view of the state of the country. Mustapha Kemal gave expression to his apprehensions. "Bey Effendi," he concluded, "as Minister you bear part of the responsibility. If you continue to allow yourself to be influenced by statements made in a certain quarter, you will

find yourself face to face with a far greater danger than is generally imagined."

"Bey Effendi," the Minister replied, in a noticeably haughty manner, "I don't quite see what you are driving at."

"The State is taking the swiftest road to ruin. You maintain that you do not see this. That is what you are compelled to say as a Minister; but your private belief is quite different. You know the truth well, and you know just as well where the head and front of the mischief is."

The Minister understood now. This was a direct allusion to the military authorities. "Colonel," he said, "if you have come here to get your doubts cleared up, I am afraid you are in the wrong place. I, along with my colleagues, have the utmost confidence in the Commander-in-Chief of our Army. I should strongly advise you to take your doubts to him."

On the following day the Minister of Foreign Affairs informed the Commander-in-Chief of the conversation, and demanded punishment for Mustapha Kemal. This was not administered; but it was considered prudent to have this politically dangerous officer removed to some distance from the capital. He was accordingly given a command on the distant Caucasus front. He remained there for more than a year without finding any opportunity to distinguish himself.

Mustapha Kemal never shunned an open fight, and he made no concealment of his opposition to the leaders, doing this often to his own hurt (though sometimes also to his own benefit). But he never had dealings with secret cliques of any kind, although there were plenty of these during those years of trouble from the outside.

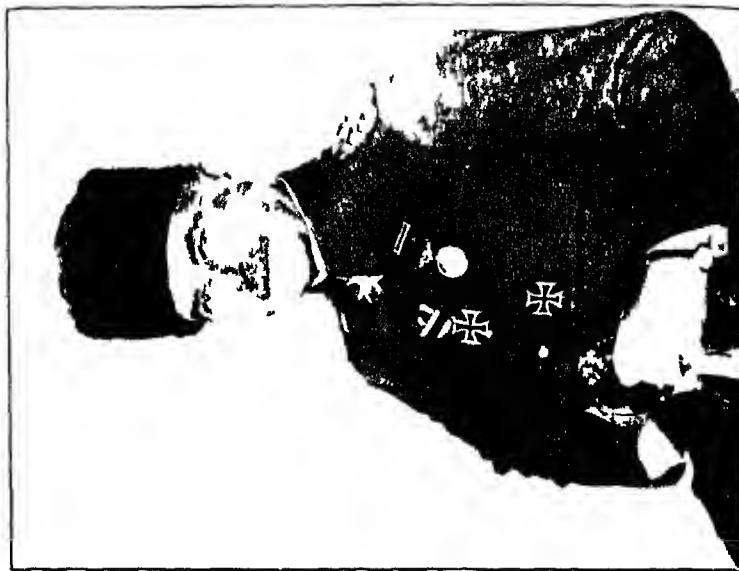
In many of the Army circles there was covert hostility to the young Minister of War from the beginning. The discontent grew, when on the heels of the promising beginning in the Dardanelles and an encouraging victory over the English at Kut el Amara, failures accumulated on all the fronts. The



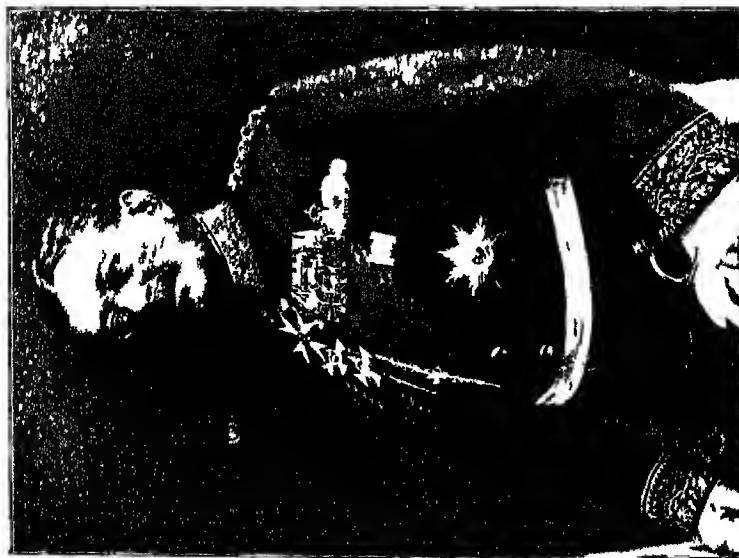
MUSTAPHA KEMAL AND HIS WIFE



MUSTAPHA KEMAL WITH ISMET PASHA



TILLDO-MARSHAL VON VANDENBERG
Photo Berlin



TILLDO-MARSHAL VON DTR COLTY
Photo Berlin

responsibility for these was attributed solely to the Generalissimo. The self-reliant Turks, in any case very sensitive, reproached Enver particularly for having put himself entirely into the hands of the Germans, tolerating only German officers in his entourage, and submitting completely to their supervision (as a matter of fact, their influence was very limited). Now that their allies had not given them the assistance they had somewhat fantastically expected from them, but seemed rather to be failing, they threw the whole blame for their reverses on the Germans. Plans were even formed for forcibly deporting all the German officers from Constantinople in one night. Enver himself was in constant dread, not without cause, that a fate like that of his predecessor Mahmoud Shevket Pasha was awaiting him. His red motor-car, which was well known in the city, always flew through the streets at the highest possible speed, and was immediately followed by a second car conveying heavily armed adjutants, who had been chosen on account of their physical strength and their ability to shoot straight.

Among the numerous plots that were hatched at that time that of Yakub Djemil Bey is worthy of notice, because it shows that even, shortly after the Dardanelles campaign, the hopes of the army were placed in Mustapha Kemal. This Major Yakub Djemil, along with a number of associates, had formed a conspiracy for the overthrow of the Government.

“These men, who consider themselves big, are really small,” he said. “The country demands their removal.”

“Removal is easy enough,” it was objected, “but who will create order again?”

“Mustapha Kemal.”

That was obvious to everyone. The preparations were already completed to the minutest detail, when a fellow-conspirator, taking fright, laid information against them. Yakub Djemil and his associates were condemned to death. Mustapha Kemal, at that time in the Caucasus, learned of the affair for

the first time, when Dr. Hilmi Bey, one of those who had taken part, escaped from Constantinople and sought refuge with him. The Government demanded that he should be arrested and sent back. Kemal wired in reply that, from that time forward, Dr. Hilmi was under his protection. His surrender was not insisted on.

Speaking of the plot to one of his Division Commanders, he said: "Supposing the attempt had been successful, and as a result of the revolt I had been offered Enver's position as Commander-in-Chief and War Minister, do you think I would have consented to accept the post under these circumstances? Yes, I would have accepted it, but the first thing I would have done on arriving in Constantinople would have been to hang this Yakub Djemil."

The loss of the central stronghold Erzerum to the Russians might have been got over—and kept secret. But the fall of Baghdad, the ancient holy city of the Caliphs, in March, 1917, was like a tocsin. The people saw all the high hopes they had cherished take wing. They felt they had been purposely misled by the Government, and were rudely awakened out of their optimistic feeling of security. Even the Committee under the direction of Talaat were inclined at that time to sacrifice Enver to the popular clamour. Only no one knew who could be put in his place. Djemal was a military dilettante, and he had not even won any political laurels in his government of the Syrian Province. Marshal Izzet was, no doubt, one of the best military leaders, but he was considered too irresolute as a statesman. Mustapha Kemal's name was then, for the first time, mentioned more or less officially. But it was objected that, like Enver, he was a young man, and besides, too little was known about him. In reality, no one could doubt that this declared opponent of the Committee, once he was in command of the Army, would bring about a complete change both of the Government and their policy. The outcry for Enver's demission was silenced,"

and in place of it there was the categorical demand for the immediate re-conquest of Baghdad.

Enver Pasha set out at once for the German Headquarters to solicit help, as Turkey was no longer in the position to attempt this undertaking in her own strength. The German High Command had to do their utmost to support their ally and uphold Enver in his position. Accordingly they put General von Falkenhayn and a considerable number of German troops at his disposal.

This new force, which received the very promising name of "Yilderim," Lightning, was composed of two armies. The leadership of the one, which mustered at Aleppo, was offered to Mustapha Kemal, promoted meanwhile to General. He accepted the command.

It was not long before the commander began to show his disagreement with his superiors. Not only was he unfavourably disposed towards the alliance, but as a Turk he—and many others with him—disapproved the handing over of the direction of the campaign to a German. Besides the prestige of the German arms had by that time perceptibly diminished. General von Falkenhayn, for his part, unlike Marshal Liman von Sanders, did not understand how to deal with this efficient, but insubordinate and headstrong General. The result was that differences, collisions, and, finally, quarrels occurred.

There was, however, a weightier reason for these dissensions. Mustapha Kemal considered a campaign against Baghdad and the re-conquest of the city, quite impracticable. In his judgment the enterprise would certainly lead to a fresh and, to all appearances, catastrophic defeat of the Turkish arms, and he was unwilling to risk his name and fame in an undertaking that he held to be hopeless.

So he seized the welcome opportunity of showing the whole country, by an unmistakable gesture, the folly of the campaign in particular, and, in general, the harmfulness of Enver's policy

and of the German influence. Of his own free will he gave up the leadership of the Army, and nominated as his successor Ali Fuad Pasha. That savoured a little of open rebellion, and in any other country the General would have been court-martialled. The Turkish General Headquarters, on the contrary, restored him to his former position on the Caucasus front, after every endeavour had been made in vain to induce him to withdraw his decision. But as he refused this command as well, it was given out that he had received several months' furlough on the ground of ill-health.

His departure from Aleppo was delayed by his want of funds. He found himself forced to sell his horses—ten thoroughbreds. None of the officers, however, had sufficient means to acquire these valuable animals, and the horses would very soon have passed into the possession of a private person, had not Djemal Pasha, one of the Grand Augurs of the Committee and the only one who had any friendly intercourse with him, come to his assistance. Djemal gave him £2,000, and sent him another £3,000 afterwards to Constantinople, writing that he had made £5,000 by the sale of the horses. This money proved very useful to Mustapha Kemal afterwards when he began the rebellion.

He did not stay with his mother while he was in Constantinople, but took a room at an hotel. "From my very childhood," he relates in his Reminiscences, "I had a certain disinclination to live with my mother, my relatives or my friends. I always preferred to be alone, and I have retained this habit during my whole life. Besides, in my outlook on the world I was at the opposite pole from my mother. Nor could I ever bear to receive advice from my intimate acquaintances or relatives, or have them trying to convert me to their way of feeling and thinking; and I could not escape that if we were living together. And then I did not wish to wound my mother's susceptibilities, as she might think I was

doing what she considered wrong."

Meanwhile the malcontents—and their number grew with every reverse—seem to have approached him with all kinds of proposals for the overthrow of the Government. But he met these inopportune overtures with a blunt refusal. Like all great men, he had the patience to bide his time.

On the 10th of February, 1918, the ex-Sultan, Abdul Hamid, died in his lonely palace on the Bosphorus, and was buried with impressive solemnities in the mausoleum that had been assigned to him.

Shortly after that an envoy came from Enver to Mustapha Kemal to sound him as to his willingness to accompany the heir-apparent on a journey to the German Headquarters. He agreed to do this, and made all the other arrangements for the tour with Enver himself. In addition to Mustapha Kemal, the aged General Nadshi Pasha, a former lecturer of his in the military Academy, was to be a fellow-traveller. A few days before setting off, the two military escorts attended at the palace of the heir-presumptive to make the acquaintance of the Prince.

"We were conducted," says Mustapha Kemal in his description of this visit, "into a roomy salon, furnished with Arabian rugs, a sofa and two chairs. In addition to these things the room was filled with a crowd of gentlemen in black frock-coats. While we were standing waiting there appeared another frock-coated gentleman, of whose identity, and the reason for whose presence we were alike ignorant. It was only from the behaviour of the other persons in frock-coats that we realised that he was the Crown Prince Vahdeddin.

"He sat down in the corner of the sofa, while we took our places on the two chairs facing him. His Highness first of all closed his eyes, and seemed to be sunk in profound meditation. After a considerable time he opened his eyes again, and expressed himself in the following words:

"I am glad to have the honour of making your acquaintance."

“ Thereupon he closed his eyes again. I cudgelled my brains to find the right reply to this gracious speech. Was it necessary to make any answer at all? I glanced at Nadshi Pasha, but he seemed to be deeply engrossed in his own thoughts. So I said nothing, and waited to see if the royal gentleman would manage to utter anything else. After some time he really opened his eyes again, and said: ‘ We are to be fellow-travellers, I understand.’

“ I replied with some embarrassment:

“ ‘ Yes, we are going to take a journey.’

“ The interview was over, and we rose and took our leave.

“ On our way back Nadshi Pasha expressed his fears for the future, and remarked: ‘ We ought rather to pity this man. Tomorrow he may be the Padishah. What can be hoped from a man of that kind?’

“ ‘ Nothing,’ I said.”

In this regard, however, they were to be pleasantly disappointed.

Prince Vahdeddin, the youngest brother of Abdul Hamid and of the reigning Sultan, was at that time a man between fifty and sixty, with a tall, lean figure, bent and drooping shoulders, a longish, bony face, and a strongly prominent nose. Brought up entirely in the palace tradition, he had only once left the pale of the capital, on the occasion of a brief visit to Vienna in the previous year. With his somnolent manner and his awkward, retiring disposition, he was regarded as a completely insignificant personality, whose intellectual powers were exhausted with the delights of a well-supplied harem.

Abdul Hamid had a particular liking for his youngest brother, who was not born until after his father’s death. At an early period he took charge of the orphan boy (his mother had also died soon after he was born), taught him riding, fencing and pistol-shooting, in which he himself was an expert, built him a very fine palace in later years, and gave the young

man generous assistance in the constant financial troubles that were the result of his various escapades. While he kept his other brother and heir-presumptive, who afterwards became Mohammed V, in a strictly supervised seclusion, never allowing him out of his sight, he interested his favourite Vahededdin in State affairs, and initiated him into the intricate tortuosities of his method of governing. No doubt he employed this apparently very harmless person as his agent and spy, and listened in critical situations to the advice of the younger man, who, it seems, was lacking neither in insight nor courage in his dealings with this dangerously suspicious Sultan.

Prince Vahededdin had thus graduated in an excellent school of politics, and had adopted the views of his older brother, as his whole after-life bears witness. Like Abdul Hamid, he believed that the existence of the Ottoman Empire depended on a strong Sultanate, whose authority rested entirely on the support of Islam. He considered the infiltration of Western ideas injurious. As a result of his education these were altogether alien to him, and his opposition to the movement was perhaps even more inflexible and more violent than that of his greater brother. As so often happens with rulers, he identified the throne with the country, and saw in every decrease of the imperial power an injury done to the Empire, so that in the end he reversed the real relationship, and regarded the maintenance of the throne as more important than the welfare of the country.

His friends and supporters were recruited from Mohammedian and Old Turk circles. Damad Ferid Pasha, especially, a consistently orthodox believer both in religion and law, was very intimate with him, and had a strong influence over him. Vahededdin made him his Grand Vizier, as soon as circumstances allowed him to do so. This princely opponent of all that the Young Turks stood for, while keeping in the background himself, had, it appears, a hand in the various attempts

to overthrow the Committee. He no doubt hoped that a successful reaction and the help of his friends would open for him the way to the throne.

At first there was scarcely any prospect of his reaching the dignity of the Sultanate by the regular method of promotion. The next heir-presumptive was only a few years older than he. It was only when the Crown Prince Yusuf Izzedin, likewise no friend of the Westerners, died a sudden and mysterious death, that Vahdeddin found himself on the threshold of the throne. Owing to the ill-health of the reigning Sultan there was the prospect of a change in the near future.

The Committee and their protagonists were, of course, aware of the views of the new Crown Prince, although he made every endeavour to appear to be keeping clear of all political parties, and purposely—here the useful and the pleasant were combined—had himself talked of in public only as the hero of amorous adventures. Those who were for the time at the helm of affairs would willingly have brought about a change in the succession to the throne, either in a legal or in an unofficial way. The next in the succession, Abdul Medjid, like Yusuf Izzedin, a son of Abdul Aziz, was much more acceptable to them. He had travelled a good deal, and was not so bent on having an absolute Sultanate. He had even, against the tradition of his dynasty, had his son educated at the Theresianum in Vienna. But in the desperate state of the country a change of any kind was considered dangerous, even though it might be desirable. Still such a possibility was not entirely excluded, and Vahdeddin had to be careful not to give any offence. Hence also his somnolent reserve within the hearing of people among whom the Committee had their duly commissioned spies.

When the journey had been happily begun, and the spell of the capital left behind, the thin gentleman in the frock-coat suddenly recovered his speech. He addressed Mustapha Kemal

in quiet, well-chosen words, acting as though he had only discovered shortly before setting out who his fellow-traveller really was, and referring in very flattering terms to what the thirty-year-old General had done in the Dardanelles. This time he kept his eyes wide open, and scanned his travelling companion with sharp, observant looks.

A very pretty encounter ensued between them in the lengthy conversations during the journey, each trying to capture the other. Vahdeddin, of course, was aware of the General's attitude towards the Triumvirate and their supporters; he also knew that a growing circle of officers, who opposed Enver and his unswerving attachment to Germany, had placed their hopes on the victor of Anafarta. He looked on him as being certain to support him in his future reign, and he believed that he would be successful in his contest with the Committee. Mustapha Kemal, on his part, disclosing to the heir-apparent his own views regarding the disastrous condition of the country, endeavoured to win his adherence to his plans for a radical reversal of policy, and guide the coming ruler in the direction he desired. They were afterwards to become the bitterest enemies, but they seem to have got on very well together when they met in this way for the first time. Mustapha Kemal was able to say in confidence to Nadshi Pasha: "A good deal might be made of this man, provided someone opens his eyes, keeping constantly near him and giving him loyal support."

The visit to the German Headquarters occurred just at the time that preparations were being made for the great spring offensive. The Turkish heir-apparent was assured that everything was going on well for Germany and for her Allies, and that justifiable hopes could be entertained of a speedy and favourable decision. Mustapha Kemal could not rest satisfied with these general explanations, however closely they corresponded with the convictions held by the Germans. The sceptical officer tried to get a more detailed account of the

proposed offensive, and to discover what result was expected from it.

When the position on the Western Front was being explained to the Turkish gentlemen, Mustapha Kemal seized the opportunity of putting the direct question to General Ludendorff: "Which line, in the most favourable event, do you expect to reach with your proposed offensive?"

The Chief of the Staff, of course, was neither able, nor was he allowed, to reveal the plans of the military operations. He looked with some surprise at the Turkish General who ought to have known this, and said, after a little reflection:

"We usually aim in an offensive at a point that is decisive for us. Any further action depends on circumstances."

Then follows a strange misunderstanding on the part of an officer who was not lacking in practical experience; for Mustapha Kemal, as he writes, gathered from this brief reply "that General Ludendorff appeared to leave the fate of an attack to be decided by the divine decree, a fact which," he goes on to add, "strengthened me still more in my conviction that Enver was mad in believing that, as the result of the help of Germany, the sacrifices we had made would be crowned with success."

Even with the Commander-in-Chief himself he had no success in his investigation. One evening after dinner, in the course of a lengthy conversation, he asked General von Hindenburg a similar question. "I believe, Marshal, you are on the point of delivering a big attack, and it seems to me you are not particularly sure about it. Would you mind telling me, for my personal benefit, what objective, what strategic point you hope with any certainty to gain by this offensive?"

"I could hardly expect," he says further, "that the great soldier would give me any more exact information than I had already received. But my question was the outflow of my despairing mood, and perhaps the excellent champagne of the imperial table had given me courage."

“ Marshal Hindenburg appeared to have followed my arguments attentively. His answer was as clear as it was courteous. He turned to a table standing near him, with boxes of cigars and cigarettes on it, and said: ‘Would your Excellency like a cigar, or would you prefer a cigarette?’ then handed me a cigarette with his own hand. That finished the conversation.”

Since he made no progress by his own unaided efforts, he got the heir-apparent to help him in his quest. The latter was to ask definite pledges from the Kaiser, and to let him know that the official attitude towards the alliance with Germany was by no means the only one in Turkey.

When the then Kaiser paid his return visit to the Turkish guests at the General Headquarters, the heir-apparent, acting on the suggestion, expressed his apprehensions through Nadshi Pasha as his interpreter, and concluded: “My country has been reeling under more and more severe blows, without being able, up till now, to avert them. If this goes on any longer Turkey will break up. Hitherto I have been unable to get any assurance from your Majesty’s explanations that we shall have any effective help against these fatal blows. Will you give me, Sire, any encouraging reassurance in this regard?”

“Whereupon,” and here Mustapha Kemal’s description is reproduced verbatim, “the Kaiser rose up and said:

“ ‘It seems to me, Your Highness, that there are persons in your company who are sowing doubts and awakening suspicions in your mind. I can assure you that we all have the hope of attaining a successful issue. That, I imagine, ought to satisfy you.’

“ The heir-apparent gave a sign of assent, but made it understood, nevertheless, that his fears had not been removed.

“ His Majesty brought the visit to a close, and proceeded to the door. Vahdeddin and Nadshi Pasha were following immediately behind him. In going out the Kaiser had to turn to the left. Conscious that I had fallen under the sovereign’s

displeasure, I stationed myself a little to the right of the door. The Kaiser shook hands with the heir-apparent and with Nadshi Pasha. For a moment he looked at me standing as I did a little distance from him, and then went on his way.

“He had not offered me his hand, and he was justified in not doing so. How could he have been expected to meet me half-way by saying good-bye to one who was simply a General in attendance? The General ought rather to have been anxious to get the imperial salutation. I acknowledge my breach of etiquette. But, somehow or other, I felt limp, absent-minded and incapable of movement.

“The Kaiser had taken two or three steps away from me, when he turned round, and coming back to me, said: ‘Excuse me; I have not shaken hands with you.’

“He pressed my hand, and I felt myself honoured by this considerate and gracious gesture.”

As usual the exalted guest also paid a visit to the Front. On one of the sectors arrangements had been made for his being taken to see the front lines. While the heir-apparent was carrying out the appointed programme, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, who did not look old enough to be of higher rank than the commander of a regiment, set off, on his own account, in company with some German officers. He visited the places he had selected after a study of the map, wandering through rifle-pits, and finally in order to get a more extensive view, clambering to the top of a tree, where an observation post had been erected. His view of the part of the front line he saw from there led him to think that the situation was not so promising as the German Headquarters Staff had described it.

In the main the whole journey had rather the opposite result to the one that Enver Pasha had doubtless expected, when he asked one of his shrewdest opponents to accompany the heir-apparent. Mustapha Kemal was not converted to a belief in Germany. What he saw of their ally and his military effective-

ness in 1918 only strengthened his conviction that the Turks, by joining the Central Powers, had put their money on the wrong horse. After that journey he lost any hope of success he may perhaps have cherished against his own inward belief. He inoculated even the heir-apparent with the same opinion. In any case, that was not a difficult task; for Vahdeddin, under the influence of his brother-in-law, Damad Ferid Pasha, had always been an admirer of England; her inexhaustible power and unassailable greatness had been axiomatic for him.

On the return journey Nadshi Pasha informed his travelling companion that the Crown Prince wished to make him his aide-de-camp, but that he was disinclined to accept this Court appointment. Mustapha Kemal hoped that the change of rulers would bring about a reversal of policy, and in that case it would be useful to have men of his own political colour in the imperial suite. He advised Nadshi Pasha to accept his position at Court in the interests of the country, even though it was not very much to his liking. He tried to persuade the heir-apparent himself, whom he thought he had won over to his views, to take over the command of the forces on his return, and in that way create sympathy and support for himself in the Army. But that proposal came to grief on Vahdeddin's pusillanimity. He was afraid to displease the Committee, who in any case were suspicious of him, and was unwilling to endanger his accession to the Sultanate at the eleventh hour.

Shortly after his arrival in Constantinople Mustapha Kemal was afflicted with kidney trouble. He went to Vienna for medical advice, and after lengthened treatment was sent to Carlsbad. While he was there he learned that the Sultan Mohammed V had died on the 3rd July, 1918, and that Vahdeddin had ascended the throne as Mohammed VI.

The further news that reached him there seemed to show that events were moving in the direction that he desired. Marshal Izzet Pasha, who was no friend to the Unionists, had

been appointed Adjutant-General, while Enver Pasha, who had hitherto been Vice-Generalissimo with unlimited powers, had now only the title of Chief of the General Staff. These were promising signs.

Not long after one of his confidential friends sent him a telegram saying that his presence in Constantinople was urgently required. In great hopes he set out on his return journey, but was once more delayed in Vienna by an attack of influenza; at last, however, he reached the capital.

He was told that it was Izzet Pasha who had suggested that he should be recalled. Izzet Pasha, however, when questioned about the matter gave a very evasive reply. He had, he explained, merely expressed some such wish because he knew of the excellent relations that existed between the Crown Prince and Mustapha Kemal, and he thought it right that these relations should be renewed, now that the former had become Sultan.

By arrangement with Izzet Pasha he requested a private audience with the Sultan; this was granted. He was to see Vahdeddin again after an interval of several months. Will he be the same now as he was during the journey? he asked himself, as he entered the room with secret misgiving. His Majesty received him very graciously, thanking him for his congratulations, and offering him a cigarette. Mustapha Kemal asked if he was to be allowed to speak his mind as frankly as he had done before.

“Surely, Pasha, I was expecting you to do that.”

The General stated his view—only by a complete change of policy could the country be saved from further loss. Then he came directly to the point: “Before anything else takes place you must become master of the Army and have it completely under your control. Set yourself personally, Sire, at the head of the troops and make me Chief of your General Staff.”

At this proposal Vahdeddin closed his eyes as he had done.

on the occasion of their first interview. Then he asked:

"Are there any other Generals in the Army who are of your opinion?"

"Certainly."

"We shall consider the matter."

The audience was over.

Shortly afterwards he was summoned to the palace for a second interview along with Izzet Pasha. That meeting might have been decisive. But Vahdeddin persisted in his reserve. The conversation never got beyond generalities, and no conclusion of any kind was reached.

The vacillation of the new Sultan was evident. The appointment of Mustapha Kemal meant the overthrow of the Triumvirate and open war with the Committee; it also meant—and of this there can be no doubt—the immediate opening up of negotiations for peace with the Entente. But were the Committee not far stronger than this young General with his in considerable following? A venture of that kind might cost him the throne he had just won. Sultan Murad, the predecessor of Abdul Hamid, had only enjoyed his royal dignity for three months. His confidant and brother-in-law, Damad Ferid Pasha, also dissuaded him from this course of action. He was waiting for a favourable moment to assume the Grand Vizierate, and was unwilling to take any risks. Vahdeddin himself was in favour of making a separate peace, and it was also well known that the Austrian Emperor Karl had already thrown out feelers to Paris and London, though certainly without any result. It was precisely on this latter fact that the Committee now fastened, and they were able to bring the Sultan round to their way of thinking. A withdrawal from the alliance, difficult to justify in any case, would scarcely be of any advantage to the country; it was too late for that; and on this point they may not have been so very far wrong.

Mustapha Kemal waited in vain. After days of uncertainty

he once more requested an interview, but this time it was to be in private. He was admitted to an audience. He begins at once to speak to the point, indicating plainly the action that the crisis rendered imperative. Feeling already that he will meet with a cold refusal, he becomes passionate, headlong and challenging in his speech. As the General becomes more pressing the Sultan interrupts him, both of them speaking at the same time. Mustapha Kemal persists in believing that not yet is all in vain. Then he hears His Majesty saying very emphatically:

“ I have already arranged with their Excellencies Talaat and Enver Pasha for all that requires to be done.”

The General grasps the situation now; he rises and takes his departure. As he goes out he exchanges a glance in silence with Nadshi Pasha, the aide-de-camp; he understands.

This was Mustapha Kemal’s first attempt to reach the summit. He had made it in the consciousness of his vocation. It had failed, though, at first, it seemed to hold every promise of success. But Vahdeddin’s desire to follow the safest path cost him his throne. Henceforward Mustapha Kemal took it for granted that there was nothing to be hoped for from this Sultan. If he was unwilling to give his assistance or approval, then the enterprise must be undertaken in opposition to him. The next thing to be done was to set about the consideration of ways and means.

No external sign of this activity must be allowed to be seen; time must ripen things to the decisive stage in secret. If he did not know as yet *what* was to be done, he was entirely confident that a favourable conjuncture of events would occur some time, and then he would see clearly what action was imperative.

So he made his appearance regularly at the Selamlik, the Friday service of prayer. Two weeks later, when, on an occasion of this kind, he was waiting in the ante-chamber of the imperial

palace, along with Izzet, Enver and other Pashas, he was summoned to the Sultan's presence. He informed his trusty General that he had given him a command in Syria. The supreme command? No, only the leadership of an Army, the same Army, indeed, from which he had so ostentatiously retired the year before. The mandate of the All-highest was clothed in the most flattering guise, but it remained, nevertheless, a direct command of the Sultan; any rebellion against it was hardly possible, and besides, it was inopportune. There was no alternative for anyone thus appointed but to express his gratitude and accept.

On his return to the ante-chamber he met Enver, who could not conceal his exultation. Mustapha Kemal, approaching him, said: "Bravo, my dear fellow, you have done well! Here am I given command of an Army that has scarcely even a nominal existence, and dispatched to a spot where anything but glory is to be gained! You have had a pretty revenge on me! I congratulate you."

That was the last meeting of the two rivals; they were never to see one another again.

The situation in Syria was, in fact, not particularly promising. The re-conquest of Baghdad had been abandoned, but a fresh danger had to be faced—the English were marching with a powerful army from Egypt to the Holy Land. Then followed the loss of Jerusalem and Southern Palestine. General von Falkenhayn was recalled, and his place was taken by Liman von Sanders. He succeeded in checking the further advance of the English and holding the positions in Northern Palestine, although by the skin of his teeth. But during the long months of a defensive struggle his troops dwindled under his hands, his regiments melted away, his armies crumbled to pieces. The urgently needed reinforcements, however, never came. For Enver Pasha had sent several of the best Army Corps on a mission of fresh conquests, while the country was already bleed-

ing at every pore. Like a person chasing eagerly and blindly after an ever-elusive bliss, he was pursuing his Turanian idea—the establishment of a Pan-Turkish Empire. He wanted to recover the Provinces in the Caucasus from the Russians, who were now paralysed by internal revolutionary changes, and then stretch out a hand to the Turkish nations of Asia.

The troops dispatched on this adventure were absent from the place where they were imperatively needed. And in the meantime the Englishman could gather together all his forces undisturbed, and deliberately concentrate them in preparation for giving the final knock-out blow.

Mustapha Kemal arrived at the Northern Palestine Front about the middle of August, 1918. He inspected the Army that had been assigned to him. Its condition was worse even than he had feared. It was not difficult to see that a catastrophe was impending. And nothing could be done to avert it.

The strain and turmoil were too much for him, as he had not completely recovered from his illness, and he was once more on the sick list. For a long time he had to direct the army from his bed. On the 18th of September he had so far recovered as to be able to rise. Then on the following day came the long-foreseen attack of the English, with an almost tenfold superiority in forces. The Turkish positions fell like a house of cards; the whole line gave way, and the retreat became a rout. Pursued on the one side by the English cavalry, and on the other by bands of Bedouin Arabs, the Turkish Armies were completely dispersed.

The retreating flood was only brought to a standstill two hundred and fifty miles further north, in the neighbourhood of Aleppo. The few Divisions thrown together from the remnants of the troops were placed under the command of General Mustapha Kemal, the leader of the former Seventh Army; at the same time he was entrusted with the defence of Aleppo and the northern extremity of Syria.

At first he succeeded in making a stand against the English who had been following him, on the heights south of Aleppo. Meantime, however, rebel Bedouins had penetrated the city itself. They were driven out again after a battle in the streets, during the night, in which the General himself had personally to take part. With this menace in the rear Aleppo could not be held any longer, and the scanty force that was defending it had to retreat. Mustapha Kemal established a line immediately south of the mountain-range on the frontier of Asia Minor, and issued the order—the enemy must not be allowed to cross this line!

And they never did cross it. All the onslaughts of the English were repelled. That was, for the Turks, the concluding act of the Great War.

But the line which the General ordered to be held at all costs is almost exactly the frontier of the Turkey of the present day.

CHAPTER VIII

TWO LANDINGS

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the disaster in Syria decisive events had also occurred in Macedonia. The Bulgarian Front broke up; King Ferdinand had to capitulate and abdicate—the first in the series of allied monarchs who had to give up their throne.

The road to Constantinople lay open before the victors. The French Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces in Macedonia, General Franchet d'Esperey, had already begun to deflect his armies towards this new objective. The British Fleet, lying at the *Æ*gean Islands, was also put in readiness. The moment seemed to have come when Christian soldiers should regain ancient Byzantium and march into it as conquerors.

The Turkish Generalissimo, Enver Pasha, was unwilling to give up either himself or his country's cause as lost. Daring as ever, and unbroken in will, he tried to rake together the last remaining forces of resistance; giving hurried orders he drew all the available troops in the direction of the capital, and intended to meet the enemy who were marching through Thrace, at the Tchataldja line. Perhaps the storm would subside at the last minute, as it had done once before after the catastrophe of 1912. But his hour had passed; even his own supporters refused to follow him.

Mustapha Kemal, at that time, was still fighting the English at Aleppo. It was not difficult to see that the Central Powers and their confederates had lost the game. But he also recognised at once that the very existence of Turkey was at stake, and that peace would not come so quickly as was generally

imagined. It was a question of bringing his country safely through a very grave crisis. To this task he felt that he had been called. In a telegram to the Sultan he suggested that Marshal Izzet Pasha should be made Grand Vizier, and proposed for the new Cabinet a number of the most likely men, demanding for himself the post of Minister of War, and the supreme command of the whole army.

Shortly afterwards he received the news that Talaat and Enver had fallen, Izzet Pasha having been made Grand Vizier and most of the persons he had named included in the new administration, among them his friend Fethi Bey, formerly Envoy in Sofia. Izzet Pasha wired to him personally: "God willing, I hope we shall be fellow-workers after the conclusion of the peace." Instead of being appointed Commander-in-Chief as he had asked, he only received the command of the group of forces on Northern Syria, that had, up till then, been under the leadership of General Liman von Sanders. He proceeded to Adana, the capital of the Cilician Plain on the southern coast of Asia Minor; and there in the poor room of a small hotel Liman handed him over the command. On taking leave the German Marshal said: "There is only one thing that gives me any comfort in the midst of all this misfortune, and that is that I am leaving *you* here as my successor."

Grand Vizier Izzet Pasha had already begun negotiations for an armistice. There was a general feeling that by means of a hurried, separate peace, there might be a chance of getting off with trifling loss. England was their best hope, and, for that reason, the British General Townshend, the prisoner of Kut, was sent as intermediary to Admiral Calthorpe, who commanded a part of the fleet anchored in the roadstead off the island of Mudros at the entrance to the Dardanelles.

The suppliants had to surrender at discretion. Once that point was settled there was little difficulty in coming to an agreement with regard to other details. The negotiations on

board Calthorpe's flagship, the *Superb*, were so rapidly completed that there was not even time to consult the French Allies. The messenger sent to General Franchet d'Esperey was said to have been inadvertently detained on the way. On the very day the agreement was concluded, October 30th, 1918, the French Army, advancing from Thrace, had already crossed the Maritza at Adrianople, and could have marched on Constantinople in a few days; that, however, would scarcely have suited the British game.

The conditions of the Armistice did not prove so thorough-going as had been expected. It was true the entire fleet had to be handed over, but the land forces were dealt with very gently. There was no mention made of disarming and disbanding the armies, or of giving up munitions, as is usual in capitulations of this kind. There was simply the general condition that the Turkish Army was to be demobilised as quickly as possible, with the exception of the troops necessary for the protection of the frontiers and the maintenance of order within the country.

This omission, so momentous in its results, has been ascribed to an oversight on the part of Calthorpe. The admiral, more at home in dealing with naval affairs, is said, in his hurry to conclude the Treaty, to have quite forgotten to have the land forces made innocuous. Count Sforza,* the representative of Italy, and afterwards Minister for Foreign Affairs, is nearer the mark when he attributes the mild wording of this paragraph to the deliberate intention of England. The British Cabinet foresaw then that there might be conflicts among the heirs to the Ottoman Empire. With their traditional policy *à deux mains*, they wished to keep themselves free to utilise Turkey as a factor not yet completely eliminated, when they came to oppose the undesirable claims of their allies. This too clever fore-

* Count Sforza, "How we lost the war with Turkey," *The Contemporary Review*, November, 1927, London.

sight recoiled for a time on England herself. Nevertheless, by a really masterly political adroitness the aims that were essential for the British Empire were completely attained in the face of all risks.

One of the results of the Armistice was to render the command of the army in Syria untenable. The Turkish troops had to evacuate all the provinces south of the mountain ridge of Asia Minor, including the Cilician Plain. In the late autumn of 1918 Mustapha Kemal, now an unemployed general, returned to Constantinople.

As heretofore, on his arrival, the ancient imperial city greeted him in its imperishable splendour; the silvery palaces of the Sultan gleamed against a gently rising background of fadeless verdure; the motley swarm of houses was crowned by the lofty mosques, on the cupolas of which the golden Crescent, the symbol of Islam, still shone in the mild autumn sunshine.

And yet there was a sense of the approaching crisis that still held the city in an oppressive uncertainty. The blue waters of the Bosphorus were almost hidden by the grey ironclads, with the muzzles of their long guns pointing menacingly towards the coast. The fleets of the Allies were gathered there—the proud display of the might of a conqueror, whose fiat was awaited with dread.

Turkish Stamboul, formerly abounding in noise and animation, now lay in silent isolation, as if it were prostrate. Scarcely a sound could be heard, or any sign of existence detected. It looked as if the city had lost its voice during the night. The streets were empty, the cries of the hawkers were silenced, the innumerable booths and shops were mostly closed, and the fountains in the courtyards of the mosques had run dry. At evening darkness shrouded the houses; there was no water to be had, nor coals, nor any of the necessities of life. If any of the inhabitants ventured outside, he hurried on in fear; even

the fez, the sign of the Osmanli, had almost become a blemish. Now and again the pavement echoed with the regular tramp of small detachments of troops or night-patrols—the English stiff, reserved and completely accoutred, the French ironical and indifferent, the Italians, at once arrogant and sprightly, with their green-crested Piedmontese headgear.

Over in Pera, the Christian city on the other side of the Galata Bridge, there was all the more uproar. Flags were flying from all the houses, and the streets were filled with a merry, boisterous crowd. In the windows of the shopkeepers, who were for the most part Greeks, there flaunted, adorned with garlands and blue-and-white ribbons, the portrait of Venizelos, that Cretan lawyer who had overthrown Constantine, the son-in-law of the German Kaiser, and had, with a sure instinct for the future, shepherded his country, in quite good time, into the fold of the Entente.

Once again, as had happened so often in recent days, a magnificent military spectacle, this time of a very special kind, was displayed. General Franchet d'Esperey, although the English had unfortunately forestalled him, could still make a triumphal entry into the capital, if not altogether as a vanquisher, yet as a victor. The affair was admirably stage-managed. The procession, representing the glorious army, wound its way slowly from the Galata Bridge through the whole of Pera. Its reception left nothing to be desired; beloved France, the liberator and protector of all oppressed nationalities, was enthusiastically acclaimed.

Hopes, it seemed, could not be pitched too high; the dreams of centuries were about to be fulfilled; it could no longer be doubted that Byzantium had been won back for Christendom. Among the Greeks it was rumoured that the Allies had occupied Constantinople only to hand it over to Venizelos as the capital of a new Pan-Hellenic Empire. The crafty lawyer was already advocating the cause of Greece before the Big Four in

Paris who were deciding the future fate of the world. The Armenians, who were the only nation that had real cause of complaint against the Ottoman régime, were trusting to Wilson, the champion of righteousness. The moral indignation of the entire North American nation at the Turkish policy of persecution seemed to the Armenians a sure guarantee in support of their claims for the formation of a great, independent state in Central Asia—the re-establishment of ancient Armenia. Even the Kurds, the Moslem hill-tribes of the mountain-range on the southern frontier, were aspiring to independence. The right of a nation to self-determination were the words on every one's lips.

The Turks had real reason to despair. Their country was almost bled to death, their population decimated, their finest forces swallowed up by eight years of almost continuous fighting, and their towns and villages infested with hunger and poverty. In no direction was there any prospect of salvation or a sign of any friend; from no quarter could help be expected. Their sentence of condemnation seemed to have been pronounced. The Ottoman Empire that had been languishing for more than a century, was now at its last gasp. The world-crisis had swept away three imperial thrones; how then could the throne of the Sultan, the weakest of them all, be saved? They saw their own fate foreshadowed in that of foreign countries—the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, falling a swifter prey to events, crumbling into a mere agglomeration of small states. Even Germany, in the early days, seemed to be approaching dissolution.

One half of the Empire, with cities like Damascus, Jerusalem, Baghdad, Mosul and Aleppo, was already lost. The remnants of Islamic unity had disappeared; the southern provinces were dreaming of a great empire that would include all the Arabs.

All that remained—Asia Minor and a small corner of Europe—lay at the will and command of the victor. The

main, vital arteries of the country—the railway lines and the outlets to the sea—were in the possession of the Allies. The Great Powers in Paris could afford to take their time. As a matter of fact, the adjustment of the affairs of Central Europe was more urgent. There need be no hurry with Turkey; she was securely shackled, and could not stir. Nearly two years were to elapse before the Powers came to an agreement about the final verdict—a momentous delay.

A weary feeling of resignation had taken possession of the Turkish inhabitants of Constantinople. They had lost all self-confidence. Europe had spoken so long and so often of the “sick man” that, in the end, they began to believe the saying themselves, and had given themselves up for lost. One had to submit to the inevitable, and patiently acquiesce in the fiat of destiny. To rebel against it would be madness, and would only make the situation worse. It was simply a question now of their continuing to exist, and in what form, if at all; they wanted at least to live—on any reasonable terms.

This was the prevailing mood that Mustapha Kemal found on his return. Even Marshal Izzet Pasha had lost heart, and had resigned his leadership of the government. The general called on him, and discovered the reasons for his retirement. The Sultan bore a grudge against the Grand Vizier because he had not immediately arrested the three who were responsible, Talaat, Enver and Djemal, and had, apparently, even aided them in their escape to German ships. Vahdeddin had desired the condemnation and execution of his three hated opponents, in order to curry favour with the victors, although the latter—in opposition to the prevailing fashion—had not, in the terms of the Armistice, demanded that those who were “war-guilty” should be handed over to them.

The Sultan had very quickly found a pretext for a quarrel with Izzet Pasha, and the Grand Vizier, injured in his *amour-propre*, had retired, his place being taken by Tewfik Pasha, an

old man of eighty. He was one of the functionaries of the Hamidian régime, and latterly was Turkish Ambassador in London, where he won the approval of the English. In accordance with constitutional procedure, the new administration of Tewfik had now to be confirmed by a parliamentary vote of confidence.

At that period Mustapha Kemal still hoped to get the reins of government into his hands by legal measures. His plan was to secure a purely national Cabinet composed of resolutely determined men. He managed to persuade Izzet Pasha to allow himself to be nominated again for the Grand Vizierate. A list of the proposed new ministry was drawn up and there was no question but that Mustapha Kemal would have held the leading place in it.

Everything now depended on the Parliament. The vote of confidence in Tewfik had to be prevented, and the Sultan compelled to submit to the will of the people's representatives. Mustapha Kemal hurried to the Chamber, where the decisive session was about to begin. Among the Unionists, who were in the majority, he had more friends than ever since the fall of Enver, and among them was the influential Fethi Bey. Mustapha Kemal felt that the party might be useful at the outset, but that once he was in the saddle he could afford to dispense with it. Fethi Bey called a number of the members together, and a consultation was held in a neighbouring room. The General put his proposal before them. A vote of no confidence, it was objected, would lead to the dissolution of the chamber. All the better, retorted Mustapha Kemal, in that way time would be gained, and the ground prepared for the formation of the ministry they desired. The most of them seemed inclined to adopt the bold plan; it might lead, they thought, to the Committee's regaining its former influence. A general agreement with the proposal was expressed. They were still discussing the matter when the division-bell rang,

and summoned the deputies to the House.

Mustapha Kemal waited on the platform. The question of the vote of confidence came on as part of the order of the day. Then came the voting. The president announced the result—the motion of confidence in the Tewfik ministry had been carried by an overwhelming majority. The Unionists no doubt felt instinctively that the young general, like Enver, would very soon have wrested the power out of their hands.

The national representatives had failed him; only one last chance now remained. He left the Parliament buildings, and had hardly reached his house when he got into communication with the palace on the telephone, requesting an immediate interview with the Sultan. When Vahdeddin was informed of this he very likely smiled to himself. So the man had come back to him again! Just at that moment he could make very good use of him; it meant that he held one trump card more in his hand. He fixed an audience for the following Selamlik. By choosing that occasion for their meeting he compelled the General to demonstrate his loyal attachment to the Sultan by his presence at the ceremony, and at the same time he made it certain that general notice would be taken of the private reception.

After the religious service, Vahdeddin requested him to come into the salon. The interview, purposely prolonged by the Sultan, lasted an hour, but in substance it amounted to very little. The Sultan listened to the General's arguments, without indicating by the slightest sign either agreement or disagreement with him. Then he suddenly put the question:

“I am convinced that the commandants and the officers of the army place the greatest confidence in you. Can you give me a guarantee that, so far as the army is concerned, no action will be taken against me?”

“I did not know,” replied Mustapha Kemal after brief reflection, “that, at the present time, either commanders or

officers had any reason for rebelling against the throne. I can even assure your Majesty with absolute certainty that there is nothing to fear."

"I am not speaking merely of the present time," the Sultan continued, "I am referring to to-morrow . . . and to all future time."

The General saw very clearly that both he and the army were to be captured and used as instruments for the carrying out of some plans the Sultan had in view. What these were he did not know, but he saw no reason for throwing his own cards on the table, and making the monarch in any way suspicious. Mustapha Kemal's answer is not recorded, but it must have given His Majesty a certain amount of satisfaction, for he finally remarked:

"You are a shrewd and judicious commandant. I am persuaded you will have an educative and calming influence on your comrades."

The interview, which took place without witnesses, excited general attention, chiefly because it lasted so long. As the General—he had been for some time now an imperial aide-de-camp—passed through the ante-chamber on his way out, he was met by the expressive and inquisitive glances of those who had been waiting there.

On the very same day an imperial *iradé* was issued, decreeing the dissolution of the Chamber without appointing a date for a new election. This arbitrary measure, following immediately on the interview that had attracted so much attention, was connected with Mustapha Kemal, especially as he had represented even to the Deputies that such a dissolution would not be at all undesirable.

But where did this man stand? What were his plans? What was he aiming at? He seemed to everyone an enigma, a Great Unknown; and yet every group relied on him, each party saw in him a secret ally. As the Sultan quite rightly realised, there

were many in the army who expected great things from this popular general. Everyone, so to speak, was waiting on him to give the cue; but that never came. A *coup d'état* on the old lines lay quite within the region of possibility. He was even on a better footing than ever with the Unionists, in spite of their having left him in the lurch. At that time the Committee had still their widely ramified organisation all over the country; and the general, had he so wished, could have made use of that, backed up as he was by the army. But the Sultan, too, imagined that he had won him over; he saw in the former *frondeur* a sure supporter of the throne. And the monarch, now that he had received the general's assurance, could composedly direct the course of events as he desired.

In the days that followed this was the task to which he devoted himself with logical thoroughness. The Grand Vizier Tewfik had only been of use to eliminate the Unionists with their inconvenient majority in the Chamber. Since that had been accomplished the aged Pasha, who was out of favour with all the parties, could be dropped. In any case he had proved to be too weak. The Committee took vigorous action against the Sultan. It was even rumoured that the Unionists had armed their supporters in the central districts in order to raise a rebellion in Asia Minor. When Abdul Hamid was deposed Vahdeddin's *djurnali*—secret political reports and denunciations he had made to his brother—had been found in the Yildiz Kiosk. These were published by the Unionist Press, and there was already open talk of a dethronement.

It was time to intervene. The Committee's activity became suspect even to the foreign Powers in possession. Tewfik Pasha disappeared; in his stead, Damad Ferid Pasha, the English gentleman and brother-in-law of the Sultan, took over the long-coveted post of Grand Vizier. On his appointment the monarchic-clerical party, the so-called "Liberal Coalition," took the helm. The High Commissioners showed themselves

well disposed to the new Grand Vizier, while the latter, for his part, thought that by a conciliatory attitude, he would be of service to his country, and be able to mitigate the terms of the Peace that was impending on Turkey. At the request of the Allies, Damad Ferid Pasha had the most dangerous of the Unionist leaders arrested; it was hoped that in this way, the premonitory stirrings of opposition would be nipped in the bud. One of the arrested men was ostensibly accused of taking part in the Armenian massacres, and was put to death. The funeral solemnities of the man who had been hanged gave occasion for a silent, but none the less impressive demonstration.

The reaction was in full swing; the Sultan and his brother-in-law Damad Ferid Pasha ruled with an almost unlimited sway. Once more every eye was turned to Mustapha Kemal. Was he letting things take their course? Or was he, perhaps, the moving force behind them himself?

He had rented a house in Shishli, a suburb of Pera, and lived there as a private citizen, though by no means in retirement. He was often seen in the clubs, and moved a good deal among the society of Pera; every one was being constantly reminded of him; he was always present, and yet, in spite of that, he seemed to be miles distant. The need of the present and the uncertainty of the future were the dominating issues; competing plans, projects, ideas were rife, and his support was sought now for the one, now for the other of these. He listened to them all with the utmost attention, scanning each speaker steadily with his small, keen, deep-set eyes, but never uttering a word himself. His bearing was reserved; he never indicated agreement, but neither did he offer any contradiction. People thought they had won him over to their way of thinking, but he always slipped from their grasp again; they confided in him, but for all that, they were never sure of him. They saw that he was hiding something, and they felt, too, that he was aiming

at a definite goal, but as to what that goal was they were completely in the dark.

Meanwhile the first rush of despair had gradually abated, and they began to take heart again. The ring of the Allied Powers was seen to be less firmly riveted than it had seemed at first. The three High Commissioners, as the Turks immediately noticed, were often in opposition to one another, each of them being an active propagandist in the interests of his own country. On the whole, especially since Damad Ferid had become Grand Vizier, the conquered foes were being treated very indulgently. There was evidence of a spirit of conciliation and considerateness, and hints were dropped in conversation that the Peace would turn out not to be so bad as had been feared at the first.

The Turks, on their part, sought to propitiate the conquerors, and win them by what appealed most to each of them—the English by their correct behaviour and good conduct, the Italians by hinting at commercial preference, and the French messieurs by opening to them the Pera drawing-rooms, where they fell victims to the charms of ladies, who were as amiable as they were desirable.

A few gleams of hope were actually visible. Some distinguished Indian Mohammedans had declared in a memorial to the British Government that the removal of the Sultan-Caliph from Constantinople would have a prejudicial, if not dangerous effect on the Islamic population of India. It was a welcome guide-post! Since Russia had dropped out of the Entente, Great Britain was the country with the largest Mohammedan population, and she would have to take this factor into consideration. If they entrusted themselves to the most powerful member of the Entente, conceding her a kind of Protectorate, then, perhaps, they might retain their Empire, and even avert the surrender of large portions of their territory. The Sultan believed that only with the help of England would

he be able to keep his throne, while Damad Ferid also saw in England the sole hope of salvation, and the “lesser of two evils.” So a society of the “Friends of England” was formed, supported by the government, and supplied with English gold. Their leading spirit was a certain Said Mollah, a journalist and Under-Secretary of State, who afterwards became one of the most active opponents of the Kemalists.

But to make a second Egypt of Turkey was going too far for many people. There was, perhaps, a *still* less evil—a nation that had no personal interest at all in the Near East, and would put a curb on the Imperialism of the others. The United States had entered the war to fight for the rights of small nations. President Wilson, at that time, seemed to be a kind of Providence. This lofty-souled champion of all the oppressed would leave the Osmanli also the right to exist. If a Protectorate was inevitable, then the United States was by far the most sympathetic country, and apparently the least dangerous. An important group, composed of those who were most strongly Nationalistic in sentiment, declared for this solution. The United States was offered the Mandate over Turkey. Wilson sent a Commission of Enquiry to discover the attitude of the people as a whole with regard to the question of a Protectorate. Some of them pronounced in favour of England, but the greater number preferred the United States. As for France—the real representative of culture in the Orient—no one wanted to have anything to do with her, a fact that caused both surprise and mortification in Paris.

But the most diverse ideas and schemes were mooted, with the object of averting the threatened division of the Empire along the lines of national claims, and of preventing the formation of Christian States. Local societies and Leagues for Defence or Protection were formed. In certain districts with a strong mixture of Greek inhabitants, *e.g.*, in Balkan Thrace or in Pontus, the northern coast of Asia Minor on the Black

Sea, there were schemes for the creation of self-governing Republics that would still remain within the Imperial bond. All kinds of committees were formed, most of them with a strong political bias. Each had its own axe to grind, its own plan of salvation by which it swore.

The most dignified and select of these was the Organisation for Defence in the eastern portion of the kingdom. It seemed as good as settled that an Armenian State would be formed out of the provinces in that region, since the Western Powers, and above all America, would have to keep the promises they had given to the Christians of the East. The administration of Damad Ferid Pasha were willing to compromise on this point, in order to retain Constantinople and the Straits in return for their concession. But the Mohammedans refused, on any terms, to be governed by their hated fellow-citizens; and indeed, under such a government they would probably not have been very happy. The age-long hatred between the Turkish and Armenian sections of the Empire was so deeply rooted and ingrained that no adjustment between them was within the range of possibility; hence it was that the New-Turk Movement was destined to take its rise in the East.

The General without command had, meantime, had time to reflect on the situation in his house at Shishli. His plan was ready; it was only the method and the moment of its execution that had still to be settled. He had thrown aside each and all of the various ideas and projects for the preservation of the ancient Empire in any shape or form. They were mere chimeras, self-deceptions, due to the suggestions of desire rather than to the sober recognition of reality. Would there be, after all, among the victorious Powers, that disunity on which so many were placing their hopes? Certainly their interests ran athwart each other, and quarrels were likely to arise over the distribution of the spoil. No doubt there seemed

to be secret battles going on in the Council of the Great Powers at Paris; the advantage there lay in the gaining of precious time. But they would soon arrive at a mutual understanding—England would see to that—and then the exorbitant account would be presented to the victim (and in due time it came). The Entente were no doubt enticing a far too confiding people with their considerate treatment and their promises of a moderate peace. But then a sheep has to be kept quiet when it is about to be shorn.

What did all this talk of a Protectorate or a Mandate amount to? In other words, it simply meant voluntary emasculation—the open admission that they were incapable of continuing to exist in their own strength. There seemed to be still plenty of time for that, if it should turn out that the nation was really too weak to manage without crutches.

What exactly was it that they were intending to save? The Ottoman Empire was dead, and could never be resurrected; the idea of a universal Islam was a delusion, the Caliph and Sultan were lifeless shades. The old order could never be restored; all who still cherished that belief were mistaken; all who clung to the past system would be dragged under with it.

The only reality that still remained was the Turkish people—an undivided whole with its main territory in Asia Minor, from the Caucasus to the Mediterranean Sea. All else were rubble and ruins—relics of the Middle Ages that had long out-lived their time.

The Western Powers had proclaimed the principle of nationality as the supreme right of a people. Very well, then, let it be Turkey for the Turks, as it was America for the Americans! A new state was to be erected on new foundations, built out of the people and for the people; and on this new Turkey, created by the nation itself, complete sovereignty must devolve. There would be no longer any place in it for

Sultan or Caliph, Throne or Altar.

The creation of a purely national Turkish state, within its own natural boundaries, was essentially very obvious, and was implied in the historical situation. Like all great statesmen he found the simplest solution; it existed, so to speak, in the air around him. At the same time his plan was so bold and venturesome, so unimaginable, at that time, for his fellow-countrymen, that he was, no doubt, careful to conceal from them his ultimate aims. Had he spoken, at that period, of a republic, of a secular state, they would simply not have understood him, and would have flatly refused to follow him. Certainly, undesirable monarchs had been deposed, as the Koran permitted; but the Mohammedans could not bring themselves to think of meddling with the sacrosanct institution of the Sultanate, or even of the Caliphate; such an idea was quite beyond their powers of imagination. As little could the Catholic world—to give an illustration of the state of feeling—entertain the thought of doing away with the Papal power. No one then had any conception of what Mustapha Kemal was aiming at—with one sole exception. The Sultan, with the traditional instinct of the ruler, from the very beginning, had an inkling that the movement inaugurated by Mustapha Kemal was inimical to his dynasty. Hence his embittered opposition, that often seemed stupid to those who were ignorant of the real state of affairs.

The General was absolutely determined that complete independence should be won for his new state. He was convinced that in order to attain that, he would almost certainly have to come into conflict with the Great Powers, or at least, with one of them. But such an idea also was quite inconceivable for the mass of the people. How could a small, exhausted country in chains venture to defy the victorious Powers that had recently overthrown mighty nations like Germany and Austria? To imagine that it could do this was against all reason and logic.

Nor was it only the masses that held such opinions; the very men who were in positions of leadership and authority also thought the same. He had, therefore, to be careful not to alarm his followers, and to avoid everything that would give the appearance of openly opposing the Powers of the Entente. When, nevertheless, he did take the risk of a conflict with the Western Powers, his action was not due to Enver-like foolhardiness, nor to a blind recklessness that trusted that all would turn out well in the end. On the contrary his courage sprang from an exact judgment of the psychological moment. His penetrating glance detected *one* weakness of the victors, that no one else saw. He did not depend on their mutual differences; these came later, when he himself had made a breach in their unity. But he took into account the fact—and rightly so, as events were to prove—that it was precisely the highly developed countries like England and France that had suffered more severely from the war than was at first sight apparent, and that their people, weary of fighting after their years of struggle, would not engage in a new and purely imperialistic war, even if their rulers ordered them.

With incomparable, tactical adroitness he was able to mask his plans, keeping his followers in the dark with regard to his designs, and leading them, mostly against their will, nearer and nearer the goal he had always had clearly and unmistakably before him. Not until he was sure that one stage had been reached did he reveal the next. Each phase came at its duly appointed time, neither too soon nor too late. He only showed his hand in so far as it was necessary for the next move, always managing to get men to follow in the direction in which he wanted to lead them.

He revealed his design to his intimate associates in Constantinople, but only to the extent that was requisite for his immediate aims. He said to them that the Government in the capital was no longer free to arrive at any decision, and that

the Sultan was little more than a prisoner in the hands of the victors. The national centre of gravity would require to be shifted to the interior of the country; there, in Anatolia, people might be induced to take part in a movement that would be the mainstay and support of the administration, and be the salvation of the Padishah's threatened throne. All hostile action against the Entente was to be avoided. The movement would be regarded as a peaceful one, meant only to prove that Turkey still had the will to live, and was still a power that was to be reckoned with. No help was to be sought from any particular party, the impulse was to come from the nation as a whole.

All these proposals lay well within the ordinary circle of sentiments and ideas. A national movement originating in Anatolia had often before been mooted. Obviously the first thing to do was to save the Sultan; for there was scarcely a good word to be said for Damad Ferid Pasha's Government, and its overthrow would be a patriotic act. And then, officers—and, in this case, it was almost officers alone who were in question—were scarcely the men who would reconcile themselves most readily to submitting to what was apparently inevitable, watching the destruction of their country with their hands by their side. Action and self-protection came naturally to them; they had less use for cautious reflection. Accordingly they did not submit the ideas involved in the course they were pursuing to any strict scrutiny; it was enough for them that they were going to move, and by intervening, get rid of the oppressive feeling of inactivity that was becoming intolerable.

The General, in order to begin operations, obtained once more a position of command. He was informed that there was no prospect of his being appointed, the few positions that remained having been occupied long before. But his skill in baffling everyone bore its fruit.

The High Commissioners of the Entente had not been

ignorant of a certain amount of unrest in Anatolia, in the interior of Asia Minor. Here and there a slight flame broke out; brigandage was on the increase; bands of discharged soldiers were over-running the country, and even the Unionist Committee was developing a suspicious activity. There was nothing serious in all that, but still order had to be maintained, and a strong hand was needed. The eastern district, so difficult of access, was especially troublesome. Armenians, Turks and Kurds stood snarling at one another, and weapons were still to be found everywhere. The immediate disarming of the forces had unfortunately been overlooked in the Mudros agreement. The demobilisation had now to be completed at once, all munitions collected and stored up in places of security. Certain events were impending—so ran the instructions from Paris—that made it prudent to check at the outset, all possible attempts at resistance.

The Turkish Government was requested to nominate a trustworthy man who might be sent to the East. The Ministry of War was consulted on the point, and the War Minister's chief adviser, Djevad Pasha, proposed General Mustapha Kemal. He knew something of the latter's designs, and the Minister himself was not without some suspicion of them. Mustapha Kemal was informed of the proposal. He replied that the task of "enquiring on the spot into the uncertain situation in the eastern provinces, and adopting the measures that were necessary" made a definite, authoritative command, with special powers, imperative. Accordingly on his suggestion the idea of an inspection of the army was broached.

The Grand Vizier Damad Ferid Pasha agreed to the War Minister's proposal. Mustapha Kemal was regarded as a friend of the Sultan's, and he did not seem at all ill-disposed towards the government. In any case it was better that this man, whose next move could never be predicted, should be kept employed at some distance from the capital. The general

was also in favour with the High Commissioners, who had had frequent opportunities of getting to know him personally. His instructions were drawn up by the General Staff of the Allies. In three hours Mustapha Kemal had remodelled these instructions according to his own wishes. At last he had in his hands an instrument, which was harmless in appearance, but could be employed entirely as he chose. The Grand Vizier countersigned the document without any rigorous scrutiny, and the Minister of War, though somewhat hesitatingly, appended his seal. Copies of these altered instructions were sent by the Allied General Staff to the Control Officers stationed in Asia Minor, for their information. So Mustapha Kemal proceeded to Anatolia as the man trusted by the Imperial Government, and as the officially authorised representative of the Powers. In addition to his position as Inspector of the Army, he was invested with the powers of a Governor-General of the Eastern *vilayets*.

He arranged a special secret cipher for telegrams with Djevad Pasha, the Chief of the Turkish General Staff, in order to be able to keep in unrestricted communication with Constantinople. For his personal staff he chose five of the initiated officers, and left the capital on May 15, 1919, on the little steamer *Ineboli*, in order to reach Samsun by way of the Black Sea.

In Paris, where the time was fully occupied in dictating the terms of peace to Germany, the questions of the Near East were meanwhile left unsettled. The future of Turkey was completely under control; that helpless country seemed to be awaiting her appointed destiny with fatalistic indifference. No serious disturbance was to be feared from that quarter.

So the victorious Powers could quietly proceed with the business of harmonising, in the first place, the various and often conflicting claims to a share in the spoil of the East. This was

certainly not an easy matter, and would necessarily take a considerable time. England had already made sure of her whack—Arabia, and along with it, the land-bridge from Egypt to India. In the case of France there were several points of disagreement. She coveted Syria, but would, at a pinch, be satisfied with Cilicia, the rich and fertile province on the boundary between Arabia and Anatolia. It would not be long before an agreement was reached; besides the Frenchmen's eyes were riveted on the Rhine.

Italy was causing the chief difficulty. This Ally had been late in joining, and far too liberal promises had been made to her in order to secure her allegiance. And now these promises were very difficult to fulfil.

In the secret agreement drawn up at London on April 26, 1915, Italy had been promised as the price of her entry into the war, the Turkish Province of Adalia, along with the adjacent territory on the Mediterranean Sea. The Province of Adalia, the ancient Pamphylia, lies on the southern coast of Asia Minor.

A year after that England, France and Russia, in the so-called Sykes-Picot Treaty, had come to a more definite agreement regarding the partition of the Ottoman Empire. (This was afterwards the basis of the Peace with Turkey.) This Treaty was kept secret from Italy. She got wind of it, however, and now demanded a definitive settlement of her claims.

Then there came the Treaty of St.-Jean-de-Maurienne, on April 17, 1917, in which the four Allies took part. Italy was promised the Province of Smyrna, along with the whole of Western Anatolia as far as Konia, as mandated territory, or sphere of interest. This agreement, however, was never signed by Russia, as the Revolution began in that country, and the Eastern Ally dropped out. On the contrary, the Russian Revolutionary Government now declared against all annexations and indemnities. Since, therefore, the treaty lacked Russia's signature, it could, in case of need, be declared invalid.

In April, 1919, Italy was occupying the town of Adalia with the territory behind it. The Allies made no objection to her doing this. Besides even the Turks scarcely took any notice of this landing of troops. But Italy made no progress in the satisfaction of her claims on Smyrna. There she was thwarted by the counter-play of Venizelos, who remained constantly in Paris.

Then came the arbitrary seizure by Italy of Fiume, which was already part of Yugo-Slavia. Rome was apparently intending to take possession of the whole of the Adriatic. The affair caused such a heated discussion at the Peace Conference that Orlando, the Italian representative, temporarily withdrew from it. Venizelos took advantage of his absence. He urgently represented to the Big Three, Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau, that this illegal aggression against Fiume, might very easily be repeated in Smyrna, and that such a possibility ought to be forestalled. Then Venizelos sent off a sheaf of telegrams, announcing that an armed rising of Turkish guerrillas had broken out in Smyrna, and that the security and life of the Greeks and the other Christian minorities in that region were in serious danger at the hands of the Moslem fanatics. This produced the desired effect on the mind of the pious Wilson. (An independent Commission of Enquiry was afterwards sent by the Allies. They established the fact that there could have been no unrest near Smyrna, nor any possibility of danger to the Christian population; the rumours to that effect had been the result of invention. Further they made it clear that the Greeks had by no means behaved like civilised Europeans, but had acted more like barbarians. The findings of this Commission of Enquiry were never disclosed, although their publication was frequently demanded in the English House of Commons.)

England and France never intended that Italy should receive, in addition to Adalia, Smyrna and the west coast of

Anatolia as well, since she would thus become mistress of the eastern Meriterranean. The obligation undertaken in the St.-Jean-de-Maurienne Treaty could not be recognised as still legally binding. Besides, the Greeks, too, had to be rewarded for their assistance in the war. Their hopes of receiving Constantinople and the adjoining European coast had, unfortunately, to be disappointed; for the idea then was to form that part of Turkey into an international state. If, however, they were given Smyrna, two birds would be killed with one stone—the Greeks would be satisfied, and the Italians would be kept from an undesirable expansion of their power. Besides, according to Venizelos' statistics, the population of Smyrna was overwhelmingly Greek (as a matter of fact, the Greeks were in a majority only in two of the towns—in Smyrna itself, and in Aïvali). The gentlemen of the Supreme Council in Paris yielded to the pressure of Venizelos, and allowed the Greeks to occupy Smyrna "on behalf of the Allies."

The Turkish Government was informed that the Allies, in accordance with Article 7 of the Armistice agreement, would occupy Smyrna. According to that Article they had the right to do this in the case of their security being threatened. The Grand Vizier gave instructions to the Vali of Smyrna to keep the troops in their barracks, and prevent any kind of demonstration on the part of the inhabitants. The general belief was that only Allied troops would be landed, and indeed, such was the tenor of the instructions that had been received. No one ever thought of the Greeks in that connection.

On the 14th of May, 1919, a fleet appeared in the harbour of Smyrna. The commander, the English Admiral Calthorpe, informed the Vali that the Allied troops would land. Two hours afterwards he asked the Governor to come and see him, and explained to him that the Greeks would occupy Smyrna. The Vali looked as if he had been struck by lightning, and could not keep back his tears. "The Greeks?" he asked. "Strict

orders from Paris," replied the Admiral. The Vali pleaded that the occupying force should not be composed of Greeks alone; if that were so, it would be hard to say what might happen. "Impossible," was the answer.—"Let me have a small detachment, say, two or three hundred of your sailors. In that case I could keep the Mohammedan population quiet, and explain to them that the Greek occupation was not final."—"Impossible."

On the morning of May 15th, the very same day on which Mustapha Kemal leaves Constantinople, the Greek troops begin to disembark on the quays of Smyrna. The Metropolitan of Smyrna gives them his blessing. The whole Greek population have assembled. The excitement is indescribable. "Zito Venizelos! Zito Venizelos!" ("Long live Venizelos") rings out unceasingly.

The troops march through the streets. The huge barracks opposite the government buildings are packed with Turkish soldiers and officers, who have hurriedly taken shelter there in obedience to orders. As the Greek columns turn into the square in front of the government buildings, a shot is fired, no one knows from what quarter. French eye-witnesses aver that hired Greek *agents provocateurs* were firing. The Greek soldiers immediately come to a halt; rapid fire is opened, and machine guns rattle. Panic breaks out in the barracks, the soldiers running in all directions, and falling down wounded, though, no doubt, many of them also return the fire. The officers succeed, to some extent, in calming the besieged men. A white flag is hoisted; the commandant appears at the gate in order to hand over the barracks to the Greeks; he is shot down. At last the firing ceases.

The prisoners are led in a long procession to the quay. The Christian crowd rages and yells. Many more of the soldiers fall down under the bayonet thrusts. The officers are spat upon, and everything that is Turkish is insulted. The men are

forced to tear their fezes from their heads, and trample them under foot—the worst possible outrage on a Mohammedan—all who refuse to do this are cut down with the sword. The veils are torn from the women's faces. In the track of this train of Turkish prisoners the ground is littered with dead and wounded. The mob begins to plunder the houses of the Mohammedans.

Of the Turks there were 300 dead and 200 wounded; the 20,000 prisoners, among whom was the Vali, were transported to Greece. The landing of the Greeks at Smyrna was the prelude to a "war after the war," which was carried on for three years with ruthless ferocity.

On the 19th of May, 1919, the *Ineboli* came to anchor in the roads of Samsun. The voyage had been a stormy one. The steamer, an old, worn-out hulk, had hardly been able to stand the vicious waves of the Black Sea. The captain had said on leaving that the compass was not working properly. He had been told to hug the coast, as that was the best way to reach the port to which he was sailing.

As was customary on the arrival of a ship, some of the inhabitants of Samsun had gathered on the beach. A boat set out from the steamer and soon reached land. Out of the boat there stepped a young brigadier-general, accompanied by five other men. He was "the hero of Anafarta," it was said; beyond that nothing was known about him except that he had been sent by the government to take over the military command. So the traveller was received with the respectful salutation with which any official personage is greeted in that part of the country.

The general walked up between the two lines of spectators. His movements were so remarkably slow that it seemed as if each step had a special significance; but he put his foot down firmly, and then it appeared to cling to the soil. A determined will could be read in the rugged network of lines on his

countenance, and yet his whole personality inspired confidence, and unconsciously radiated hope and comfort. Here, as in Anatolia, the entire Mohammedan population had given way to despondency and dejection. The Greek and Armenian patriarchs had made this seaport town a campaigning centre, concentrating there the forces that were meant to create a Greek state of Pontus, and a Great Armenia. For the Turks there was no alternative but emigration or subjection.

When General Mustapha Kemal entered the government buildings he received word of the landing of the Greeks in Smyrna, and the deplorable events that were the result of that. Shortly before he set out there had been rumours in Constantinople of the impending occupation; but, incredible as it had seemed to him, it had now actually taken place. It was a fortunate hour for Mustapha Kemal. Before that it had seemed very doubtful whether his summons to fight would find a response in the morally enervated population, but now his opponents themselves had dealt him a trump card of incalculable value. The Turks would have quietly acquiesced in the occupation of their country by the Allies, looking upon that simply as a right belonging to the victors, and the mass of the people, physically and mentally exhausted, would have submitted to their dictation, however rigorous it might have appeared to them. But that the Greek, that hateful sneak, whom they had hitherto regarded with contempt, should lord it over the Turks, was simply not to be borne. And the fact, also, that the Allies had agreed to hand over one of the finest provinces of Asia Minor, with the pearl of Smyrna, to the Greeks, who had not the slightest claim on them, and who had never been at war with Turkey, undermined the last remnants of confidence the Turks perhaps still had in the Great Powers and in their sense of justice. "We could have stood any others, but never the Greeks," they said. The whole country reacted against this invasion of the Greeks. Mustapha Kemal had

simply to direct the swelling waves of indignation into the channel of a mighty stream. There can be no doubt that it was this false move on the part of the Great Powers that enabled him to win his game. Had Smyrna been really occupied by Allied troops his most effective instrument would never have been put into his hands.

In Paris, ignorance of the country had led to the complete neglect of that psychological factor. The members of the Peace Council no doubt believed, from the statistics submitted to them, that the Greeks had a claim to Smyrna. This slight mistake had incalculable results.

This blunder had a rather humorous sequel in the English House of Commons. On May 26, 1919, Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert, a Member of Parliament, put the question whether the Allies had occupied Smyrna on the grounds of self-determination or simply from selfish interest.

Harmsworth replied for the government: "The occupation of Smyrna followed on the express instruction of the Supreme Council of the Peace Commission, according to Article 7 of the Armistice agreement of Mudros."

Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert: "Following upon this answer, may I ask if it is true that rabies has broken out in Paris?" . . .

Mustapha Kemal's main concern at first was to win the confidence and support of the army. Shortly after his arrival telegraphic messages were sent in every direction. At that time there were six army corps in Asia Minor, consisting principally, however, of staffs, and of formations whose actual strength in men was scarcely worth mentioning. The regiments did not number any more than twenty or thirty, and the entire defensive force in Anatolia may perhaps have run to about twenty thousand, *i.e.*, not more than one division of fighting strength.

These insignificant bodies of troops were scattered over many hundreds of miles; while there were scarcely any roads, and no railways at all. The only main line in the west—the

Anatolian and Baghdad railway—was occupied and controlled by the Allies.

As inspector he had only two Army Corps in the east under his direct command. But he got into communication from Samsun with the commanders of the other Corps, and kept himself in touch with all that it was necessary to know about current affairs. Especially with regard to military concerns, he gave them authoritative directions, with which they, for the most part complied. The only person who seemed to find these telegrams in any way objectionable was the general commanding in Konia, and, in order to avoid dangerous complications, he asked to be allowed to go on furlough to Constantinople, from which he never returned.

Samsun, the chief gateway to Central Asia Minor, was in the hands of the English. Had the preliminary measures been taken in that town directly under their observation, there would not have been the requisite freedom of action. So the General, having replaced the municipal prefect by a man whom he could trust, shifted his headquarters to Amasia, a town further inland, free at that time from foreign troops.

It was possible to speak more freely in Amasia. As a kind of Governor-General he had also the right to intervene in the civil administration. This prerogative certainly only applied to the Eastern Provinces; but now that he had secured the help of the other military commanders, he proceeded to extend his authority to the whole land. He sent a circular round the country giving instructions that centres of national resistance should either be established or resuscitated, and that he should receive information of all that was taking place. Of course the duty that had been assigned to him in Constantinople was to suppress the national organisations that had already been formed in many districts. He led all the generals and Valis (Provincial Governors) to understand that the movement he was setting on foot had the secret approval of the Padishah.

and the supreme war lords, and would be a welcome support for the government.

The Smyrna blunder, and the more widespread occupation of the province by unpleasant neighbours, supplied him with the best means of rousing a population that was still paralysed, and of fostering rapid growth in the germinal cells of national resistance. He made sure that the actions of the Greeks were made known throughout the whole land, and arranged for the holding of demonstrations. "You will, in the following week," he directed the military and civil leaders, already adopting towards them the tone of command, "organise national demonstrations, large and important gatherings, for the purpose of appealing to the sense of justice in all civilised nations, and calling on them to intervene and put an end to this intolerable state of things. These demonstrations must take place throughout the whole district over which you have official control. Impressive telegrams are to be sent to the representatives of the Great Powers and to the Sublime Porte. No demonstrations against the Christian population are on any account to be held."

In nearly all the larger districts gatherings of this nature accordingly took place. Trebizonde was the only place where nothing was done, presumably from fear of the foreign troops in occupation. A telegram sent to Constantinople from Sinope, an important seaport town, was even directly opposed to Mustapha Kemal's plans. It ran: "The Turkish nation can henceforth only exist under a government that is organised under the supervision and control of Europe." The prefect of Sinope was immediately relieved of his post.

Reports came pouring in to the Chief Commissioners in Constantinople from their supervising officers, telling of unusual restlessness among the Turkish population, and of the sudden outburst of national feeling. According to the evidence they had gathered there could be no doubt about the instigator of this dangerous movement. The plenipotentiaries of the Entente

very soon saw that they had been completely deceived in the commissioner they had sent to create peace and order, and they demanded that the Sublime Porte should recall the General.

Just at that time Paris began to speak in apparently milder tones. At the instigation of France, who wished to show a benevolent interest in the future welfare of Turkey, the Peace Council, before they came to a final decision with regard to the fate of the Ottoman Empire, had resolved to give audience at the Conference to a delegation from Turkey. Grand Vizier Damad Ferid Pasha wished to go to Paris himself, and France put one of her cruisers at the disposal of the deputation. England was afraid of being outdone by her zealous ally, and the aged Tewfik Pasha, who was to have accompanied him, was persuaded to pretend that he was ill, and did not set out until a few days afterwards, travelling on an *English* cruiser.

As the victors were apparently open to reason, and were not too completely in harmony with one another, Damad Ferid Pasha was afraid that the unrest in the country would put the Western Powers into a bad humour, and that every act of insubordination might lead to more rigorous measures being taken, and harder peace terms being imposed. The activity of that General in Anatolia was therefore occurring at the worst conceivable time; and, besides, it was evident that he was working against the Grand Vizier and his government.

Accordingly Mustapha Kemal received instructions to repair to Constantinople and report progress. The General returned an evasive answer, excusing himself on the ground that at the time his services, unfortunately, could not be dispensed with. Since the mildly worded instructions were evidently of no avail, the Minister of War, at the instance of the Grand Vizier, recalled him under strict orders. Whereupon Mustapha Kemal telegraphed to Constantinople: "I shall remain in Anatolia until the nation has won its independence." With this unequivocal refusal the first step in the Rebellion was taken.

CHAPTER IX

THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER AND THE BIRTH OF A STATE

A MONTH had elapsed since the landing at Samsun. The first and most important step had been successful. The army had been secured. The outstanding leaders, mostly young generals, had joined Mustapha Kemal, and declared themselves ready to follow him.

He could now afford to dispense with the support of authorised officials. Indeed official connection of any kind would simply be a hindrance; he required complete freedom of action for the momentous steps that had to be taken next.

But—and on this he was determined—there was to be no mere military insurrection; he had no desire to succeed to power at the point of the bayonet like the Young Turks on an earlier occasion. On the other hand there had to be a fight for national independence, and, at the same time, the creation of a new state against the will of the mighty victors and in opposition to the authorities at present in power.

That, however, could only be formed out of the nation itself, and with its aid. For the accomplishment of this task the backing of the entire community was required, and not simply the support of a party or a group of adherents. The mandate must come from *them*; by *their* authority all action must be taken. The Revolution was to be carried out according to the principles of modern democracy. The final appeal must be to the choice and decision of the majority. The authority of the nation was to take the place of the authority of the government. No one man could any longer act in his own name, he had to act in the name of all.

The landing of the Greeks at Smyrna had stirred the masses; the feeling that they had suffered a wrong lent energy to their resolve to defend themselves, and national organisations sprang up everywhere like mushrooms.

These scattered forces had to be drawn together for a united impact, brought under a single leader, and given the cue for action. For this purpose these organisations throughout the country were to send delegates to a general Congress that would decide on the next steps that would have to be taken. The town of Sivas, situated in a remote part of Central Anatolia, and, to a certain extent, immune from undesirable interruption, was chosen as the place best suited for the gathering.

Thanks to the co-operation of the commanding officers, all the telegraph lines were under his control; and over them all the summons was sent to the provinces. It ran: "The country is in danger. The Central Government is no longer capable of performing its functions. The independence of our land can only be preserved by the will and the energy of the nation. It has been resolved to hold a general Congress at Sivas. Each district may send three delegates. This project must be kept secret."

This, then, was an open declaration of war against Constantinople. As several of the provincial governors still supported the Central Government, the latter naturally learned about the matter. The Minister for the Interior immediately issued a counter-order to all officials, commanding them unconditionally to break off all correspondence with Mustapha Kemal, and to pay no attention to his instructions.

The prohibition certainly had a restrictive effect; but it did not prevent the Conference from being held. Still the roads were so bad that it would be several weeks before the delegates from the remote districts could reach Sivas.

But the intervening time was usefully employed. The eastern provinces had already resolved to hold an assembly at Erzerum.

In that quarter the establishment of an Armenian State was threatened, and that had to be resisted. This gathering could be utilised as a kind of preliminary Council, that would link up the local interests with the general movement, and prepare a clearly defined programme to be laid before the Congress at Sivas.

Erzerum, a considerable town and military outpost near the Russian frontier, is a sombre place, enclosed with great ramparts that are pierced with tunnel-like gates. Its houses are built in a primitive fashion of unhewn stone, and its narrow lanes are filled with snow for eight months in the year.

After a difficult journey from Amasia through Sivas Mustapha Kemal and his fellow-travellers arrived in Erzerum at the beginning of January, 1919. Late in the evening of the following day he was summoned to the telegraph office. Constantinople was speaking, and messages followed in rapid succession. Once more the General was ordered to return. The Minister of War pleaded with him, and the Grand Vizier tried to entice him with all kinds of promises. Even the Sultan intervened. "Go on furlough," he deigned to say. "Stay anywhere you like in Anatolia, but cease from all further activity." "I cannot come," was the invariable answer. "You must; we command you," was now the general chorus.

The General with swift decision dictated a telegram, announcing the resignation of all his offices, and declaring that he considered himself dismissed from the army. Before it was handed in, the apparatus ticked out: "You are herewith in due form removed from your command."

On the following day the announcement was made to the whole country that General Mustapha Kemal had been struck off the army list, and that any intercourse with him would be regarded as high treason.

Reduced now to the status of a private individual, he summoned his most intimate associates, and indicated to them clearly

and impressively the dangers they would have to face and the sacrifices that would be demanded of them. "The undertaking," he said, "that now lies before us must be carried through without any reliance on the protection of our uniform, or of the civil authorities. It will be necessary for us to appear openly in the market places and in the streets. Once we have begun the struggle, every one of us must firmly resolve never to desert, whatever may happen. There is not the slightest doubt that I shall be declared a rebel, and that I am destined for the most tragic fate. From now onwards every one who works with me must be ready to share my lot. It may be that in many respects I am not the man the situation demands, and it is open to you to choose any other who seems to be better suited for the work. But it is absolutely necessary that *one man* should be at the head, that *one man* should be the leader of the movement."

His confederates were given time to consider the matter. They then declared that they desired him to be the leader of the movement, and that they were prepared to support him. They made it a condition of their support, however, that no action should be taken against the Sultan and Caliph.

He gave the required assurance (*had* to give it, at that moment), and then made the following stipulation: "It is an essential condition of success, that in spite of my being dismissed from the army, my orders shall be as implicitly obeyed as if I were still in chief command." They also agreed to that.

There were acting generals with authoritative commands who were parties to this Rütli-oath, if one may call it so. They believed that by doing this they were, in the best sense of the words, serving the Sultan, and preserving the throne of the Padishah from the danger that was menacing it.

Among them were the most distinguished leaders of the army. One was Kiazim Karabekir Pasha, who was in command

in the East, the York of Turkey, so to speak, straightforward, upright, inflexible, a soldier from tip to toe, as impressive in his bearing as his name was sonorous. Another was Ali Fuad Pasha, afterwards Commander-in-chief on the Western Front—an excellent soldier and as skilful a diplomatist, sagacious, reliable, and willing to undertake the most onerous duties, but very sensitive and difficult to handle. Then there was Refet Pasha, a little, sharp gentleman, versatile and highly cultured, and a great favourite with all the Europeans. With his pointed chin and prominent, finely-curved nose, he was not unlike the portraits of Frederick the Great—a fact of which he liked to be reminded. He was one of those who had thrown in their lot with Mustapha Kemal from the very beginning, and accompanied him when he landed at Samsun. But he never quite understood him; he had the idea that Mustapha Kemal was aiming at a new edition of the Triumvirate; and, in that case, he did not want to be out of the running. His partisanship was due to personal ambition, and not to zeal for the cause. He was continually making reservations, always keeping a way of retreat open behind him, but was not lacking either in courage or cleverness. That was shown in the early days of the revolt, when the English, in order to cut off the Nationalists from the approach to the sea and take possession of Sivas, had resolved to garrison Samsun with a stronger force. Refet Pasha was ordered to defend Samsun at all costs against any attempt on the part of the English to land their troops. He set out for the seaport with about a hundred men under arms. An English colonel had arrived there before him with a small force on reconnaissance. Refet marched his company through the main street, then disappeared with them to reappear from another direction, exactly as is done on the stage, giving in this way the impression that they were the advance-guard of a whole army. The English colonel, after his long experience of the crafty Oriental, seeing that there was little chance of success in trying

to land with two or three battalions, returned to his ship and sailed away. Samsun was saved; and Sivas, too, remained in the undisturbed possession of the Nationalists.

Probably the most outstanding personality was Rauf Bey, a man who, in intellectual power, almost approached the stature of the leader. From the beginning a secret rivalry had developed between them. If Mustapha Kemal was nimble, vehement, easily irritated, and filled to the brim with irrepressible energy, Rauf Bey was cool, quiet, imperturbable, although he was no less determined than his rival; he only lacked the compelling power that gives a man mastery over others. Mustapha Kemal had still another advantage over him, in his clear vision of his goal, and in the logical thoroughness of his purpose. Like all men of action, Mustapha Kemal laid hold of a single idea; but that had for him the authority of a revelation; it became his *Evangel*—a dogma from which not one jot or tittle could be taken away; and by his strong faith he swept others on along with him.

Rauf Bey was a naval officer who had learned engineering in the Danzig shipyards, and had moved about the world a good deal. He originally became famous as the commander of the cruiser *Hamidieh*, in the Balkan War of 1912. Like the captain of the German *Emden*, he cruised about for two months alone in the *Ægean* waters, bombarding Greek seaports and sinking enemy ships. He was pursued, but he disappeared, and, in the course of his adventurous *Odyssey*, always turned up again where he was least expected. During the campaign he kept a whole fleet at bay, and in the end reached the shelter of the Dardanelles safe and sound.

At the close of the World War he was Minister of Naval Affairs, and represented Turkey in the negotiations for the Armistice at Mudros. After he had signed the Treaty, he declared: "We have accepted the conditions because we believe that the great English nation and her Allies will keep their

word." And turning to those who accompanied him, he said: "Is that not so, gentlemen? England has always kept her word."

At an early date he associated himself with Mustapha Kemal in Constantinople. The idea of starting a national movement in Anatolia was being mooted. They came to a mutual understanding on the subject. Rauf Bey resolved to proceed to Western Anatolia. In order to have a free hand he left the service, and landing at Panderma, he toured the country, encouraging the people and founding the first national organisations. Then followed the landing of the Greeks in Smyrna. But the latter were not satisfied with the city alone; they wanted also to seize the adjacent territory, on the ground that it was destined afterwards to become a Greek possession. Sterghiades, the Governor of Smyrna, on his own authority, or perhaps in obedience to secret orders, overstepped the official instructions sent to him by Venizelos from Paris, and marched troops into the Province of Aïdin, to which Smyrna belonged. As so often happens on the occasion of such "peaceful" marches, desultory shooting occurred. The Greek troops were panic-stricken, and fired blindly at the inhabitants, while the Turks, in their turn, defended themselves. The invaders were driven out of the town of Aïdin, and the Turks burned down the Greek quarter. The Greeks returned with reinforcements, seized the town, and then burned down the Turkish quarter. Whole districts were reduced to ruins, and no mercy was shown. The principle of nationality in its most unhappily exaggerated form increased the eagerness of the Greeks to reduce the Turkish population to a minority by extermination. They would thus be able to justify before the world-tribunal their claims to the territory on the ground of possessing a thoroughly established majority of the population. All the Turks who could carry weapons betook themselves to the hills, where they fought the invaders from the shelter of impregnable ravines. An incessant guerrilla war-

fare followed, characterised by the usual ferocity, but offering no hope to the defenders of the soil, since regular troops were being brought up from Greece in ever-increasing numbers.

Rauf Bey very soon realised that the only hope of success lay in a defensive campaign conducted on a large scale, and under a single command. He proceeded to Angora, where Ali Fuad Pasha was then in command, and came to an understanding with him; then they both joined Mustapha Kemal, in whom they recognised the pre-destined leader.

Although even Rauf Bey subordinated himself to the young general, he was nevertheless unwilling to surrender his right to hold views that were opposed to those of his commander. Mustapha Kemal could not permit this; not because he was intolerant, but because he was aiming at a goal that he had to keep partially hidden from his associates. For tactical reasons he no doubt gave way on minor questions, but never when there was any possibility of his being turned aside from the path he had chosen. His subordinates had to follow him without knowing where he was leading them. But none of those who were his first and most distinguished fellow-workers remained with him till the end. He came into conflict with one after the other, and let them drop. They are living at the present day, shorn of all positions of honour and participation in State affairs, or exiled in foreign countries.

The gathering at Erzerum, that had now been arranged for some considerable time, hung fire. The decree of the Government had had its effect. Officials began to be apprehensive of losing their posts if they showed any sympathy with the efforts of the so-called Nationalists. And even in their own camp there were many who fought shy of openly taking illegal steps.

There was a hail of dismissals from Constantinople. All the military commanders or administrative officials who were suspected of supporting the Nationalist party were deprived

of their posts. This caused considerable confusion in many places; but despite that the army was kept well in hand; the Nationalist organisations had in many cases grown so strong that they were able to defend themselves against unpopular persons sent from Constantinople; most of them had to go back to the capital again. Mustapha Kemal gave instructions to all Corps Commanders that in the event of a dismissal they were still to carry on, after giving intimation that the newly appointed officer did not possess the confidence either of the army or of the inhabitants. For weeks in succession he was employed in encouraging the pusillanimous and thwarting the counter-measures of the Government.

Finally, on the 23rd of July, 1919, a handful of men gathered in a small building like a country school-house, situated in a remote quarter of Erzerum. They were the Deputies from the Eastern Provinces, and they formed a very mixed company—former Members of Parliament, officials, *hodjas*, Sheikhs of religious Orders, Kurdish tribal chieftains, and Lazis with broad scimitars. The “Congress” was opened. It was the first step on the road towards a new Turkey.

On the same day the Grand Vizier issued the following proclamation, which was handed to the newspaper agencies of the whole world: “Disturbances have occurred in Anatolia. In contravention of the Constitution assemblies have been held under the name of parliamentary sessions. It is the bounden duty of all military and civil authorities to put a complete stop to such designs.”

Erzerum replied to the Grand Vizier, telling him to summon a Parliament, and then assemblies such as these would not be required. As a matter of fact, the Government found themselves in an unconstitutional position. In violation of the Constitution, the Chamber had been dissolved without any provision being made for a new election.

The Congress of Erzerum lasted fourteen days, and its

deliberations did not by any means proceed smoothly. Some of the delegates were secret supporters of the Constantinople Government, and, at the very start, the question was raised whether General Mustapha Kemal had any right at all to take part in the proceedings, since he was not an elected deputy for any of the Eastern Provinces. The majority paid no attention to this tactless blunder, and elected Mustapha Kemal as their president.

Paris once more came to the aid of his design. Shortly before this the Peace that had been imposed on Germany at Versailles became known throughout the country, and Turkey was able to deduce from that settlement a fairly accurate forecast of the fate that was awaiting her.

In the second place the Turkish Delegation that had been invited with such friendly zeal to appear before the Peace Conference, had ended in a complete fiasco. Grand Vizier Damad Ferid Pasha had not been particularly fortunate in his rôle of counsel for the defence of his country.

In his speech at the Conference he first of all put the blame for the crime of entering the war on the shoulders of Enver and his confederates. These villainous men of the Committee, he said, had led the people astray, and dragged them into the war against their will. The present government could not be held responsible for their actions.

The words "blame" and "crime" sounded pleasantly in the ears of the Peace arbiters, who attached so great importance to morality. Damad Ferid, however, continuing his speech, and invoking the universal sense of justice, Wilson's fourteen points and the sacred principle of national self-determination, demanded for the Ottoman Empire, not only the old frontier of 1914, but extensions in various directions where there were Turkish populations. He promised that the Arabian provinces would be granted autonomous government, and gave a general assurance that Turkey would henceforward prove herself

worthy of the highest European cultural standards.

But that was going too far, and showing a slight misunderstanding of the situation. It gave the aged Clemenceau, who spoke in reply, a delightful opportunity. After he had, with cutting sarcasm, rectified the relation between conqueror and conquered, he let the representatives of the Ottoman Empire hear a few more, caustic home-truths. The Turks, he said in effect, had been from time immemorial a barbarous people; wherever they had set their foot the decline and destruction of culture had followed. It had been a very great and certainly a very pleasant surprise for the Supreme Conference to hear from the lips of the Grand Vizier that in the future his fellow-countrymen were intending to devote themselves to the tasks of civilisation. If they were in earnest about this improvement, then the Turks might rest assured that they would receive from Europe all the assistance possible.

After this refusal, which was also handed to the Turks in a written document, they were requested in the most courteous fashion to leave Paris at the earliest possible moment.

This really superfluous affront now roused effectively Turkish national susceptibilities. The echo of this reply reached far-distant Erzerum. Nothing could have been more welcome to Mustapha Kemal.

Thus he also succeeded in leading the movement in the desired direction. One of the resolutions adopted at Erzerum ran as follows: "The nation is an indivisible unity. With one accord the entire East will resist the occupation and the interference of the foreigner. If the Constantinople Government refuse to do this, then a provisional government will undertake the administration of affairs." This resolution was the basis of the "National Pact," that was afterwards to become so famous —the Magna Charta of New Turkey.

That first draft was carefully made, with its fundamental tendencies masked, and its wording purposely ambiguous. The

principle of national defence was applied to the Greeks and Armenians alone, and had therefore, at that time, no reference to the Allied Powers. Allegiance to the Sultan and Caliph was expressly emphasised, and the usual address of loyal devotion was sent to him.

A Council with full powers, under the name of a "Representative Committee," was appointed to carry out the resolutions of the Conference, and it received a very comprehensive list of "regulations" for its guidance. Mustapha Kemal utilised any of these that seemed serviceable to him; the rest he ignored. He was elected Chairman of the Committee. Most of the other eight members slipped quietly aside; such an office was too dangerous for them. Rauf Bey and Bekir Sami Bey alone remained constantly with him; the latter had been Governor (Vali) of Beirut, and afterwards took an important part in affairs.

The findings of this first, sectional Congress were made known to the nation in a Manifesto. Even the representatives of the Entente received a copy of it. Great care was taken to make it plain to the whole world that this new Committee did not have the slightest connection with the Young Turk Committee of "Union and Progress," or with any similar organisation. The Unionists who were working eagerly for a return to power, soon saw that there was no place for them in this movement.

The resolutions of Erzerum were essentially valid only for the Eastern Provinces. Their application had now to be extended to the entire country, and the delegated authority entrusted to the nation as a whole. But, at the same time, another step forward could be taken, and the National Pact, sketched at first in general terms, could receive a more definite wording and a more far-reaching significance. And that was the purpose that the general Congress of Sivas was meant to serve.

Vahdeddin, Sultan Mohammed VI, did not allow himself to be deceived by the loyal address of his faithful Turks, at least so far as the rebel general was concerned. The ruler had not the slightest doubt that he was aiming at the suppression of the monarchy. Besides, he himself, his government, and many of the best-known men were of the opinion that every act of resistance against the victors would only aggravate the situation, and make the terms of the Peace more severe.

It was necessary that the Sultan, both in the interests of his throne and for the welfare of the country, as he conceived it, should make a speedy and complete end of the General and his supporters.

In the summer of 1919 it might have still been possible to extinguish the flame by energetic action. The Sultan, quite rightly, wished to adopt wholesale measures. His idea was to raise two divisions of loyal troops, and dispatch them to Anatolia. But the High Commissioners would not allow him to do this. The arming of fresh troops instead of demobilising them was contrary to the terms of the Armistice. Besides, they had been instructed by their governments that, while they were to protect the Sultan, they should abstain from all interference with the domestic concerns of Turkey, and try to keep on good terms with all the parties in the country.

In vain the Sultan besought and demanded that he should be given a free hand. He then attempted to force the hands of the Allied Powers by sending free-lances to Anatolia to incite disturbances and especially outrages on the Christian population, giving these the appearance of having been caused by the Kemalists. This attempt, however, was to a large extent unsuccessful, as Mustapha Kemal very quickly raised bands to oppose the Sultan's emissaries; but the result, nevertheless, was to increase the sense of insecurity and give rise to a system of brigandage.

Thereupon the Allies strengthened their garrisons in the

interior of the country, especially along the railway line, to prevent this disorderliness from making any headway. In order that there might be no pretext for intervention, Mustapha Kemal issued strict orders that collisions with the foreign troops in occupation should be avoided, despite the fact that English and Turkish soldiers were often in close juxtaposition.

The Sultan and his government thought that the meeting of the Congress in Sivas would give them an excellent opportunity for putting an end to the movement by a sudden attack. In the first place the order was given to all the authorities in Anatolia to arrest General Mustapha Kemal, wherever he was to be found, and then convey him to the capital. An attempt was made to seize the General when he was on his way from Erzerum to Sivas, but it was unsuccessful. Being warned of it in time he moved more quickly than was expected, and before the requisite number of gendarmes could be collected, he was a long distance from the spot where they had meant to capture him.

But Vahdeddin had not placed too much trust in this order of arrest, and, in addition, had already taken more comprehensive measures. Ali Galib Bey, formerly Chief of the General Staff and a loyal supporter of the Sultan, had been appointed Governor of the Province of El Aziz and its capital Malatia, which were inhabited principally by Kurds. He was to invade the town of Sivas with a levy of Kurdish tribes, and seize the entire assembly gathered there.

Meanwhile the Delegates from the whole of Anatolia had reached Sivas by secret ways and under the greatest of difficulties. As the Eastern district was not represented the Executive Committee, on their own authority, appointed themselves deputies for the Eastern provinces.

The Congress met on the 4th of September, 1919. Objection had already been taken to the autocratic action of the leader in taking part in the Congress. The outstanding position that he

seemed automatically to assume roused suspicion. Efforts accordingly were made to put the conduct of the business, not merely nominally, but *de facto* in the hands of a Committee whose chairmanship could be altered from time to time. But Mustapha Kemal decidedly vetoed this proposal. "History proves irrefutably," he declared, "that in all great enterprises the presence of a single leader is a *sine qua non* of success. A multiplicity of leaders will never lead to a happy issue." This politician and soldier could not, in the twentieth century, dispense with the democratic form of government, but he handled the instrument of the majority vote in such a masterly fashion that it became a sounding-board to give resonance to the expression of his own desires.

Shortly before the beginning of the first sitting of the Assembly Rauf Bey approached him, and said: "We have come to the conclusion that you ought on no account to accept the chairmanship."

At the meeting itself Mustapha Kemal put the motion on this question to a secret vote; and by an overwhelming majority he was elected Chairman of the Congress. Then followed the customary loyal Address to the Sultan.

The question of an American Protectorate, which came up for discussion at the Congress, was much more difficult to deal with than the personal opposition to his chairmanship. There was a general feeling that the suzerainty of the United States, a country with no imperialistic designs, was the sole remaining way out of all their difficulties, and the only possible escape from the threatened dismemberment. His closest associates, Rauf Bey and Bekir Sami Bey, and also three of the most important Pashas, Kiazim Karabekir, Ali Fuad and Refet, were the very men who were in favour of such a mandate. These experienced soldiers considered it quite out of the question to take action against the victorious Powers, or even to offer them any kind of opposition.

The debates on the question lasted for days. "Turkey," it was said, "cannot continue to exist without outside assistance. Our State Revenue is hardly sufficient even to meet the payment of the interest on our debts." "In the twentieth century it is impossible for a nation, with a debt of £50,000,000, with its possessions devastated, a soil that is scantily productive and sources of revenue scarcely worth mentioning, to live without the support of foreign nations." "A mandate does not exclude independence." "We avoid in this way the Protectorate of England, that reduces communities to slavery." "What else can we do without money, without an army, and with our decimated population?"

The suggestion had so much in its favour, the easier expedient was so attractive, and, at the same time, so reasonable, that the motion, eagerly supported by a large majority, was all but carried. In that event the movement, with its aim of independence, as Mustapha Kemal had conceived it, would have been completely unhinged. But the General was as good a strategist as he was a parliamentarian; and he succeeded, by means of one of those compromises he liked so well, in pushing the question of the mandate into a side-track. It was resolved that the American Government should be asked to send a commission to enquire into the conditions of the country.

The problem afterwards found an easy solution. The Senate in Washington did not share Wilson's idealism, and would have nothing to do with a mandate over Turkey.

While the Congress indulged in these really unnecessary debates, disquieting news arrived from Malatia. Ali Galib, the Governor, who was loyal to the Government, had been busily at work there. The Kurds, a daring and warlike race, were to be incited to rise against the rebellious Nationalists. Their tribal chieftains, who were arrogant lords, more or less like anachronistic robber barons, were won over by promises that the Padishah would grant them all the privileges of freedom

if they came to his help at this juncture. An English officer, a certain Major Novill, was then in Malatia. It is not quite clear how far he was involved in Ali Galib's enterprise, or whether he took any part in it at all. His official duty in visiting those regions was to ascertain the relative proportions of the Turkish, Kurdish and Armenian populations.

Ali Galib succeeded in inducing several Kurdish tribes to make a raid on Sivas, and he began to concentrate these tribes in Malatia. Some of the gendarmerie were also loyal to the Sultan, and they might serve as a support to the rather wild and untrustworthy horsemen. Only things moved very much more slowly than had been hoped, and powerful forces were required.

Mustapha Kemal wanted to attack at once. But the Nationalist troops stationed in Malatia were intimidated, and began to waver. The commander of the Cavalry Regiment wired to Sivas that he was too weak to offer any opposition to Ali Galib. Reinforcements had therefore to be ordered to proceed from remote districts to Malatia as rapidly as possible.

It was high time to bring the discussions at Sivas to an end, and to hurry through the desired motions. This was done now without any difficulty. The Erzerum resolutions that had hitherto applied only to the Eastern Provinces were made valid for the whole country. The "National Pact" received a more concise and definite wording. But it now contained—and this was an important point—an unambiguously hostile reference to the Entente Powers. In the earlier draft the Greek and Armenian settlements alone were opposed, but now resolute resistance was declared against every kind of foreign occupation and interference. The territory that was to be defended against foreign usurpation was also clearly defined; all the land north of a line from Mosul to Alexandretta, on the Syrian Gulf, was declared to belong wholly to Turkey. The powers of the Executive Committee were correspondingly enlarged; it now bore the rather unwieldy name of the "Representative Com-

mittee for the Defence of Anatolia and Roumelia." By Roumelia was meant their European possession, the Province of Thrace. The Army Corps stationed there was under the command of Djafar Tayar Pasha, who kept himself in constant communication through Constantinople with the Nationalists in Anatolia.

In the interval the episode of Ali Galib had come to an end. An infantry regiment mounted on mules had succeeded in reaching Malatia in good time to occupy the town, and drive the Kurds back to their mountain fastnesses. At the last moment Ali Galib managed to escape southwards to Urfa, in the territory occupied by the Allies. The English major was conveyed to the frontier, with humane treatment, but under strict supervision.

This frustrated enterprise, however, had far-reaching results. Ali Galib, in the hurry of his departure, had forgotten to take his correspondence with him. The letters he had received from the Constantinople Government were found in Malatia—an invaluable acquisition for the Nationalists.

Mustapha Kemal, in his great speech to the Parliament in 1927,* gives an interesting account of the way in which this find was utilised. "The documents that were found left no doubt that the surprise attack on Sivas had been secretly arranged by the Padishah, the Cabinet of Damad Ferid and the foreigners. Nor could there be any dubiety as to the attitude to be adopted towards the instigators of this treasonable deed. Meanwhile it was made clear that we had to avoid as far as possible a general engagement. Our action, manifestly, had to be concentrated on *one* single point, and we had to be careful not to allow our forces to be scattered.

"We therefore selected the Cabinet of Damad Ferid Pasha as our only target, and acted as if we were unaware that the

* A German translation was published by K. F. Kohler, Leipzig, 1928. Two volumes:—"Der Weg zur Freiheit," and "Die nationale Revolution."

Padishah was implicated in the matter. Our thesis was—the Cabinet of Damad Ferid has misled the Sultan, and kept him in ignorance of the real state of things.

“We pretended to be convinced that the sovereign, as soon as he realised the actual situation, would inflict punishment on those who had deceived him.”

It is quite evident that the tables have now been turned. The rebel accuses the regular Government of betraying the country. The suspicious presence of an English officer in Malatia gave a justifiable occasion for this indictment, although the letters that were found give no definite proof that he had any part in the affair.

The shielding of the Sultan was a clever move. Without this no self-respecting soldier would have joined the movement. Besides, the statement so readily made at the beginning of every revolution, that false counsellors had raised a barrier between ruler and people, inflamed every loyal heart.

In pursuance of the tactics that had been adopted, a concentrated fire was now opened against the Government. The Congress and all the Corps Commanders sent telegrams in practically identical terms direct to the Padishah, “the exalted Ruler and glorious Caliph,” culminating in the demand for the immediate dismissal of the Cabinet of Damad Ferid, and the indictment of the traitors.

But Damad Ferid was on his guard. The director of the central telegraph offices refused to transmit to the palace the telegrams directed to the Sultan. After urgent demands had been made again and again, the reply came that His Highness (*i.e.*, the Grand Vizier) had intimated that communications to the sovereign could only reach the latter by the prescribed path—namely, through the Cabinet.

Thereupon the whole affair took place in a single night—the Grand Vizier, Damad Ferid, was presented with an ultimatum: if he did not allow free communication with the palace within

an hour, all connection with the Central Government would be broken off.

The military commandants were asked to remain the whole night through at their telegraph station. Very soon they all received similar instructions from Sivas, so that the chorus of voices from Anatolia was always in harmony.

On the morning of the 12th September, 1919, when the appointed hour had expired and no answer had come, all connections and communications with Constantinople were cut off. The telegraph clerks in Anatolia were kept constantly busy, as all dispatches and other messages from Constantinople were allowed neither to be received nor forwarded. The lines which were insecurely held were cut. Since some of the civil authorities were unwilling to co-operate, the refractory officials were arrested, and replaced by others who were more reliable. Then the business was finished; the capital was cut off from the country.

By cleverly making use of the weaknesses of the Central Government, Mustapha Kemal had manoeuvred his supporters into a position from which it was almost impossible for them to withdraw. They were driven into a revolution without actually desiring it.

Nevertheless, many were perplexed by the new organisation which the situation demanded, as they gradually began to realise where they were being led against their wish and will. Constantinople was eliminated; but the country could not be left without leadership. Accordingly the announcement was made from Sivas that, until further notice, the Representative Committee would carry on the government. But the Committee was, in reality, Mustapha Kemal himself. Rauf Bey, who might have been a counterpoise to him, was for the most part occupied with other affairs; the others took no part. He seemed to be almost a dictator. The unfortunate example of Enver was always kept in mind. Was this General intending

to pursue the same course, and was the country to be dragged again into foolhardy adventures, simply to bring glory and power to a single individual?

People might well desire a change of government, but it was going too far to thrust the Sultan aside, and take over the power themselves. In all quarters doubts were expressed, and Sivas was deluged with protests. It was asserted that the principal resolutions of the Congress had been autocratically overstepped, and that the Executive Committee had no right to call itself the Government. What would happen if the Entente Powers took possession of the whole of Anatolia? Where would the money be found to pay for an army and for officials? The objections were expressed in formal language, but they were aimed at one person alone. Honest Kiazim Karabekir Pasha, in Erzerum, indicated under a veiled form the chief misgiving that filled the minds of all. "Pasha," he wrote to Mustapha Kemal, "the communications and circulars sent from Sivas, are drawn up, sometimes in the name of the Committee, at other times in your own name. The latter is the case especially with reference to holding correspondence with Constantinople. Believe me, the communications signed in your own name are causing loyal and frank criticism even among those who love and respect you most. You will yourself be able to estimate the consequences and the reactions that will inevitably result from following this course. I ask you, therefore, to intimate the decisions of the Representative Committee and the Congress, signed always in the name of the Committee alone. In any case, it is in the interests of the nation that Your Excellency should not be personally prominent."

This slight concession in the matter of the signature could easily be made, but the fact was not altered that the Executive Committee was in command, and wielded all the power in the land. Still, the leader recognised that the tempo would have to be slowed down a little, without his deviating necessarily

from the aim he had in view. In the meantime he required the stage-property of a legal government in order to keep hold of the generals; for without them he would have no army, and would become a rebel without any power behind him. In order, therefore, to quiet their monarchical consciences, and prevent any suspicion, it was necessary that he should come to an understanding with the capital as soon as possible. He could, however, quietly wait and see what proposals the other side had to make.

Constantinople was in serious embarrassment. It was like a head without a body. It had a sultan, but no country; a government, but could not govern. The machine of State ran on, but it produced nothing.

The Sultan looked about him in vain for help. There was nothing to be expected from the army, it was already infected with Nationalism. As for the Powers in occupation, were they blind to the evident danger? The High Commissioners shrugged their shoulders. This was no business of theirs; it concerned the domestic affairs of Turkey; let him keep order himself in his own land!

Damad Ferid Pasha had the bitter experience of finding his English friends leaving him in the lurch. They showed no further interest in a Cabinet that, to all appearances, could no longer be of use to them; while the French were, in any case, not unwilling to see a change of government, the predominant influence of their English Allies having long been a thorn in their side.

Vahdeddin thus found himself compelled to parley with the Macedonian mutineers. Perhaps quiet persuasion might be of some use.

Abdul Kerim Pasha, an intimate associate of Mustapha Kemal from Salonica days, was chosen as intermediary. This Abdul Kerim, a soldier by profession, was also Grand Master of a kind of Islamic Theosophical Order, and was styled

“Exalted Excellency,” while he gave his friend Mustapha Kemal the title of “Kutb-ul-Aktab”—“the pole of the poles.”

The Nationalist Headquarters in Sivas had been kept in direct telegraphic communication with Constantinople, and on this line, nearly 600 miles long, an exchange of despatches between Abdul Kerim and Mustapha Kemal lasted throughout the night for eight hours. Abdul Kerim employed a pious mode of speech largely interlarded with texts from the Koran. The “pole of the poles” at the other end of the line adapted his own diction to the special note of this style. Thus the answer from Sivas ran: “Doubtless, Your Worship, the hand of Allah is over all; but it is none the less true, O my soul, that one should not depend unconditionally on the gracious, divine inspiration, but must find ways and means to solve difficulties for oneself.”

In spite of all the invocations of Allah, Mustapha Kemal was not to be moved to make any compliance. He insisted on two indispensable conditions—the dismissal of Damad Ferid, and the election of a new Parliament.

Three days after, on the 2nd of October, 1919, Damad Ferid resigned, and Ali Riza Pasha, an aged general, neutral in his political views, became Grand Vizier in his stead. The new Cabinet was a compromise; its function was to reconcile both parties and form a bridge between the capital and the country. The Minister of the Interior belonged to the Court faction, while the Minister of War, Djemal Pasha (surnamed Mersinnli, to distinguish him from the Djemal Pasha of the vanished Triumvirate), was the confidant of the Representative Committee.

The Sultan, in order to retain his throne, had to yield to the rebel General. The Nationalists, treated shortly before as insurgents and traitors, had brought about the downfall of the Government—an extraordinary triumph for them. The new

Cabinet did not entirely meet the wishes of the Sivas Congress, but Mustapha Kemal was shrewd enough to be satisfied with his success on the major issues, and did not insist on the judicial investigation and the indictment of the former ministers.

He announced to the country in an impressive Manifesto that the Executive Committee of the Nationalists recognised the new Government of Ali Riza, and would support it in every possible way. In an Address to the Sultan of the same date, he thanked the Sovereign in the "name of the nation" for having deigned to decree the dismissal of Damad Ferid's Cabinet. This expression of thanks must have been a bitter pill for Vahdeddin; he alone—the Sultan-Caliph—had the right to speak in the name of the nation.

Communication with Constantinople was resumed. The Committee in Sivas agreed to abstain from any further attacks on the administration, and, so far as external appearances went, peace between the capital and the country had been re-established. Many of the generals who, in their hearts, disapproved the unconstitutional situation, breathed a sigh of relief.

But in one respect the wishes of Constantinople, and indeed of some of the Nationalist leaders themselves, had not been met. The Representative Committee in Sivas, although they had recognised the new Cabinet, and had apparently subordinated themselves to it, had not dissolved, but went on working even more vigorously, retaining the leadership in Anatolia and becoming a State within the State—a second Government.

Since Mustapha Kemal's ultimate aim was the founding of a republic, it immediately becomes clear that he could never allow the National Movement—as it may be called—to slip from his grasp. Making all kinds of pretexts, he managed to postpone the dissolution of a committee which, in the opinion of many, had now become superfluous. Even men who were in

sympathy with the Nationalists, such as the popular Field-Marshal Izzet Pasha, lifted warning voices, demanding that an end should be made of the unfortunate schism.

In answer to all such demands, Mustapha Kemal said that the new Cabinet would have to give evidence by its deeds that it deserved the confidence they placed in it. For the moment the chief concern was to secure a strong Nationalist majority in the forthcoming election, for which writs had been issued at the demand of the Sivas Committee. With the assistance of the rigorously disciplined organisations throughout the country, the voters could be led by gentle pressure in the required direction.

This dual Government necessarily led in a very short time to friction and discord. Constantinople found its arrangements constantly thwarted; orders were not obeyed; loyal officials appointed to important posts, were not able to take up their duties; while the Central Government had no power at all over the army.

In the capital itself the Anatolian Movement gained more and more ground. Stamboul began to waken from its dull lethargy; the forces stirring in the country found a response even in the spirits of the despondent; hopelessness gave place to renewed confidence, and, at the same time, the bitter feeling against the foreigner grew in strength. The occupying Powers completed what they had begun by the Greek invasion of Smyrna. They succeeded in completely alienating the sympathy that had been formerly accorded them in many Turkish circles. Indeed, by their arbitrariness, their ineptitude, and their high-handed action as conquerors, they had made themselves thoroughly detested by the man in the street. Through daily intercourse the English and the French had become better known, and this had not been exactly to their advantage. It has even to be said that many sighed for the return of the Germans. They had certainly not made themselves popular;

but they had always treated the Turks with respect and consideration, and not like some tribe of wild Hottentots.

The Central Government had to take into consideration the temper of the country. Sivas had proved to be the stronger power; it seemed more prudent, therefore, to come to terms with the Representative Committee, and act in concert, instead of working against each other.

In order to draw up a united programme, Salih Pasha, the Minister for Naval Affairs in Ali Riza's Cabinet, who was favourably inclined to the Nationalists, was dispatched to Anatolia. At the Conference of Amasia on the 18th of October, 1919, after several days' deliberations, a definite *rapprochement* was arrived at between the Government and the Executive Committee. The first proposition accepted by both parties was the recognition of the inviolability of the Sultanate and Caliphate. But the most important fact was that the resolutions of the Congresses of Erzerum and Sivas, with their two fundamental principles of independence, and opposition to all surrender of territory within the specified boundaries, were now also accepted by the Constantinople Government.

The ticklish question of the dissolution of the Representative Committee—*i.e.*, of a rival Government—was left in abeyance. Nothing decisive was to be done with regard to this until after the meeting of the new Parliament. But there was the reservation—and here was the loophole—that this Parliament should have perfect security and freedom in its deliberations.

As the capital was in foreign occupation, Mustapha Kemal desired that some place in the interior of the country should be chosen for the meeting of the newly elected Parliament. But not only was the Government opposed to this, but some of his own associates refused to support him in this proposal. They did not wish to exclude Constantinople, and no doubt they were also afraid that the General would take the whole legislative authority into his own hands. On this single point he had

to yield; but even that, as we shall see, was fortunate for him.

Now that the *de jure* administration was moving on the lines of the Anatolian programme, with the Sultan also ostensibly co-operating, a second and more important task could be undertaken, while the elections were proceeding. As the world is at present constituted it is difficult to lay hands on anything in a peaceful fashion. The proud words of the National programme would perforce remain mere empty sound if there were no real power behind them. Independence would not come of its own accord, and the actual occupiers of the country could no longer be persuaded by kind words to give up their hold. The leader, at least—and apparently he stood alone—was convinced from the start that there was very little chance of avoiding war-like operations, although he was by no means anxious to wear the laurels of a military conqueror. There can be no doubt that, had it been possible, he would have preferred to reach his goal by peaceful means; but there was little hope of that. Accordingly he began to create a new and serviceable military force out of the remnants of the army. Regiments were freshly recruited, and not demobilised, as the Armistice had stipulated; officers were not dismissed, but those who had been discharged were re-appointed; munitions of war were collected, put in order and re-distributed, instead of being handed over to the victors. In addition to the regular troops volunteer regiments were raised. All over the country, and even in the capital itself, recruiting offices were opened. It was astonishing that, despite the protracted wars and the sacrifices that had been exacted, so many were willing to offer themselves for enlistment; but it was perhaps still more astonishing that this was done under the very eyes of the Powers in occupation.

Since Damad Ferid's Cabinet had been overthrown by Sivas the High Commissioners soon saw that there had arisen in Anatolia a new power, or, as they called it, a new party, with which they would have to reckon. Now that the Nationalists

had become the predominant factor in Turkish politics, and the new Government had come to terms with them, the lords in possession were desirous of meeting them in a friendly spirit. They would be useful when the Peace terms came to be finally decided; and, besides, each of the Allies was eager to win their favour with a view to influencing the future course of events in Turkey.

During that period representatives of the Allied Powers frequently appeared in Sivas with the object of getting into touch with the coming man, who might possibly become Grand Vizier next day. They received the impression of a powerful individuality from this General who knew exactly what he wanted, and expressed himself in short, concise sentences, giving a direct "yes" or "no," without the circumlocution or prevarication that one usually expects from an Oriental. He never refused to discuss a question, but he never altered his fundamental demands. "You can have the whole of Arabia and Syria," he declared, "but keep your hands off Turkey. We are only claiming a right that every nation ought to possess—a free community within our own national boundaries, not an inch more, but not an inch less." Were these words for a vanquished foe to use? There could be no dealings with a man like that—he was a visionary!

The victors noticed the change of mood that was taking place in the capital. They saw, too, that it was not merely a question of the formation of a new party on the hunt for power; the movement was a general one, and had already affected the whole nation. The question was now, whether they would be able to master it.

Meantime the Big Four of Paris sat in their exalted Valhalla and thundered their commands to the world. But so far as the East was concerned, these were empty noises without any lightning. They had no power to give effect to their imperialistic

propensities. Their own nations were longing for peace. French sailors had mutinied in the Black Sea; Italian troops had refused to fight in Albania, and crowds of British soldiers had protested in front of Whitehall against the delay in demobilising the army. In the Orient, where news passes swiftly from lip to lip, all this was known to the last detail.

But in other respects also the situation in the East was the reverse of promising. The Bolsheviks in Russia, despite every effort to suppress them, had proved intractable. Not long before this the White Army, under General Denikin, that had been equipped at such great expense, and dispatched with still greater hopes, had been unmercifully beaten. The sway of the Soviet was becoming more and more firmly established, and was being extended. England had been compelled to give back Trans-Caucasia with its rich petroleum wells. The tide of Bolshevism seemed to have overflowed into Persia, which England imagined she held already in her grasp, and in that country there were the early symptoms of a rising. Still further in the direction of India, a regular campaign had been begun in Afghanistan against the new King Amanullah, who wished to throw off the English Protectorate altogether. The Russian Soviets had declared themselves *urbi et orbi* as the protectors of Islam against the capitalist Imperialism of Western Europe. It was rumoured in Constantinople that the Nationalist leader, Mustapha Kemal, had begun negotiations with Moscow, since he saw that the Entente Powers were unwilling to grant him any of his demands on peaceful terms. Besides, his vigorous preparations for war were by no means hidden.

The High Commissioners in Constantinople had repeatedly warned their Governments, and drawn their attention to the danger that was impending. The capital, like the centre of a great spider's web, felt the slightest movement in the threads of a net that covered the whole land.

But the rulers of the world knew the country better than

those who were living in it. They still believed that they were dealing with the relics of the ruined Ottoman Empire, and had no conception of the fresh, living power that was stirring in the land. What was this Kemalist Movement? It was an affair that merely concerned the domestic policy of Turkey, at the most, perhaps, a new edition of the Young Turk upheaval. Internal revolutions of that kind had occurred in all the conquered countries. Despite all their turbulence and wrathful ebullitions, the vanquished nations had succumbed in the end. What else could they do? The banditti warfare against the Greeks in Smyrna did not amount to anything; another affair of the same kind had taken place in Upper Silesia. There was no sign otherwise of any actual strength. The Turkish Army was practically non-existent, its remnants widely scattered in a country that had neither roads nor railways. The idea that this General could do anything against the three Allied Great Powers in the flush of victory was simply absurd. The High Commissioners in Stamboul were apparently coming under the spell of Oriental phantasy, and were seeing ghosts.

No clear understanding had been reached about the Peace, or, in more accurate terms, about the division of the spoil. It might be some considerable time yet before this could be accomplished; but so far as external appearances counted, no doubts could be entertained that the victors presented an unbroken front to the world.

On the 8th of November, 1919, Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister, in a great speech at the Guildhall, solemnly announced to the whole world that the Allies were entirely at one with regard to the main terms of the Peace that was to be imposed on the Ottoman Empire. They were agreed that the obnoxious Turkish rule should be ended in territories populated by Greeks, Armenians and Arabs, that the harbours on the Black Sea and on the *Ægean* were to be open to all nations, and that the control of the harbours and the Straits should no longer

be entrusted to a Power that had dared to close these at the behest of Prussian militarism.

The Turks, who are as good judges of human nature as they are diplomats, were not intimidated by this thunder. An elderly dignitary, on being asked his opinion, declared to a representative of the Allies: "The Powers lay too great emphasis on their unity for us really to believe in it."

Unanimity certainly existed to the extent that England and France had come to an agreement with regard to the allotment of the Mandates in the East. France was left in possession of Arabian Syria and Turkish Cilicia, while England received in return for these the whole remaining part of Arabia, including the petroleum region of Mosul.

As a result of this agreement the English evacuated the parts of Cilicia they had hitherto occupied, and French troops took their place. As England was no longer interested in the rest of Turkey (with the exception of Constantinople and the Straits), she began to withdraw her forces from Anatolia, merely leaving a few Control Officers to keep watch on the railway.

The French troops were scarcely sufficient to occupy effectively so extensive a terrain. They fell back on the Armenians for assistance, and formed an Armenian Legion. The Armenians who had been driven out of Syria streamed back in thousands, and took possession again of their goods and houses that for years had been in the hands of the Turks. At once resistance began to flare up all over Cilicia, which had hitherto been quiet under the English occupation.

Mustapha Kemal issued a proclamation couched in threatening terms against the Powers. The new occupation, he said, was of a final character, and contradicted the stipulations of the Armistice. The Allies would have themselves to blame for the consequences.

He saw where France was weak, and did not hesitate to

deliver his first blow. Regular troops advanced into Cilicia, and with the support of the inhabitants began to attack the French garrisons. It was no longer, as at Smyrna, an affair of banditti, it was regular war.

Paris was thunder-struck. This insane general, then, had dared openly to confront a Great Power? And he was doing this immediately after the Allies had proclaimed their unshaken unity! The man and his country would now have to pay dearly for this!

CHAPTER X

THE CITY IN THE STEPPE

NEAR the town of Eskishehr the road eastwards to the interior of Anatolia strikes off from the great railway line that runs through Western Asia Minor from north to south. Here we lose sight of the bright, stirring scenery of the Mediterranean belt, with its pines and cypresses, its villages embosomed in luxuriant verdure, and its white, flat-roofed houses, entwined with gloxinias and vines. Wave upon wave of a boundless sea of bleak hill-land stretches out towards the horizon. From the monotonous, billowy surface volcanic rocks occasionally shoot up, steep and jagged, into the cloudless blue, towering like dark icebergs on a spacious sea. The reddish brown soil is barren and crumbling, with thin, tough grass or lank thorn-bushes growing among the boulders and rocks. Lofty dust columns, driven by the wind, sweep across the ground; and often when one of those frequent storms is raging, the whole heaven is darkened with reddish sand. Scattered on the slopes are clusters of sheep, or herds of small, graceful goats, with their snow-white, silky fleece, guarded by great, tawny Anatolian dogs, armed with spiked collars to protect them against the fangs of the wolves. Only the deeper valleys have drowsy rivulets flowing through them; along their banks are a few acacias, and a little grass can be seen, with a patch of rye here and there. Scarcely rising above the ground is a tiny settlement of brown mud houses, flat and rectangular, like cigar-boxes that have been hastily flung down.

At last the perpetual monotony of the bare, rocky tract is broken by a loftier mountain-rise. The marshy bed of a river

spreads out from its steep slopes. This is the Sakaria, the site of the latest, decisive conflict between East and West. Two long days' march further on lies the city of this steppe of Inner Anatolia—Angora—nestling on twin mountain-tops, rising precipitously from the plain.

Living there is hard and bare. The summer heat is sweltering, the winters are icy cold; snow- or dust-storms rage almost the whole year round. The broad, swampy plain before the walls is a hotbed for noxious miasmas, and malaria and dysentery are constant guests. The inhabitants are poor, and their wages are small. The houses which are built of rickety framework are placed askew on the hill-side; none of their windows are rightly fitted, and none of their doors shut properly. The best quarter, containing several stone buildings, where the industrious Armenians used to live, was destroyed by fire. Consequently the heart of the town is a mass of ruins. All over, too, the relics of a great past are in evidence. Nations and civilisations, in their passage, have left traces behind them—Hittites, Galatians, Byzantines, Romans, Seljuks. The twin hills are divided by a deep, precipitous ravine; and on the summit of the higher peak the mighty walls of the ancient Seljuk stronghold still stand. This was the last residence of the Mongol conqueror, Timur the Lame, after he had defeated the Turkish Sultan, Bayezid, before the walls of Angora, and annihilated his army. It was only the early death of Timur that saved the youthful Ottoman Empire at that time from destruction.

Existence moves on dreamily here with true Oriental serenity. Turkish officials with very little to do sit in booths erected in front of the cafés, sucking contentedly at their gently bubbling hookahs. The scanty traffic of a provincial town passes through the streets, which are really mud-tracks full of stones and holes, and are transformed by rain into ankle-deep morasses. Native women pass by, clad in wide breeches, adorned with many

patches, a broad, gaily-coloured shawl covers their head and shoulders and hips, with one of its corners drawn over their face, so that only their eyes are left uncovered. At the open booths of the merchants they buy the little that is required to keep them alive. A peasant cart drawn by oxen comes along—a primitive, two-wheeled vehicle, with its felloes made entirely of wood, and its axles ungreased. While it is still a good bit away the whole street is filled with its creaking and groaning as it moves heavily along. It rumbles past at a leisurely snail-pace, and the noise dies away again in the distance like some melancholy, monotonous melody. These "*kaghnis*" are the principal means of communication in the country, and present an impressive symbol of a rhythm of life in which time itself seems to stand still.

Thus it had been from generation to generation. The recent world-events reached this remote town in the steppe only in feeble waves; they caused no alteration in its perpetually uniform existence.

On a December afternoon in the year 1919 the bell of the deaf-mute could be heard as usual in the streets of Angora, announcing the sale for a few pence of the "*Adshans*"—a kind of daily newspaper, consisting of several printed sheets. Scarcely had the first-comers read the brief tidings the telegram had brought when they became visibly excited; others arrived, and groups were formed, discussing the news with lively gesticulations; in a trice the deaf-mute had got rid of his whole stock of papers. The word soon spread through the whole town—Mustapha Kemal, so to-day's *Adshans* said, had set out from Sivas, and would arrive in Angora on the following day. Everyone knew his name, and had heard of the "Pasha," as they briefly described him. He had become a legendary figure for these peasants; they believed that he was the saviour sent by Allah to succour the faithful in their hour of direst need.

The suburb of Chankaya lies about two miles to the east of

Angora, on a more elevated site, and is less easily attacked by fever. It is a villa-like settlement, inhabited by higher officials and a few of the wealthier townspeople. The road from Sivas passes through it. Both sides of the road were filled with a dense throng, waiting since early morning on the arrival of Mustapha Kemal. The whole town was on the move; the peasants had come from the outlying districts, and were standing ready with their shepherd pipes and drums. Even the dervishes from the adjacent cloister of Hadshi Beiram Veli had appeared in solemn procession, carrying the broad, green flag of the Prophet. The women, who were not, at that time, allowed to mix with the men, were squatted in densely packed rows on a little hillock some distance away, like large black birds.

At last, after long hours of patient waiting, a distant cloud of dust is seen approaching on the road. A motor-car comes rattling along. It is a war relic—a battered, asthmatic conveyance that threatens every moment to come to a dead-stop. The Pasha is sitting in it quite unceremoniously, very different from the personage they had imagined. He is wearing a simple sports suit; he has neither marks of distinction nor any weapons such as the independent peasantry of that region are accustomed to carry; he has only a plain, stout walking-stick, on which he is leaning. The only thing about him that reminds one of the Orient in his high *kalpak* of dark astrakhan. But the absence of decorations only makes the brown, weather-beaten countenance all the more impressive. There is in it something that is irresistibly fascinating; it radiates energy, and reveals a man who is resolved to make the last venture, the greatest sacrifice. At the same time it inspires confidence and courage, and rouses enthusiasm and devotion. "A man beloved by Allah," the peasants whisper, while exultant shouts and music and cheers ring out, accompanied by the shrill soprano of the women's cries of welcome.

Mustapha Kemal had removed his quarters to Angora as events shifted their centre of gravity further and further west. The town had a position at once central and secure, and it was a railway terminus, from which a single-line track led to the great North and South Anatolian Railway. He was thus nearer the Western and Southern Front, and in immediate connection with the capital—a fact which, for the moment, was of the greatest importance. For the next act of the drama would have to be played in Constantinople.

The new parliamentary election turned out as had been expected—the Nationalists went back with an overwhelming majority, while the Liberals—the party supporting Damad Ferid—were scarcely represented at all. Mustapha Kemal himself had been elected a member, but he carefully refrained from going to the capital. He held a preliminary meeting of the Nationalist group in Angora, giving them the necessary instructions, and asking them to elect him President of the Chamber in his absence. Rauf Bey was appointed leader of the party.

On the 11th of January, 1920, the last Ottoman Parliament was opened with a speech from the throne. It was a critical stage for Mustapha Kemal. He himself had urged the election of a Chamber of Deputies, and had recognised its constitutional and representative authority. The Representative Committee had lost its *raison d'être* as the central point of the Revolution, and at the most it could only be reckoned as a Parliamentary organisation. The Chamber was now the final Court of Appeal. If it repudiated his leadership, and went its own way, then there was a danger of the movement slipping from his grasp and being led in a direction opposed to his aims.

At first even the Anatolian Deputies seemed to succumb to the influence of Constantinople. The National group, who, with their large majority, could have led the House, did not act with the decisiveness the Pasha desired, despite his express injunctions. It was plain that they distrusted his autocratic

dictation. They disobeyed his instructions, and, at the instance of Rauf Bey, elected a mere figure-head as President, instead of himself.

The Chamber recognised the validity of the two principal resolutions of Erzerum and Sivas—*i.e.*, the so-called National Pact; but it did so in a merely formal motion that left ample room for debate and adjustment. On the whole, there was an inclination to form compacts and compromises; the leader's radicalism was not appreciated, and at heart everyone was relieved when the uncomfortable, revolutionary situation was brought to an end.

The Allied Powers informed the Turkish Government in an official note that Constantinople and the Straits were to be allowed to remain under the sovereignty of the Sultan. This action was taken more from the desire to find a way out of an embarrassing situation than from any consideration for the Turks; for none of the Powers were willing to allow any of the others to hold this strategic position.

But the Parliament saw in this a triumph for their Nationalist policy, and a favourable augury of better terms in the approaching Peace. There was therefore all the less desire to put the victors out of humour, and dissipate their good-will by any refractoriness.

They yielded at every possible point; without making any objection, they allowed Djemal Pasha, the Minister of War, and the principal supporter of the Kemalists, to be dismissed at the request of the High Commissioner, and they refrained, meanwhile, from removing Ali Riza Pasha, the moderate Grand Vizier, and putting a purely Nationalist Cabinet in his place, although Mustapha Kemal from his distant headquarters was urgently insisting on their doing so.

But in response to the unresting stimulus of Angora the Nationalist Movement continued to follow the lines that had been laid down for it, and in the end the pusillanimous Chamber

were swept along, more against than with their will. Mustapha Kemal wished to change the venue of the undisguised struggle for national representation, from the capital to the interior of the country, as his desire and intention had been from the start.

The equipment of troops and other military operations were carried on now to a greater extent than ever, and were openly supported by the officials in Constantinople. Men, weapons and money were dispatched to Anatolia. No notice was taken of the objections and warnings of the High Commissioners, and their orders were ignored. A whole dump of arms and ammunition had been collected on the peninsula of Gallipoli, and intended by the Allies for the use of Wrangel's Army, which was to be sent against the Bolsheviks. The Nationalist officers were impudent enough simply to walk off with this and convey it to Anatolia under the eyes of the High Commissioners, and in spite of close supervision.

Instead of the cessation of all military operations that had been categorically demanded by Paris and London, the guerrilla fighting at Smyrna still continued, and there was already open warfare in Cilicia. There the French suffered one reverse after the other. Their troops had to evacuate the town of Marash, while Urfa was surrounded and had to capitulate. The garrison were granted an honourable withdrawal, but were attacked as they were leaving the town, and were either killed or taken prisoner. The Eastern part of Cilicia had already been cleared of foreign troops.

After this success even the Constantinople Parliament plucked up courage. The Grand Vizier, Ali Riza Pasha, with his perpetual vacillations, was turned out of office, and his place was taken by Salih Pasha, a far more resolute man, who until then had been Minister for Naval Affairs. Gradually a keener Nationalist feeling got the upper hand.

The Allies recognised that things could not be allowed to go in this way any longer. Their authority was openly flouted, and

it was in danger of becoming altogether negligible unless energetic steps were taken at once.

The Prime Ministers in Conference in London determined to read the Turks a lesson, and teach them how to conduct themselves as vanquished foes. The punishment they intended to inflict had necessarily to be confined to the capital, for their actual powers ended with the range of their ships' guns. The result was a half-measure, a gesture, simply, that failed to give the impression of real force. Its effect was exactly the opposite of what had been intended, and it put into the hand of the intransigent general the very trump card that he required.

Signs of coming events became noticeable. On the 10th of March, 1920, Lord Curzon declared in the House of Lords that the Allies could no longer acquiesce in a state of affairs in which they were flouted at Constantinople, while persecution and massacre occurred elsewhere. The harbour of the Golden Horn was more and more thronged every day with the Allied battleships. The supervisory officers were withdrawn from Anatolia, and the garrisons that still remained in occupation received orders to march out as soon as possible. The English representative at Angora left the town in a violent hurry. Rauf Bey announced from Constantinople that the English intended to arrest the Nationalist Deputies, and put a Damad Ferid Cabinet at the helm. Mustapha Kemal telegraphed back that the leaders of the party should try to avoid being arrested, and escape in good time. This, however, they neglected to do.

Then in the early morning hours of the 16th of March, 1920, the penalising measures were carried out. They consisted in a strengthened "disciplinary" occupation of Constantinople. The conduct of the operations was entrusted to the English General, Sir Henry Wilson, as the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied military forces. Paris and Rome had certainly agreed that combined action should be taken by all three, but they did not allow their troops to take any part; British naval forces

alone were employed. It was only when France and Italy saw that they had been successful, and were afraid that the capital would come completely under the custody of Britain, that they intervened, and demanded their share in the control.

The English troops marched unexpectedly into the principal streets, overpowering the Turkish guards and police, and occupying the telegraph offices and all the important State buildings.

A brave employee in the telegraph station at the Ministry of War remained resolutely at his post in order to keep in communication with Angora. His last telegram ran: "The English have invaded the city. They made a sudden attack while our soldiers were still asleep. There are six dead and fifteen wounded. Fresh troops are still coming, and parading the streets. At this moment the English soldiers are approaching the Ministry. They are entering. At the Nisamie Gate. Break off the connection. The English are here—" From that moment Angora was cut off from the capital.

The night before a number of the deputies of the Nationalist party, including Rauf Bey and Fethi Bey, were arrested in their houses. The former Grand Vizier, Prince Said Halim, suffered the same fate. They were locked up in prisons that were already overcrowded. A crowd of officers and functionaries of high and low degree, arrested on political grounds, were herded together with ordinary criminals. Many of them were illegally imprisoned, and many remained in custody for two years before they learned the nature of their accusation.

On the following day the whole of the prisons were emptied, and all the prisoners, ministers and murderers, deputies and burglars, innocent and guilty, without trial or anything of the kind, and almost without any semblance of justice, were put on board a warship, to be transported to the Island of Malta, where they were incarcerated in the fort without receiving even moderately fair treatment.

These arbitrary deportations had more serious consequences even than the disciplinary occupation of Constantinople. "The belief in British justice suffered a severe shock," writes an Englishman. A general exodus from the capital now took place. Some of the deputies had been able to make their escape in good time; they were followed by officers, State functionaries, and all who had taken part in the Nationalist Movement, or who were about to join it. Hatred of the Sultan grew more bitter. His counsellors, it was said, had given the enemy the names of those who were to be arrested. The Allies were no doubt in possession of the city, but it was no longer the real capital of the country. They had meant to hit the bull's-eye, but they had shot into the air.

Martial law was proclaimed in Constantinople. The Press was put under a rigorous censorship; the post, the telegraph and the police came under the control of the Allies. The ministries were certainly allowed to function, but they were kept under the strictest supervision. A proclamation was issued with the object of keeping the inhabitants quiet. It consisted in a general exposition of the maxim: peacefulness is the first duty of the citizen, and it concluded with the words: "It is the chief duty of every Turkish citizen to obey the commands of the Sultan."

Sultan Vahdeddin felt that he had been liberated from the Nationalist incubus. He was perfectly aware—and only he and Mustapha Kemal knew this—that if the General was victorious there would be an end to his throne and the monarchy. Hence his bitter opposition, and his convulsive clinging to England; hence, too, the blindness that was caused by his fear. A bold step on his part might possibly have saved the Sultanate for his dynasty. Had he, at the time when the arbitrary attack on Constantinople had enraged the whole country, escaped to Anatolia, and put himself at the head of the Nationalist Movement, Mustapha Kemal would hardly have succeeded in establishing

a republic. For the mass of Mohammedans the representative of the Prophet, and the shadow of Allah on earth, were far from being mere empty notions, they were realities accepted with genuine faith.

But Vahedcddin was convinced that mighty Great Britain was powerful enough to master the insurgent of Anatolia. The Sultan and London were now linked with one another for weal or for woe, or, at least, that was Vahededdin's belief. England, in consideration for her Mohammedan subjects, had to support the Caliph, keeping the complaisant Sultan on his throne, and securing from the country recognition of the *de jure* Government; only on these conditions could she count on the acceptance and observance of the terms of the impending Peace Treaty.

The Nationalist party had once more become a revolutionary group, and were forced back to the point from which they had started. All that now remained to be done was to eradicate them completely. The Parliament, which was really no longer in existence, was formally dissolved. Damad Ferid resumed the Grand Vizierate (not quite to the satisfaction of France and Italy), forming a Cabinet consisting of his devoted supporters, and governing with absolute power, at the favour of England. Damad Ferid was an Albanian with a streak of Kurdish blood. The passing years had increased his obstinacy, but not his wisdom. Externally he had all the appearance of an English gentleman, but at heart he always remained the tribal chieftain who still retained his belief in the vendetta. He was absolutely faithful, more persistent than energetic, incapable of making shrewd bargains or adroit manœuvres, and politically a mere bungler compared with the indefatigable and crafty General in Angora. Damad Ferid served his master and Imperial brother-in-law very badly.

Vahededdin did not hesitate to hurl his monarchical thunderbolts at the Kemalists. At his instigation the Sheikh-ul-Islam

issued a *fetva*, a sacred ordinance or bull of excommunication. All the Nationalists were put under this ban and the faithful were called upon to take part in a holy war against the rebels. In an Imperial *iradé* Mustapha Kemal and his supporters were outlawed and condemned to death.

In Constantinople the news was purposely circulated that the death-sentence had been actually carried out on the rebel and his confederates. Mustapha Kemal's mother, who was living in the capital at the time, naturally heard of this. She had had no communication from her son for a long time, and she had thought he was dead. His expulsion from the community of the faithful must also have wounded her deeply religious susceptibilities. In the same year she lost her eyesight almost completely.

Mustapha Kemal, being informed by the telegraphist in the War Ministry of the proceedings in Constantinople, had immediately taken counter-measures. The few English supervisory officers who had been left in Anatolia were arrested. There was still a British detachment in the town of Eskishehr, which had a railway junction. They were waiting to receive the Italian garrison who were coming from Konia. The Turkish troops attacked the English, and surrounded the town. The garrison were able to fight their way through, but they suffered considerable loss. According to international law this was really a *casus belli*, but Great Britain pocketed the affront. The Italians in Konia had to fight their way through westwards to the Greeks in Smyrna. Inner Anatolia was thoroughly purged of Allied troops and supervisory agents.

A few days afterwards Mustapha Kemal issued writs for a new election in the name of the Representative Committee. This new Parliament was to have no connection with the former Chamber; it was to be a legislative National Assembly with extraordinary powers, and it was as significant a phenomenon for the East as the National Convention was for the French.

Revolution. Angora was chosen as its seat and place of meeting. The involuntary assistance of England had brought about a result that would never have been possible if Mustapha Kemal had had to depend solely on the consent and support of his own followers.

In the spring of that year the inhabitants of Angora witnessed an influx of people into their town of a very unusual kind. There were officers who had lived for years in Paris or London as attachés; functionaries and dignitaries from the Ministry in Constantinople, who had been in constant attendance on the foreign embassies; wealthy citizens who had hitherto lived in luxury and refinement in their magnificent villas on the Bosphorus; professors and authors thoroughly versed in Western lore. Even the editor of a newspaper appeared with a type-setting machine and all its adjuncts. He had smuggled them through the enemy lines that barred the approach to Asia Minor, and had now brought them triumphantly in, packed on the backs of camels.

There was not much room to spare in the small provincial town, or rather in what had been left of it after the great fire. The newcomers had to manage as best they could, occupying every possible nook and corner. What did it matter if they had to be packed for years in confined rooms, sleeping on bare mud floors, and plagued by mosquitoes from the fever swamps? What did it matter if there were no panes in the windows if the dust or the snow penetrated the large rents in the thin walls, and in the sweltering summer heat not a drop of water could be got? The enthusiasm of serving a great cause raised them above everything!

The Government headquarters was an old country school-house—a building not any larger or better than an intermediate school in a small Pomeranian town. This also served during the first period as the meeting-place for the National Assembly.

The tiny room in which the business was transacted was, at the beginning, both dining-room and dormitory. The General Staff took up their quarters in a barrack, and old, rickety, wooden houses became the official residences of the various ministers. The editor rented a stable, in which he set up his machine, and very soon a real newspaper for the propagation of the new ideas made its appearance. This was the *Hakimiyet-i-Milliye*, which is now the principal organ of the Republic. The President and leader, Mustapha Kemal, lived in two rooms of the station-master's house—a small building quite close to the telegraph office. . . .

These new inhabitants of Angora—the thin upper-stratum of the Turkish intelligentsia—had left everything that made existence profitable and pleasant behind them. They lived at a distance from their native place, denying themselves the civilised amenities and cultural advantages they had enjoyed to the full in the gay capital or in foreign countries. Outwardly they had regressed to a primitive stage of existence, but inwardly they were exalted by their unselfish action to a lofty and untrammelled life.

For three years these men were rusticated in Inner Anatolia, cut off from every connection with the outside world. But during that time a new spirit came to birth, that can best be described as the spirit of Angora. It bore the stamp of the country of its origin, with its rugged, sterile soil, its inhospitable climate, and its hard conditions of existence, just as the Brandenburger Marches in former times had moulded the character of the Prussians. The spiritual transformation left its mark, as it always does, on the external appearance of these men as well. The soft indefiniteness of the Oriental race, the comfortable negligence in their bearing, and their equable, indolent ease, all disappeared. Their features grew taut, their air gave evidence of an unrelaxed effort of will, their eyes had a more determined look, their gait and their gestures were more animated.

With the advent of these new men an end was made of the ancient Orient with all its solemn pomp and splendour, its Byzantine ceremonial, its medieval customs and usages, its romance and its colour. For a long time now it had been a threadbare anachronism void of any real content—a mere spectral shade from the *Thousand and One Nights*.

The watchwords of the new era were reality and frugality—two qualities often carried to unnecessary extremes by the first Apostles. It was the substance that mattered, not the form. Work and achievement were the new gods that were worshipped. The cult of intelligence and pure reason took the place of the cult of an invisible God. Self-determination was at stake, and that meant that every nerve had to be strained to the uttermost; salvation depended on men's own efforts.

This General, clad in a sports suit, was the true type of the Angora revolutionaries. They formed themselves on his model, and vied with him in his zeal. It almost seemed as if their very features began to resemble his; they all took on the same impress of hardness and decision. He knew how to rouse their sense of discipline and organisation, which, up till then, had been a thing foreign to the Oriental. That Puritanism, also, which is the characteristic atmosphere of Angora, was also the result of his influence. Like Cromwell, he left his stamp on a whole generation.

The National Convention met in Angora on the 23rd of April, 1920. The elections had been a mere formality. The situation made it imperative that none but supporters of the Kemalist Movement should receive mandates.

A Friday—the Mohammedan Sunday—was purposely chosen for the opening day. The first act of the National Convention was to meet in the Hadshi Beiram Mosque for a solemn, divine service, at which, to quote the report of the proceedings, “the light of the Koran and the Muezzin was shed upon the faithful.” In a passage that had been introduced for

the occasion into the *Khutve*—the prayer of the *hodja* from the pulpit—the blessing of Allah was invoked upon the exalted person of the Sultan and Caliph. After this solemnity, the honourable Deputies went in procession, carrying the flag of the Prophet before them, to the place of meeting. On its threshold two wethers were sacrificed, in accordance with the ancient Mohammedan ritual.

By the orders of Angora similar services were held all over Anatolia, even in the mosques of the smallest villages.

The shrewd management of the Pasha can be detected in this proceeding. He needed the *décor* of piety. The mass of the people were still in bondage to a medieval ecclesiasticism. His ultimate intention was to liberate them from this, and, over-leaping several centuries, establish at once an entirely modern State. He could never have done this by taking a direct road to his goal; hence he felt he was justified in employing any ruse or stratagem that seemed necessary. With an astonishing genius for revolutionary tactics, he managed to hoodwink all and sundry, and did not surrender any party or faction to the enemy, until he had no further use for it.

At that time the future iconoclast was able to make an ally of the Church. There was so little fear that he would attack the institutions of Islam that the upper clergy in Anatolia rallied round him and supported him. In a counter-fetva the Ulema of the Province declared that according to the Koran the ex-communication by the Sheikh-ul-Islam was invalid, because it had been issued under foreign duress and coercion. As will be seen shortly, this protest did not make the Caliph's weapons entirely ineffective.

The foundations of the new State were laid in a little school-room, that was illumined at night by two tin petroleum lamps. These foundations consisted in the so-called May resolutions, which were embodied in the statute establishing the provisional Government.

Nominally the monarchy remained inviolable. An express declaration was made to the effect that all the measures were intended to secure the safety of the exalted Caliph and Sultan, and liberate the sovereign and the country from the hands of the foreigner. Nevertheless, so ran the statute, since the monarch was to all intents and purposes a captive of the Powers in possession of the capital, he was not a free agent, and, his sovereignty being for the time in abeyance, the entire administration was taken over "provisionally" by the National Assembly.

The measure for the establishment of a provisional Government, as will be readily recognised, was introduced by Mustapha Kemal. It implied essentially the fundamental principle of complete self-government. The provisional arrangement was simply a bridge to enable him to reach the opposite bank, while it ostensibly left the way open for a return; but once it had been crossed it could be quietly destroyed. When the National Assembly had become the sole and supreme organ of Government, the decision regarding the future position of the Sultan would lie in its hands alone.

Mustapha Kemal, in the account he gives of the proceedings, makes the following statement: "The question of the form of government was at that time particularly difficult. Before any proposal could be made, the temper and feeling of the Assembly had to be taken into account. I had to submit to this necessity, and brought forward a motion, in which my purpose lay concealed."

Indeed it was so effectively concealed that very few had any suspicion of the goal at which he was aiming. When some of his followers afterwards declared that they had been deceived and betrayed, he pointed out to them that with a little attention they could have seen at once that the May resolutions had already in principle established a republic.

An Executive Committee was appointed for the conduct of

affairs. The eleven members of this Ministry, who were called Executive Commissioners, were at first elected only by the National Assembly, but they were afterwards appointed on the recommendation of the President. Several months elapsed before he obtained this extension of his power. Mustapha Kemal himself was the head in which everything culminated. He was elected both President of the National Assembly and President of the Ministry—probably a unique combination of powers. He thus possessed both legislative and executive authority, and was therefore a kind of dictator in a democratic toga. But he never disregarded the national representatives or underrated their importance. He depended upon Parliament and ruled it at the same time; he exalted it and thereby raised his own position; he accepted the resolutions passed by a majority vote, but he was able, without compromising his own position, to lead the members to decide according to his wishes. In the exercise of this rare political art he was a statesman of an entirely modern type.

At that period one who was to become the most important of Mustapha Kemal's associates joined the newly-formed Government. That was Ismet Pasha, then a young colonel, who until that time had been working for the Nationalist cause in Constantinople. Mustapha Kemal made him Chief of the General Staff (then under the Ministry), giving him practically the position of supreme military command, very much to the displeasure of the older generals, who had given yeoman service to the movement. They submitted very reluctantly to this young colonel, who had only recently come to Angora. But the President enforced the authority of this new Chief of the Staff; he had recognised at once his outstanding qualifications, and had his own reasons for giving him so prominent a post. Ismet Pasha was one of the few who really understood the leader's aims. He followed him through thick and thin, and never offered him the least opposition. He was small in stature,

and had a rather unimpressive appearance. His manner was always pleasant and amiable; but behind it he concealed a cool calculating will, and a ruthless indifference to the consequences of his actions, which precisely on account of his smiling equanimity, was as unassailable as it was immovable. He was equally at home on the field of battle and in Council at the green Conference table, and here, perhaps, he was even more in his element. He was able to make his deafness useful to him as a diplomatist. He would only understand as much as he wished, or, taking refuge in his deafness, would have remarks repeated several times over, thus gaining time to make a well-considered reply.

The National Convention, now in permanent session, continued the fight by passing drastic measures. All the resolutions, agreements and commercial treaties with foreign States, for which the Constantinople Government had been responsible, were declared invalid. All the State revenues, even those derived from the Imperial landed-estates and from pious foundations, were placed under the control of the Angora Administration. The capital was thus paralysed financially. A revolutionary tribunal was established—the so-called Courts of Independence—and all intrigue, and even mere opposition, were declared by the Angora Government to be high treason. But these exceptional courts of justice were kept within moderate bounds; they never gained the sinister importance of the Russian Cheka, nor did they work havoc among the ranks of the Government's own supporters, like the tribunals of the French Revolution.

Sultan Vahdeddin and his brother-in-law, Damad Ferid Pasha, were not satisfied with the sentence of excommunication pronounced on the insurgent General and his accomplices. The time seemed ripe for making a sudden attack on the central seat of the Revolution, and restoring to the dutiful obedience of His

Imperial Majesty those subjects of his who had been misled by false prophets. Even the High Commissioners had to recognise that the lesson that had been read to the Turks had had no effect, and they now gave the Sultan what he had always wanted—a free hand to employ all his resources.

Extensive preparations were made for bringing the conflict with the Anatolian rebels to a decisive issue. The so-called "Caliph's Army" was raised and put under the command of officers loyal to the Emperor. It advanced from the capital to the North-West of Asia Minor. The Sultan's troops were strengthened by the addition of several volunteer corps, under the Circassian Ansavur, a daring leader of banditti. Agents were sent to Kurdistan to rouse the tribes in that region, and the whole country was called upon to defend the throne and altar. Loyalty to the Padishah had such a firm root, and the Caliph's commands were held in such reverence, that in several of the districts in Anatolia simultaneous risings against the Angora Government actually broke out, and at the beginning spread with great rapidity. The Army of the Caliph had the first successes, and captured a whole division of the Kemalist troops.

The risings took place in districts often so widely apart from one another that the Angora Government had the greatest difficulty in overcoming them, and preventing the Imperial Army from making further inroads into the country. The engagements continued through the whole of May, and volunteer detachments from the Sultan's Army came quite close to Angora. The issue wavered in the balance: the questions—monarchy or democracy?—hung by a thread, and the victorious Powers gave the decision.

At the end of May—a year and a half after the Armistice—the terms of the Peace of Paris were made known, and in a moment the whole scene was changed.

This despotic decree—a birth that had taken place under

great difficulties—meant the end of the Ottoman Empire. By the terms of that Peace that Empire either degenerated into an allotment destined to be divided up among the European heirs, or it was to be broken up, like Austria-Hungary, into a series of independent States. Turkey sank to the position of a small, lifeless, inland State in the interior of Asia Minor, its ancient capital, and its only outlet to the sea coming under international control, and the Sultan's sovereignty being reduced to a mere show. But even what still remained of Turkey was to be divided up into "spheres of interest" among the three countries, England, France and Italy, under the "Tripartite Treaty," agreed upon then, but not made public until later.

It looked like the complete victory of Europe over Islam. The attempt that had been made in vain by the Crusaders was now believed to have been securely accomplished. The Turks were deprived of all their former conquests, the last Christian was liberated from their rule, they themselves were driven into the interior of Asia Minor, and reduced to the position of a colonial nation. The whole of Arabia and the Holy Land became European Protectorates, and the last remnant of the former Mohammedan world-empire had to disappear.

Lloyd George, one of the principal agents in the production of this Peace Treaty of Sèvres—as it is called from the place where it was signed—declared in the House of Commons that the aim of the Allies was the liberation of all the non-Turkish nations from the Turkish yoke. Had they allowed Mustapha Kemal, and others of his kidney, to render this policy of non-effect, Europe would have grievously failed to do its duty.

All the great statesman's fellow-countrymen did not hold the same opinion. The well-known Colonel Lawrence, giving expression to his views on the Peace settlement in May 1920, held that the whole document was simply a witness to the greed of the conqueror: each of the parties was thinking only of

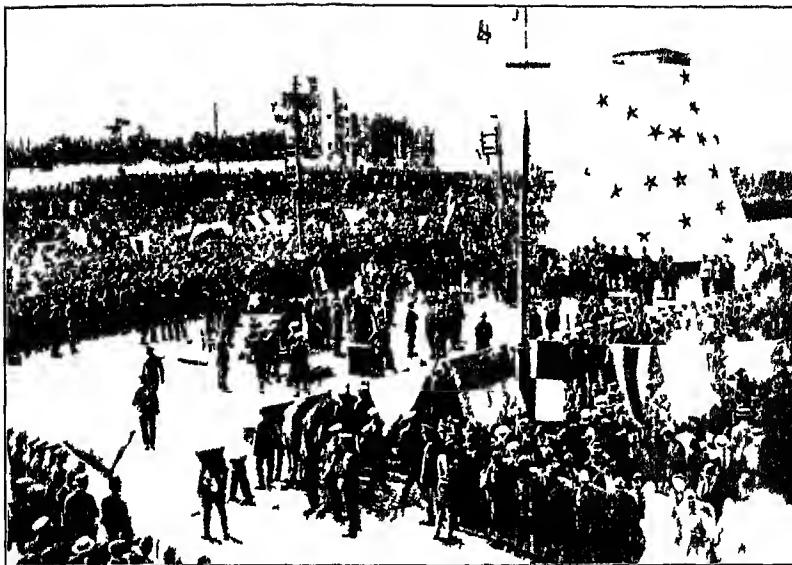
grasping the most for himself and granting as little as possible to the others: none of the clauses of that instrument of Peace, if put into force, would last longer than three years; and the Treaty would only have a better fate than the Peace of Versailles if it were—not revised, but forgotten.

This forecast with reference to the Turkish Peace proved to be right; the only mistake was with regard to the interval of time. The Sèvres Treaty was indeed signed, but none of its clauses ever came into operation.

This olive-branch of peace offered by the victorious Powers came at the right moment for Mustapha Kemal; it was undoubtedly the most effective aid the foe had ever given him, and, at the same time, it was his most signal vindication. It sounded like a tocsin through the whole country. Under the pitiless attack of Europe the National idea, for the first time, took firm hold of the mass of the people. The Anatolian peasant living in the remotest district felt that his existence was at stake. Whatever the future might hold, nothing worse than this could happen. The seed sprang up that had been sown by a single, far-seeing man. There were few that did not look upon the Pasha of Angora as their hope and salvation, and thus almost every Turk now became a Nationalist. Only the Sultan and his Old Turk entourage clung in their desperate need to England, like a drowning man to a straw.

In the civil war the tide very soon began to turn in favour of Angora. The risings in the country collapsed, only breaking out occasionally in Kurdistan. At the beginning of June the Angora Government even threatened the capital, although it was occupied by the Allies and commanded by their great fleets.

The Sultan's Army, fighting now only half-heartedly, was defeated by the Kemalists, and Ansavur, the Circassian banditti chieftain had fallen. The remainder of the Imperial forces fled for safety behind the British lines. These were entrenched



Deutsche Presse Photo Zentral, Berlin

UNVEILING OF III MONUMENT IN CONSTANTINOPLE



Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

SMYRNA AFTER THE FIRE

Türk boye

Dört sene erkek, ismi-
niyi yazarken, tedolsa
demic his ethnis oğlu-
yuñuzun hattı lot-turş
o yomra neslişme
cessa, Tchackchuk
ette mi?

Gazi M Kemal



GAZI MUSTAPHA KEMAL

Rebis

SPECIMEN OF MUSTAPHA KEMAL'S HANDWRITING

in the neighbourhood of Ismid, on the gulf of the same name, for the purpose of protecting the district round Constantinople. Without the least hesitation the Angora troops attacked the English, and their repeated assaults were repelled only with the greatest difficulty. Meanwhile bands of Nationalist volunteers advanced on both sides of the Ismid position towards the shores of the Sea of Marmora, and even reached as far as the coast of the Bosphorus. The weak garrisons were overwhelmed, and the guns of the irregulars opened fire on the Allied fleets and on the city, several shots striking the Austrian Embassy buildings, where the British High Commissioner had his quarters.

For two days the rifle fire rattled on the Bosphorus. It sounded like a greeting from the Anatolians to the inhabitants of the capital. Panic broke out in Pera, while Stamboul was jubilant. The few land forces of the Allies had to be transferred to the Ismid position. At the same time the capital was threatened from the rear by an army corps under General Djafar Tayar, who had started a Nationalist movement in Eastern Thrace. Attacked in this way from the land on both sides, Constantinople could no longer be held. The High Commissioners and their suites had already begun to pack their trunks, and made every preparation for a swift departure.

Fortunately the attack was an affair of advanced detachments or daring irregular bands; the Nationalist Army itself was still a considerable distance away, part of it scattered over the country after the suppression of the recent risings; besides it was hardly ready yet. But after these early indications of its activity there could be no doubt that before very long it would advance against the capital.

In London Lloyd George and his Foreign Minister, Lord Curzon, sat with long faces, considering what was to be done. At that time another antagonist even more dangerous than Mustapha Kemal had been pressing hard on the British Empire.

In the Crimea the armies of Soviet Russia had driven back General Wrangel, the last English hope; they had Bolshevikised all the States in the Caucasus, penetrating into Persia, and recently raising that country into rebellion against England. As a result of the Bolshevik assault Lord Curzon's far-seeing plans had hopelessly collapsed—the inclusion of Persia and the countries of the Caucasus in the British sphere of influence, which would have meant the possession of a second land-bridge to India, with Constantinople as a sure half-way stage. Persia and the Caucasus had already had to be surrendered, and in Anatolia as well there was not a single British soldier left. There was even a rumour that negotiations had been begun between Angora and Moscow. The way to the South through Anatolia and Persia was open to the Bolsheviks. There was unrest already in India, and Egypt was in insurrection. The small British Army that remained after the demobilisation was occupied with the rising in Ireland, and the nation would not consent to a fresh mobilisation for a campaign against the East.

The situation in Paris was not much better. The French had been so hard pressed in Cilicia that they were forced to conclude a temporary armistice with Angora—the first Treaty that was made between a Great Power and the Anatolian rebels. Their mandate over Syria was also causing them serious trouble, and, in addition, they were occupied both in Africa and on the Rhine. The Prime Ministers, in their desperation, looked about for help.

This was the moment for which the cunning and captivating Venizelos had been waiting. He had remained at his listening-post in Paris, strengthening meanwhile the Greek forces in Smyrna, and keeping them in marching order. Hitherto they had been strictly forbidden to cross the boundaries of the territory that had been allotted to Greece by the Peace Treaty. But now the Greek Army was the only one that could help the Allies out of their dilemma. Venizelos declared his readiness to be

used as the dagger of the Allies, and only demanded as a small recompense for his services, important additional slices of Anatolian territory. The necessary arrangements were made at the Conference in Hythe, attended by a military expert of the standing of Field-Marshal Foch. The English Fleet was to act in co-operation with the Greeks. Venizelos was also allowed to occupy the whole of Thrace, so that the High Commissioners in Constantinople might be set free from the danger in the rear. The French President Millerand urged that action should be taken as speedily as possible, in order that the French might be relieved from the pressure of the Turks in Cilicia.

The entire naval forces of Britain in the Mediterranean were concentrated at the Golden Horn. Then on the 22nd of June, 1920, two columns of the Greeks under the command of General Paraskevopoulos began to march from Smyrna.

On these signs of danger Angora had strengthened the Western front as far as possible. Ali Fuad Pasha was in command. But large numbers of the troops were in the East, six hundred miles away, and were therefore not available. Besides, the organisation of the National Forces, as they were called officially, was far from being complete. Equipment and ammunition had been collected from every possible quarter, but they were not nearly sufficient. The army that confronted the Greeks must have looked very strange, presenting, as it did, an appearance not unlike that of the *sans-culottes* of the French Revolution. The soldiers were often bare-footed and in rags, armed with the most varied assortment of flintlocks and rifles. Escaped prisoners and all kinds of highway robbers, attracted by the hope of money and booty, had joined the numerous volunteer bands.

On the other hand, the Greek Army was not only superior in numbers, but was completely equipped with an up-to-date outfit supplied by England and France, and its leaders had experienced English officers to advise them. Against the systematic

onslaught of these troops, the ragged and motley Nationalist forces had very little chance. The entire western front of the Turks began to waver, and then was swept back and completely scattered. Ali Fuad was only able to bring a few of the regular troops to a stand at the main railway line.

About the same time a second Greek Army advanced into Thrace, and cleared out the Nationalist troops from the whole province as far as Constantinople. Most of them, including the leader, General Djafar Tayar Pasha, were taken prisoner.

In Anatolia the Greeks captured Brusa, then took up their position in a line running almost parallel to the Anatolian railway in a south-easterly direction from the town. The forces landed by the English occupied the north-west coast of the Sea of Marmora, from Panderma to Ismid, coming at that point into touch with the Greeks.

The Nationalist forces broke down completely in their first encounter with the enemy. This army of *sans-culottes* seemed to be simply a scarecrow with which Mustapha Kemal had bluffed the whole world.

Rage and despair reigned in the National Convention at Angora. Some of the members stormily demanded that the leaders responsible for the defeats should be arraigned before the special tribunal, just as in the French Revolution people wished to guillotine defeated generals.

But a reign of terror like that would have caused a disastrous split in their own ranks. Ali Fuad Pasha and Bekir Sami Bey, the two who were mainly responsible, had a large following in the Assembly, and, in the end, it was Mustapha Kemal himself who was accused.

It was with the greatest difficulty, and after employing all his eloquence, that he was able to calm their excited feelings. He cleverly saddled the blame for the defeats on the Stamboul Government. The protracted struggles with the army of the

Caliph, he said, and the suppression of the risings had weakened and used up the Nationalist forces, and they had not had time to recover before the Greek offensive began. It was the Sultan who was to blame, and not the leaders, who had done all they possibly could with the meagre and scantily equipped troops at their disposal.

Shortly afterwards Ali Fuad Pasha was prevailed upon to give up his command of his own free will, and was sent on an honourable mission to Moscow. In his stead Ismet Pasha, while still remaining Chief of the Staff, took over the command on the Western front. Bekir Sami Bey, who had been found wanting as a military leader, was given a post in the Ministerial Council.

At the same time, too, as a result of this flagrant failure of the army, the moderate faction in the Assembly threatened to gain the upper hand. In the prevailing mood of hopelessness further resistance seemed useless, while many of the members objected to the dual system of government. There was a desire to yield, and come to terms with Stamboul; perhaps further negotiations might lead to an amelioration of the terms of the Peace Treaty.

Mustapha Kemal was unshaken in his determination to reach his goal—a free Turkey—nothing more, but nothing less. With his keen insight he had already perceived that the front of the Allied Powers was not so unbroken as appearances seemed to indicate. But he had to reckon with the growing feeling of despondency. The mood of depression that was breeding pessimism had to be dispelled, this time by deeds, and not by words. And the situation in the East gave him an opportunity for taking action.

In that quarter, under the Protectorate of England, the independent Armenian Republic of Erivan had been formed, with the town of Kars on the southern side of the Caucasus as its capital. This was to be the nucleus of a future Great Armenia

which, according to the provisions of the Sèvres Treaty, was to extend over the whole of Eastern Turkey in a broad belt, from Batum and Trebizond on the Black Sea through Kars and Erzerum to the Persian frontier. But the guardian angel, Great Britain, compelled to abandon the designs on Persia and the Caucasus, had withdrawn all the troops from these territories, and, in the end, from Batum as well.

The Armenians, left to their own resources, found themselves wedged in between the Nationalist Turks and the Bolshevik Russians. All that remained now was the promise on paper of the Peace Treaty, and the protection of the Great Powers; and on these the Armenians relied more than on their own strength.

For a whole year now in the district between Kars and Erzerum there had been incessant skirmishes, in which both parties, giving free rein to their traditional hate, handled each other very roughly. The massacre of some Turks provided the Angora Government with the desired pretext for presenting the Armenian Republic, as a matter of duty, with an ultimatum, which was followed immediately by a declaration of war.

The staunch Kiazim Karabekir Pasha in Erzerum was entrusted with the direction of the campaign. Advancing with his army he defeated the Armenians, who were better traders than soldiers. The capital Kars was taken, and the Republic was forced to accept a Peace that banished for ever the dream of a Great Armenia. The concluding of the Peace of Gümрю was the first breach made in the Sèvres Treaty. Armenia had to give up to the Turks the whole stretch of country between Kars and Batum, and was confined to the small district of Erivan lying to the south of Tiflis. Shortly afterwards, as the result of a Bolshevik revolution, the Republic was incorporated in the Union of Soviet States.

The Angora Government had a passing dispute with Russia over Batum, the important export harbour on the Black Sea.

But it was not long before an agreement was reached. Russia kept Batum, and as a *quid pro quo* agreed to recognise the Treaty of Gümrü. The Angora Government recovered the territory on the Trans-Caucasian frontier, which the Ottoman kingdom had lost in the war against Russia in 1877.

This successful Armenian campaign, promoted by Mustapha Kemal at the right moment, had three very important results—it revived the spirits of the despondent and renewed their decision to continue the resistance; it freed the Angora Government from any possible attack from the rear, and, in the third place, it established immediate contact between Russia and revolutionary Turkey.

These two outlaws, excluded from the European family of nations, were thrown into each other's arms. As long as England occupied the Dardanelles and thus commanded the Black Sea, the existence of the infant Soviet State was continually menaced. Accordingly the statesmen in Moscow were convinced that they were defending their own interests in supporting the Angora Government, since the National Pact of the Kemalists had as one of its principal demands the unconditional possession of Constantinople and the Straits. On the other hand Russia was of incalculable value to Turkey as a source of material help and moral support. Without the friendship of Moscow Mustapha Kemal would scarcely have succeeded in reaching his goal. He made capital that yielded him abundant interest out of the boycott of the Soviet by the Western Powers.

After the settlement of the dispute about the boundary, an offensive and defensive Alliance was concluded between Angora and Moscow—a revolutionary marriage, so to speak, between Nationalism and Communism, in which both parties made their own mental reservations.

Along with the war-munitions and money, now supplied by Russia, a flood of Bolshevik propaganda, as well, poured into Angora. The gold rouble not only went into the State

Treasury, it found its way also into the pockets of private individuals. The Bolsheviks supported the Turks, but, at the same time they put temptation in their path. The Alliance with the Nationalists was not a question simply of self-protection for the Soviet; it was meant, by driving a new trench westwards, to further the advance of a world-revolution. With matchless political jugglery Mustapha Kemal was able to make use of Moscow, never altogether dashing its hopes of converting him, and yet at the same time rendering its communistic missionary activity ineffective.

In Angora, especially at the beginning, enthusiasm for the new Russian friend, whether it was genuine or spurious, rose to a great pitch. Many were of the opinion that the only hope of salvation was to throw themselves head and crop into the arms of the Muscovite champion of freedom. They adopted Communist fashions, and were already calling each other "Tovarish"—comrade. A singular society was formed, some of whose members sat in the National Assembly. The main body of this incipient Turkish Bolshevism consisted in the volunteer bands—the so-called "flying columns." The principal leaders were three brothers Edhem, Circassians by birth—adventurers such as every revolution brings to the surface. One of these brothers had been a famous robber chieftain, another was a member of the National Assembly. They demanded that the regular army, which had proved useless, should be abolished and transformed into volunteer bands, while at the same time they made secret preparations for a Communist rising.

These volunteer levies had to be treated with the greatest caution, as they had been of singular service, and were extremely popular. If friendly terms were still to be kept with Moscow, the Communist creed in itself could not be made a reason for meddling with them. By clever manœuvring Mustapha Kemal managed to put the brothers Edhem in the wrong, inciting them to acts of disobedience and insubordination, before

their plot took final shape. He thus secured the pretext he needed for striking the first blow. The Edhems, driven into a corner, escaped with part of their following to the Greeks, and afterwards fought on their side. Their supporters in the National Assembly, who until then would allow no action to be taken against this staunch trio of brothers, had their eyes opened. The Tovarish alliance was saddled with the blame.

The volunteer levies were disbanded, and their men incorporated in the cadres of the regular troops. This regular army—an effective instrument in the hands of the Nationalist Government—was consolidated and enlarged. Each score of houses in every settlement, village or town, had to supply a recruit, and defray the cost of his equipment. In addition to this, fodder and victuals were requisitioned, and animals for transport or for slaughter. The inhabitants willingly made every sacrifice. Thanks to the assistance of Russia, there was a plentiful supply of boots, weapons and munitions, while anything else that was required was smuggled through the Allied lines. The whole of Anatolia became a mighty workshop. Everyone, to the very labourer on the roads, felt the firm hand of the Pasha; his spirit seemed to be multiplied a thousand-fold, and his eyes seemed to be everywhere.

The most astonishing thing, however, was that the victorious Powers allowed the General time to make those preparations that were destined to render their arbitrary decree ineffective. They neither followed up the victory of the Greeks, nor did they attempt to overcome the resistance of Angora by making any concessions, though they had to do this shortly afterwards.

On the contrary the Allies acted in a way that laid bare most completely their inward weakness. The Sèvres Treaty was signed by the nominal government in Constantinople. Relying on this signature the Allies demanded that the Sultan should secure from the country as a whole the recognition of the treaty. For this purpose they gave him six months' time.

But this was easier said than done. It was plain that forcible action was out of the question in dealing with the Anatolian rebels. How could the Sultan secure order, when he had not the power to enforce it? All the troops dispatched to Asia Minor immediately deserted to the Kemalists. Bitter as it must have been for Sultan Vahdeddin, he found himself once more compelled to pipe the tune of reconciliation. His brother-in-law, Damad Ferid Pasha, with the reckless policy of the Albanian, had been thoroughly played out. He was like a red rag to a bull for the Nationalists, and he had to disappear—this time, for good. The aged Tewfik Pasha was appointed Grand Vizier. Two other former Grand Viziers entered the Cabinet—Salih Pasha, who as Minister for Naval Affairs, had already been in negotiation with the Nationalists and, above all, Marshal Izzet Pasha, who had always to act as a bridge between opposing factions. There was a hope that kindness and conciliation might put an end to the government with two heads—a monstrosity, surely, that had never made its appearance in history before.

Salih and Izzet Pashas, both of them moderate Nationalists, went to Asia Minor for the purpose of mediating a truce. They met Mustapha Kemal at Biledshik, a railway station between Ismid and Eskishehr, but they were destined to be bitterly disappointed. The Pasha would not listen to any of their conciliatory proposals. He demanded the recognition of the Nationalist Government by the Sultan, and the abrogation of the Stamboul Government—in short, complete submission to Angora. The ambassadors were about to return to Constantinople after their abortive attempt, when they were requested in the most courteous manner to step into the train that was standing ready to take them to Angora, where they were detained for the next few months as compulsory guests. It was undesirable that the influential Izzet Pasha, particularly, should be left in the capital. There were hopes that he might be won-

over entirely to the Nationalist cause, but the Marshal could never be persuaded to take that step.

Thus the Cabinet of reconciliation had not advanced matters a single bit. The official government continued to function, but their power did not extend beyond the precincts of the capital.

Vahdeddin, who was “vaticanised,” as Lloyd George put it, in his palace of the Yildiz Kiosk, was experiencing a very unhappy time. The support of the English bayonets was proving a very risky business, and, after all, it was not of very much use. Like the *peau de chagrin* in Balzac’s famous story, his imperial power shrank more and more every day. His Majesty, who was now more than sixty years old, comforted himself as best he could with a gardener’s daughter, as young as she was pretty. He secured Nevsad, as she was called, for a favourite, and made her a kind of consort.

He prepared a luxurious nest for her near his palace, and superintended in person the building and furnishing of this little château. He had abundant leisure now, and the friendly English supplied him with the money. His private purse, not to speak of the state treasury, was empty to the last para.

But the prospect for the Allies as well was not particularly promising. France had never been really satisfied with the Sèvres Peace Treaty, and had agreed to it only very reluctantly. The lion’s share of the Ottoman heritage had naturally fallen to her British confederate. France had to be content with Syria and the questionable gift of Cilicia. The predominant influence in the Near East, which from time immemorial had belonged to France, had been secured by England, with the aid of Greece, her dagger-point. It was hoped that the friends on the Thames, by agreeing to the plans of France for a Rhine frontier, would make amends for the poor bargain she had made in the Sèvres Treaty; but the gentlemen in London were quite deaf in *that* ear,

About that period the relations between the Allies began to grow markedly cooler. In Paris there was a distinct change of public opinion in favour of Angora. The old sympathy for the Turks was suddenly revived; their brave fight for national existence touched the patriotic hearts of the French. The word was no longer, "let the vanquished hold their peace," but rather "let them be treated with considerateness, lest they become desperate." Pierre Loti, the romantic friend of the Orient, lifted his voice, and could not find enough to say in praise of the beloved Turks. And yet, shortly before that, the French had treated them as Asiatic savages, barbarians stained with every crime, who to the shame of Europe had actually dared to rule over Christians.

Italy was still more woebegone. She entirely disapproved the Greek ascendancy in the Mediterranean, while the further increase of Greek territory in Asia Minor, conceded to Venizelos for his assistance in the war, had been at the expense of the Italian "spheres of interest." Consideration for France, and especially for Italy, had plainly been the reason for holding back the advance of the Greek troops.

In addition to all that, a political crisis occurred—an entirely unexpected gift of the gods for Angora—which still further increased the discord among the trio of Powers.

During the World War Venizelos, with the help of the Entente, had expelled King Constantine, placing his son Alexander on the throne, and arrogating for himself dictatorial power. Now, after the signing of the Treaty of Sèvres, the Greek nation was to legalise by a free vote the revolution that had been brought about by force.

The supporters of King Constantine fought the election with the utmost vigour, but seemed to have little prospect of success. Venizelos, returning to his native land after a long absence, was received with the most enthusiastic homage, and hailed as the "Father of the Fatherland." At a magnificent festival in the

Stadium, King Alexander placed a crown of golden laurels on the president's head.

Everything seemed to be going quite smoothly. Then the young King was bitten by a monkey; and, a few days after, he died of blood-poisoning. Venizelos offered the crown to Prince Paul, the second son of Constantine, but he refused it, saying that he knew of only *one* rightful sovereign—his father. Thus the Greek nation was confronted with the alternative—Venizelos or Constantine.

And the decision was in favour of the popular King. The party of Venizelos was completely defeated. Even his own constituency did not vote for him. Venizelos went abroad, and Constantine was summoned back.

The King made his return entirely conditional on the will of the nation. The Greeks, however, did not allow themselves to be deterred by the urgent warnings of the Western Powers; the national plebiscite resulted in an overwhelming triumph for Constantine. In full concert directed from the Quai d'Orsay the Parisian Press raged against the ungrateful Greeks, and the detestable Constantine, who had dared to sympathise with the Germans in the war. But this emotional outbreak was the mask of a long-desired pretext for a new Turcophile orientation of French policy.

Simultaneously the American people condemned the policy of Wilson in their presidential election, and gave plain evidence of their desire to keep aloof from Europe and the Near East.

At the end of 1920 the affairs of the Allies in the Orient were in a state of utterly hopeless confusion.

CHAPTER XI

SAKARIA

ONLY a few weeks after King Constantine had received his throne and sceptre again from the hands of his loyal subjects (and, on his solemn entry into Athens he was hailed with no less hearty cheers than Venizelos, the "Father of the Fatherland," had been a short time before) an astonishing piece of news spread through the Eastern world.

It was said that the Supreme Council of the Entente Powers had resolved to hold a Conference in London along with Greece and Turkey, for the purpose of trying to find a solution of the Eastern problem. In diplomatic language that meant nothing more nor less than a revision of the conditions of the Peace that had been declared by the victors to be sacrosanct and inviolable. The Sèvres Treaty was to be discussed before it came into effect at all.

Perhaps an even more surprising item of news was that, in addition to the delegates of the Ottoman Government, Mustapha Kemal or his plenipotentiary, was to take part in the Conference—a condition expressly laid down by the Allies.

The sinister man in Angora had recently begun to give the great gentlemen in London and Paris considerable trouble. No one knew what was being hatched behind the screen of the Greco-English front in Inner Asia. The alliance with Moscow had struck terror into the hearts of the Western Powers. This desperate adventurer, this military desperado, a kind of Turkish swashbuckler, as they had hitherto regarded him, had turned out to be a statesman of the first rank. He had practically brought about a revolution, making himself master of the

country before any one suspected that anything was happening at all.

Besides, the army of this usurper did not seem so insignificant as they had at first been inclined to think. It had recently given proof of its efficiency, quite apart from the fight with the French in Cilicia, and the successful campaign in the East. The Greeks had advanced from Brusa with several divisions against Eskishehr, in order to seize that important railway junction. But Ismet Pasha met the attack successfully, and the Greeks had to retire. The Turks called this encounter, rather magniloquently, "the first battle of Inn-Eunu," signalising it as a great victory, and in doing so they were, psychologically, quite right.

The Greek "dagger" had become a rather unsatisfactory weapon. It threatened to make a hole in the Entente, that might very easily grow into a serious rent. France and Italy vigorously opposed the creation of a Pan-Hellenic kingdom under the wing of Great Britain. The Oriental question had gradually become a baleful incubus, and would have to be got rid of by being settled as quickly as possible. And, since the Pasha of Angora was not to be laid hold of by *force majeure*, he was now to be invited to the Conference, and snared by diplomacy. The rebel general would certainly be put into a tractable mood by the honour the Great Powers were conferring on him in condescending to negotiate with him, and a slight alteration of the Sèvres Treaty would do the rest.

The Sultan's Government—it was their last sign of life—made this summons to London the occasion of another attempt to reconcile Angora. The aged Grand Vizier, Tewfik Pasha, who transmitted the invitation of the Entente to Mustapha Kemal, pointed out that in the interest of the Empire, both the Turkish delegations should appear in London with an unbroken front and a united programme. Now, if ever, was the time to show that they were in unison. In an urgent and moving appeal

he besought him to put an end to the schism in the land, and not to thrust aside the hand the Sultan was extending to him in so brotherly a fashion.

Mustapha Kemal replied that the Entente were making a mistake. There was really no longer a government of any kind in Constantinople. The sole sovereign and constitutional authority in the country was the National Assembly in Angora, and the invitation should have been sent to *them*. But he also was urgently desirous of coming to terms with Constantinople, and that might be easily managed. All the Sultan had to do was to recognise in due form, by a short imperial rescript, the National Assembly in Angora, which "had accepted as a fundamental principle the inviolability of the Sultanate and the Caliphate." The Government of Angora were bound by the decisions of the national representatives, and therefore were not in a position to act in any other way. He also added, for the information of His Highness the Grand Vizier, that there was a new statute, which rendered any further discussion unnecessary. "But should the Sultan reject this proposal"—and here, for the first time, Mustapha Kemal disclosed his ultimate aim—"he will run the risk of having his throne shattered. We now proclaim," he continued menacingly, "that hereafter the whole responsibility, with its incalculable consequences, will rest directly upon the Sultan."

The fact was that the National Assembly had meanwhile passed beyond the provisional stage, and had drawn up and adopted a new Constitution. The birth of this first and fundamental statute of the new Turkish State had lasted nine months. The obstacle that blocked them in their deliberations was, as always, the question of the monarchy. The Sultanate and the Caliphate still continued to exist, and scarcely any of the members of the Assembly entertained the idea of their abolition. The great majority of them were inclined to carry on as a provisional government, and after liberating the country,

restore the supreme power, with constitutional restrictions, to the Pope-Emperor.

Mustapha Kemal, by his adroit tactics, succeeded in putting the national representation on a republican basis, cutting the ground from beneath the Sultan-Caliph, without touching, at first, the sacred institutions as such. According to the new constitutional statute of the 20th of January, 1921, the entire authority devolved, without limits or conditions, on the nation as a whole. The sole organ of the sovereign people was the National Assembly. They possessed all the rights the Sultan had hitherto exercised—deciding for war or peace, nominating and authorising foreign representatives, and forming alliances and treaties. It was difficult to see what place a monarch was destined to occupy in so pronounced a republic. Indeed it is very remarkable that the national representatives were misled in regard to this issue. The stumbling-block—the question of the Sultan's position—was temporarily thrust aside; it would be the subject of later legislation. But one can realise the immense trouble the leader had to take, and the intricate moves to which he had to resort, in order to free the Turks from their ancient restraints.

Constantinople could not bring itself to abdicate of its own accord in favour of Angora, and the delegates of both the Ottoman and the Turkish Governments were to travel separately to London. The Allied Powers found themselves compelled, if the Conference was not to prove abortive again, to take into account the actual state of affairs, and they sent an invitation directly to Angora. Mustapha Kemal knew that they had no alternative, and in this way, by the sheer compulsion of facts, he had secured the *de facto* recognition of the Angora Government.

But he gained still more than that. On the second day of the Conference the two Turkish delegates, to the great astonishment of the Westerners, made their appearance together, and sat beside each other in perfect harmony, instead of snarling at

each other like cat and dog, as had been expected—and hoped. Grand Vizier Tewfik Pasha rose simply to say that he, as leader of the delegation, yielded the right of speech to Bekir Sami Bey, the principal spokesman of the Angora embassy, who would answer for both of them. From that moment—and indeed for ever after—Constantinople was silent.

The three great men, Lloyd George, Briand, then the French President, and the Italian Count Sforza, explained that the object of the Conference was simply to mediate between the two nations who were at war with each other. They were prepared to make certain slight ameliorations of the Peace Treaty—concessions essentially at the expense of Greece—that were meant to sweeten the pill for the Turks. A Commission was to be appointed to make fresh enquiries into the circumstances of the population in the Smyrna region, and its findings were to be obligatory for both parties. But, in return for this, the Sèvres Treaty, with these minor points altered, was to be recognised immediately. The Turks agreed to the proposed Commission, but said nothing about the recognition of the Peace terms. The Greeks, however, flatly rejected the Commission; they could not allow any question to be raised in connection with territory that had been solemnly assigned to them by treaty.

The Powers then proposed a new compromise—a way out of the embarrassment, in whose success they had no faith themselves. The two parties were not to give a final answer to this until four weeks after the close of the Conference; in other words, it received a first-class interment. The Turks found the proposal unacceptable; but, as will be seen immediately, they were saved the trouble of coming to any decision with regard to it.

The London Conference of February, 1921, was a failure, and yet in its result it meant an extraordinary triumph for Angora. The action behind the scenes was more important than the comedy played more or less badly on the stage itself.

Briand had come to an agreement with Bekir Sami Bey, the Foreign Minister of the Angora Government. France declared herself ready to stop all hostilities and evacuate Cilicia at once; in return for this she was to receive for the future an absolute commercial predominance in Turkey. The crafty Briand imagined he had made a specially large haul.

The Treaty was signed by the representatives of both nations. But Mustapha Kemal had the courage to reject it, against the opinion of the majority in the National Assembly. He wanted to keep his country free from commercial dependence on any state whatsoever. Bekir Sami Bey had to resign his ministerial post, and he joined the Opposition soon after. The explanation given to France was that the Angora representative had illegally exceeded his powers.

The fact remained, however, that so far as the Eastern question was concerned the ring of the Great Powers had been broken.

But everything hitherto had been but a prelude to the great drama, towards which events were now tending. Turkey was asserting a claim to an independent existence. But this claim was not, perhaps, in the last resort, could not have been, granted willingly. Like the Netherlands and the United States, Turkey had first of all to fight for her independence, and prove by the vigour she still possessed that she was capable of going on living. Had human beings acted reasonably, then this whole drama of blood and sacrifice, heroism and horror, would have been unnecessary. But history is governed—as it seems—by laws over which human reason has no control.

No one can tell what led up to the great historical catastrophes, or who was really to blame for them. Every one believes himself to be in the right, and probably is so from his own standpoint. Greece had been summoned into Asia Minor by the Great Powers, and she had been of great service to the

Allies in a very critical situation. For her services she had been promised in due form under solemn treaties, a part of that ancient Ionia, which had belonged to the Greeks long before the Turks penetrated into Asia Minor, and to which she believed she had a claim on the strength of her higher civilisation. It cannot be denied that the Greeks in Asia Minor stood for progress, and that the regions they occupied could at once be distinguished from the Turkish settlements by their look of thrift and prosperity. Their claim to Ionia was once more questioned; they were asked to give back what they had rightly won by their sacrifices, and that could scarcely have been expected of them. Little wonder, then, that they resolved to risk the gage of battle rather than trust to the goodwill of the Allied Powers, and threw the sword, and not the treaties, into the scale of their alleged rights.

Time and space were on the side of the Turks. Each week of waiting added to their strength, and established their will to resist more and more firmly. They had concluded a friendly alliance with Russia, and even France was now seeking to come to terms with them. The Turkish forces in Cilicia would soon be free to strengthen their Western front. More and more weapons and war material came pouring in. The Greeks had not a moment to lose, if their best chances were not to be missed.

They began their forward march, without asking the permission of the Allies, even before the time had expired for deciding upon acceptance or rejection of the proposed compromise. This step on the part of the Greeks enabled the Angora Government to dispense with the unpleasant duty of refusing the London proposition, and gave the Turks the formal right to declare that they had been unlawfully attacked.

And now the war revealed its real proportions, and assumed a terrible form. It was not two armies, but two nations who were struggling with one another, and they fought with such bitterness and contempt of death, with such ferocity and such

a mad desire to exterminate each other, that it seemed as if there were room for only one of them on the earth. For the Turk it was plainly and simply a question of his continuing to exist at all; this gave him the stubborn endurance and the strength born of desperation, that enabled him to rise again when he lay well-nigh prone on the ground.

The Greeks were, in a way, possessed by the spirit of the Crusaders. And here again we are impressed by the fact that the destinies of humanity are decided by the pursuit of ideals and not by the possession of material strength. The Hellenes regarded themselves as the protagonists of the Western world. They were impelled by the thought of carrying the culture of Europe once more to the Near East, where they had once flourished long before the Turk appeared. It seemed as if the times of the ancient Persian Wars had returned, and as if the mission of driving the Asiatic back from the threshold of Europe had once again fallen to Greece. And besides they were allured by another and still higher reward—the battle-fields of Anatolia would decide whether the city of the great Constantine was to become once more Christian. Perhaps that was not the least important of the reasons for recalling Constantine and his Queen Sophia. It looked as if the prophecy were about to be fulfilled.

There were three acts in the tragedy of the Graeco-Turkish War, and it lasted a year and a half.

In the early spring of 1921, the Greek troops under the command of General Papoulias, advanced by forced marches on the unsuspecting Turks, King Constantine accompanying his army. Their objective was the great North and South Anatolian railway. If the Turks lost possession of that they would be deprived of their last base.

The southern group of the Greek forces stormed the commanding heights of Dumlu Punar, west of Afium Karahissar. Refet Pasha, who was in command of the Western front, was a

dare-devil cavalry general, rather than a strategist coolly weighing his chances, and he had to retreat, surrendering the town of Afium Karahissar, situated near the railway line. Here also the Greeks, in their first rush, had reached their goal.

The Northern Greek group, however, came up against the dogged Ismet Pasha. This little man with his pleasant smile was one of the best Field-Marshals of the Angora Government, and was a harder nut to crack. Three times the Greeks attacked him with their concentrated strength, and three times they were driven back. At Inn-Eunu, north-west of Eskishehr, once the residence of Osman, the first Turkish Sultan, the Angora troops were for the second time victorious. The Southern Greek group neglected to follow up their success at Afium Karahissar, and, taking Ismet Pasha in the flank and rear by a movement towards the north, thus force a decision. General Papoulas was compelled to break off his action, giving up Afium Karahissar again, and withdrawing his army to its original position. But the Turks also were so weakened that they did not venture to leave their positions, and allowed the Greeks to retire undisturbed.

The result, then, of the first round was—undecided. Both antagonists had to pause to regain breath. On the Turkish side, Refet Pasha, who had been unfortunate in his wardenship, was dismissed. He had to resign his command, and, on the pretext of requiring a change for reasons of health, he withdrew, resentfully, to the forests of Kastamuni, while Ismet Pasha took charge of the whole Western front.

The Great Powers, divided in their sympathies between both parties, and unwilling to be drawn into the struggle themselves, took the only course left open to them—they became spectators of the conflict. In other words they formally declared their neutrality in the Græco-Turkish War—essentially an acknowledgment of impotence, in very striking contrast to the world-commanding tone they adopted when dictating the terms of.

the Peace. Greece was left in the lurch by her British Ally, but she was not, on that account, deterred from pursuing to the end, in the hope of a successful issue, the course she had begun, and she refused an offer of mediation made officially by the British Cabinet, but not meant to be taken seriously.

The Englishman watched the further course of events with unruffled composure. To speak figuratively, he sat phlegmatically in his chair, his long legs stretched out on the table in front of him, his expression showing that he did not care a straw about the whole affair, his interest in the duel that was being fought out in the Anatolian arena being merely a sporting one. It has never been his way to rush anxiously forward to put a situation right that has once gone wrong. Things are bound to right themselves sooner or later. He could afford to wait quietly, sure that his time would come.

France, restless and fidgety as ever, and afraid lest the right moment should be missed, and her best chances slip past, hastily and secretly took advantage of the apparent perplexity of her British Ally to step in front of her in the Near East. Briand, taking no umbrage at the rejection of the agreement concluded in London, sent a new commissioner, M. Franklin-Bouillon, to Angora. Italy, not wanting to be behind France, voluntarily waiving her claim to Adalia, withdrew the last of her garrisons from Asia Minor, and began negotiations with the Nationalist Government.

In addition to these foreign foes, Mustapha Kemal had also to contend with a growing opposition in the National Assembly. Originally the agreed basis on which the Parliament rested had simply been the National Pact, which was rather a statement of general principles than a clearly defined programme. When the next step came to be taken—the application, or even the interpretation of its fundamental propositions—various opposing factions naturally began to emerge, which gradually crystallised into political parties.

One of those parties—a fairly large group—was led by Bekir Sami Bey, who had been Foreign Minister, until he joined the Opposition. These “Moderates,” as they might be called, were in favour of an immediate peace, and a *rapprochement* with the Entente. Now that France and Italy had made overtures to the Angora Government, there seemed every prospect of getting favourable terms. The continuance of a war, whose issue appeared to be more than doubtful, would mean the complete ruin of the exhausted country. It would be far better to yield a few points than put the whole existence of the nation in jeopardy by a stiff-necked resistance. In addition to the “Moderates” there were four or five other groups with the most diverse ideas and aims. Their formation was no doubt also partly due to the action of certain individuals who imagined they had a mission to be leaders.

The main difficulty and the most serious cause of division lay in the Constitution, or rather in the question of the monarchy, which had been left undecided. Here the Opposition might become dangerous, for in this issue they were supported by the entire nation, and, to a large extent by the army as well. General Kiazim Karabekir Pasha was the leader of this monarchical party, which existed rather outside the Parliament than within it. Writing to Mustapha Kemal he warned him very pointedly against meddling with the Sultanate. The statute establishing the new Constitution, he declared, could have no validity, so long as the country as a whole was not consulted about such a radical change in the form of government. He concluded his letter with the threatening words: “I have set myself the task of preventing at all costs the establishment of a Republic.”

Behind these moves there was always the impelling fear that the Angora General simply wished to eliminate the monarch in order to make himself Dictator, or perhaps even to usurp the Sultanate. He was accredited with a boundless ambition,

which alone was held to be a sufficient explanation of his striving for power.

Kiazim Karabekir Pasha was highly respected by the whole army, and his opinion carried great weight with the country. It would never have done to make an enemy of him, at least not at that moment. Mustapha Kemal wrote in reply that the Statute establishing the Constitution was not final, and was confined simply to the introduction of democratic methods into the administration. "There is nothing in the Statute," he continued, "that has any reference to the idea of a republic. The opinion held by some that it implies the early substitution of a republic for the monarchical régime, is the creation of pure imagination."

This purposely deceptive manœuvre was justified by necessity. It reassured an honourable soldier like Kiazim Karabekir Pasha. Not until later did he discover that he had been misled.

But Mustapha Kemal realised that he could never take the necessary step towards the formation of a republic unless he were able to rely on an absolute majority in the National Convention. He had to deal with this paralysing division in the Parliament; he could not trust to a chance vote, but had to counter this opposing tendency by the creation of a *bloc*. Accordingly he united all who were willing to give him unconditional support into a kind of party, which was always at his command. This "Group for the Defence of the Rights of Anatolia and Roumelia," as it was styled after the earlier alliance with a similar name, was formed from the Radical wing of the Assembly. Its programme was—the abolition of the Monarchy (expressed only in a veiled manner), and the fight for the complete achievement of national aims.

At that period, in the interval between the battles, the revolutionary tribunal at Angora held a rather strange trial for murder. The accused man was a well-born Indian, Mustapha Saghir. He had come to Angora ostensibly as a deputy from the "Indian

Committee of the Caliphate," which displayed at that time a zealous activity in support of the Turkish Nationalists. He had accordingly been received with every mark of honour, all the more as he declared that a contribution of a million pounds which he had been commissioned to see safely delivered, was on its way to Angora. But no sign of the million pounds had been seen, and there was a good deal else in his tales that could not be believed. Without making him suspicious the Angora Government had his correspondence watched. Some of his letters, written in parts with sympathetic ink, revealed the fact that he was in communication with the English Secret Service in Constantinople.

After he had been arrested and imprisoned he tried to soften the hearts of his judges by making a full confession of his crime. According to his own account, he was one of those young, and very carefully selected Indians, who are trained for the English Secret Service in the way Rudyard Kipling describes in his well-known novel *Kim*.

He belonged to an aristocratic Mohammedan family in Benares, and came to England when he was ten years of age, where he received at the state's expense the regular education of an English gentleman, finishing, as is usual, at Oxford. In return for this he had bound himself by an oath on the Koran "to live and die for England." He then received a state salary, made a tour round the world, took his doctor's degree at Heidelberg, supervised the Indian students who were studying at that university, was actively employed in the service of England in Egypt and Afghanistan, officiated for a while as English Consul in Persia, and during the war worked in Switzerland—the international centre for espionage.

After the Armistice he had passed himself off in Constantinople as a Deputy from the Indian Caliphate Committee, and had in that way won the confidence of the Stamboul circles. He also gave the names of certain Turks who were alleged to

have been bought over by English gold. Sultan Vahdeddin and the Grand Vizier Damad Ferid figured at the head of these. Saghir had then been sent to Angora, still as an agent of the English Secret Service. He was neither the first nor the last of these agents. It is certain that he must have given the English Secret Service information about the doings of the Nationalists, and particularly—a thing which was of the greatest importance at that time—about their relations with the Bolsheviks and the Eastern Mohammedans.

He also admitted—and at this point the trial reached its climax—that the real object of his being sent to Angora was to assassinate Mustapha Kemal. He gave definite particulars about the attempt that had been planned, mentioning the sum he had been offered—about £100,000.

When Mustapha Kemal heard this, he said, "I had no idea that my head was such a valuable commodity."

After these revelations the President of the Court asked the accused man, "How was it that you were considered specially suited for a murderous attempt like this?"

"Because," replied Saghir, "shortly before this I had successfully carried out a mission which was, at least, quite as dangerous—the murder of the Emir of Afghanistan."

His confession did him no good; he was condemned to death. Before his execution he asked that out of consideration for his family his real name should not be disclosed; this request was granted.

His death took the form of hanging, so he had to climb on to a kind of staging. When Saghir sat down on it the hangman pointed out to him that he was meant to stand and not to sit on the platform. Very politely the Indian replied with a smile, "Please excuse me; this is the first time I have been in a situation of the kind."

Whether Saghir's confession was true or not, the Angora Government did not neglect to make full use of it, and pub-

lished to the whole Mohammedan world a detailed account of how Great Britain had planned a murderous attack on Mustapha Kemal.

If any such attempt was actually made, at the worst, it was someone in the English Secret Service who was responsible for it. The London Government as such had no part in it, and undoubtedly knew nothing about it.

Meanwhile, the Greeks, raking together all their forces, were making preparations for a fresh move. In the home-country all who could carry arms were called up; the last farthing was subscribed, and there was as little lack of the mechanical appliances of war as of moral fervour. Everyone felt that the crisis had come; the Turks had to be struck to the heart; the goal was Angora; the battle cry was—Hellas and Europe!

In the first half of July, during the heat and drought of an Asiatic summer, the proud and mighty army of the Greeks began to move eastwards, under the eyes of their monarch. Immediately in front of the great railway they came into contact with the strongly entrenched positions of the Turks. On this occasion General Papoulas was more prudent. Less eager than he was in the spring to make a frontal assault on the strategic point of Eskishehr, he directed his main attack south of this, against Kutahia.

Ismet Pasha held out for ten days against a superior force; but after that the Turkish front was pierced at Kutahia. In desperation Ismet Pasha made one counter-attack after another, but the ring closed more and more tightly round him. Further south the Greeks had taken Afium Karahissar, and were already wheeling round towards the north.

The battle still continued, but the position was becoming more critical for the Turks every hour. Despite that, Ismet Pasha felt that he had to resist to the very last, and his generals were also of the same opinion. It was unthinkable that they should

abandon a position which everyone regarded as decisive for the fate of the war.

The Pasha-President, coming from Angora, was met with these disquieting tidings from the front, when he arrived at the General Headquarters. As soon as he obtained a clear idea of the state of affairs, he ordered, on his authority as Head of the Government, that the fighting should be stopped and a retreat made towards the east. He realised that a catastrophe awaited the Turkish Army, if it remained any longer in that place.

Seldom has any leader made a more daring resolve in such a situation. The success of the move was his sole justification; by that he stood or fell. He had undertaken an almost desperate fight; if it failed his courage became a crime, his inflexibility pure madness. A firmly established state may be able to survive violent shocks, but during a revolution any reverse may easily bring about a sudden recoil.

The stricken army streamed back, being able to free itself from the enemy without being pursued. Soon the barren, rocky regions of Inner Anatolia were covered with the retreating columns of exhausted and spiritless soldiers. Many lives were lost, and vast quantities of precious war material had to be abandoned. The position had been held for more than a year, and twice the assaults of the enemy had been repulsed.

Along with the troops there came endless trains of carts, waggons and vehicles piled with household possessions hastily raked together; and these were accompanied by bands of women and children. The inhabitants had deserted their towns and villages, fleeing before the Greek troops. A whole nation seemed to be on the move. It looked as if the Turks were departing bag and baggage to their native land in the interior of Asia, from which they had once come centuries before. And behind them their homesteads went up in flames.

Mustapha Kemal was sitting with a few companions in one of the last trains that left Eskishehr for Angora. It was night.

The compartment was illumined by a dripping, smoke-blackened petroleum lamp that hung from the roof. The wind whistled through the broken panes, and the tiny, dim flame looked every moment as though it would be extinguished.

Dejection was written on the faces of his companions, the officers of his staff. They were conversing in low, suppressed tones. Speaking of the disaster gave some relief, even though little hope remained. The conversation returned again and again to the one point—the defeat was not so disheartening as the feeling that all resistance was hopeless. In the whole of Asia Minor, which was as large as France and Germany together, there was only one through railway line, they said, whose chief junctions were Eskishehr and Afium Karahissar. Anyone acquainted with modern warfare knew what that meant. It had always been taken for granted that the railway line was to be held at all costs; it was the vital artery of the army, the backbone of the resistance. And now it was lost, and with it the whole of Western Anatolia, with its rich resources. An army could not be supported, still less could it be manœuvred, in the barren uplands of Inner Anatolia. No, Eskishehr should not have been given up so easily.

The Pasha sat bending over the map he had spread out on his knees. His countenance seemed to be covered by a grey veil, and his features had the rigidity of a mask. He sat quite motionless, but for his fingers, which were playing with the red beads of his *tespi*—the Mohammedan rosary. (Even the modern Turk still carries this, more as a matter of custom and a sedative to his nerves, than for any devotional purpose.)

But now he lifted his head, apparently catching the last words of the conversation. Flinging the red *tespi* on the map he said, “What does the railway signify, or Eskishehr or any other town? Nothing! The army is everything, and it is still there.”

Through the broken window-panes they could see the fleeing

army outside—bent, shadow-like figures, creeping along the bare, hilly ground in the moonlight. Those thin, long-drawn-out columns—many of them reduced to mere driblets, like the last, scanty trickles of a stream that is drying up—could these handfuls of men still be called an army?

As they sat in silence the Pasha said, as if he had come to a definite conclusion after long reflection, “We shall have the enemy defeated in four weeks.” This seemed so little possible to them that they were inclined to regard it as the hallucination of a madman.

The retreat came to a halt behind that swampy river-bed of the Sakaria, where a long stretch of rampart-like hills rises from the plain, and extends in a westerly direction. The troops were re-formed, and once more they were able to present a front to the foe. When the exhausted men had been given a few days’ rest, they began, one might almost say with bleeding fingers, to dig themselves into the hard, rocky soil.

In the National Assembly the barometer stood at “storm.” Bitterness and despondency found expression in heated accusations. The Opposition declared that there was no longer any hope of averting a collapse, and that the Nationalist cause was irrevocably lost. The President’s supporters were perplexed, and convinced in their inmost hearts that scarcely anything could be saved.

Angora was crowded with the people who had fled from the west. Their wretched, poverty-stricken encampments stretched in a wide belt round the town. Dense groups of these unfortunate men and women stood about the streets, saying very little to one another. But if an officer happened to pass they became silent altogether, and scanned him with an eloquent look that seemed to say, “ You are to blame for having lured the Greeks into our country.”

In Parliament useless debates, and reproaches that were just as useless, still went on the whole day long. Mustapha Kemal

had as yet not taken any part in them, indeed he had kept away from the Assembly altogether. He was waiting until the situation became clearer, and this happened in a way he had no doubt secretly desired.

His opponents demanded that the President should now take over in person the chief command of the Army. They wanted to place the whole burden of the responsibility on his shoulders. At first his supporters hesitated; a fresh defeat was bound to fall with all its weight on the leader himself. His silence, his aloofness and his reluctance to accept the chief command all strengthened the conviction that a catastrophe was inevitable. But even they could not think of any other way out of the dilemma. Besides, his name had a magic spell; hitherto fortune had always followed him in battle.

The National Convention came to the conclusion that the sole and final hope of salvation lay in Mustapha Kemal's taking over the chief command himself. Then for the first time he made his appearance in the Assembly, declaring that he would accept the position on the express condition that for the next three months "all the rights and powers of the Assembly should rest with him."

That meant nothing more nor less than the abrogation of popular representation, and the concentration of all administrative power in the hands of a single individual. The Assembly demurred to this demand, seeing in it only a confirmation of their unremitting suspicion that he wished to overthrow the Imperial dynasty in order to usurp the dictatorship. There were also personal considerations that gave his opponents cause for fear, for they believed that he would not fail to use the opportunity of rendering them innocuous. During a revolution an accusation of high treason is easily fabricated.

He quietened the fears of his opponents, but stuck to his demand, pointing out that extraordinary situations required extraordinary measures. So they had to grant him what he asked.

But in order to prevent his power from developing into a dictatorship, they introduced a clause providing that the powers committed to him could at any time be withdrawn by the Assembly.

This was done at a meeting of the Assembly held in private. During the public session at which the measure was passed, he made the following declaration, after a silence that seemed inexplicable to many of them, "I have never, for one moment, faltered in my conviction that we shall defeat the enemy. I proclaim this firm belief, now, before this honourable Assembly, before the nation, before the whole world."

He may possibly have possessed such confidence, and it was necessary that he should say so in public, but he was not one of those who trust blindly to their luck. He had too sure a grasp of reality to hypnotise himself into ignoring it by the employment of high-sounding phrases. But has there ever been a great man who did not have his hours of despondency, when he doubted his own powers and realised, in fear and trembling, his own littleness? Mustapha Kemal was taking upon himself the whole responsibility of sacrificing thousands of the present generation for the future of his nation. An almost superhuman strength was needed to bear this burden. In comparison with that it mattered very little that he was ready to sacrifice his own life as well, if fate decided against him.

Anyone who saw him in those days noticed the signs of his inward conflict. His face was still covered by an ashen veil, but he no longer wore the rigid mask. His features were constantly altering their expression; sometimes they were relaxed, disfigured, they almost seemed, but at other times they gave evidence of violent strain. He was impatient and irascible, and the least thing irritated him. It was difficult to have any dealings with him, and still more difficult to please him.

No historical figure should be invested with the dazzling impeccabilities of a stage hero. Mustapha Kemal needed some-

thing to counteract this ceaseless nervous strain—indeed it might be called overstrain—which lasted for two years. He found this in alcohol, which had been of use to him in former years. It did not stupefy him, but it soothed him. He could stand a very great deal of it, and drinking seemed to clarify and invigorate his mind. He required very little sleep, and he would sit with his intimates *inter pocula* through the entire night until dawn—a habit he still keeps up. During those long hours he was almost the only one who spoke. His conversation was unusually lively (although he maintained the Oriental's outwardly quiet demeanour), and his sharp intellect was never dulled. Speaking was a necessity for him; he never tired of discussing any subject that occupied his thoughts, looking at it from all angles, exploring all its possibilities, and lighting up its darkest corners. His never-ceasing preoccupation with his work, his continued and repeated consideration and reconsideration of each hour's task, explain the sureness of his estimates, which often astounded those who were about him.

He had thus all his plans ready before the dictatorial power was assigned to him. His orders, which now followed in rapid succession, had the weight of laws.

“I had,” he says, speaking of those days, “to enlist the activity, the sentiment and the thought of the whole nation in the war. Not merely those who had actually to face the enemy in battle, but all, in village, house or field, had to realise that they had their own bit to do, and had to devote their whole existence to the fight.”

He had inserted the only psychological lever that is able to raise nations to the achievement of extraordinary deeds. Coercion and compulsion were transformed into conscious and voluntary sacrifice. The individual was not conscious of being ordered. Feeling responsible along with the rest for the whole result, he was convinced that success depended on his own effort and toil. It was only with this spiritual *point d'appui* that the

material forces could be made effective.

The spirit of determination born of despair passed from the leader to the masses. The land was transformed into an armed camp, and the war became a large-scale improvisation. There were no manufactories, and no machinery beyond a few turning-lathes. Everything the army required had to be made by hand in the tiny workshops of saddlers, joiners, cartwrights and armourers. The implements of modern warfare were got ready in the best way possible. Everything was a makeshift, even to the flying machines that were put together out of the enemy planes. It required a good deal of courage to make an ascent in them. Clothing was not so easily secured, but everything that came to hand was utilised. "Every dwelling without exception," so ran the decree, "has to supply a kit consisting of a parcel of underwear, a pair of socks and a pair of shoes."

The sole means of transport were the ox-carts of the peasants. They were scarcely able to move faster than three miles an hour, and they had to convey victuals and material often hundreds of miles. Very soon the whole land was filled with the noise of their creaking, groaning, wooden wheels; on all the roads (if they could be called roads) trains of these *kaghnis* proceeded at a snail's pace that would have maddened a European. Almost without exception it was women who drove those carts. When the fighting zone was reached these women, with their babies tightly bound on their backs, would carry the heavy artillery shells, one on each shoulder, covering them with their shawls to prevent the dust from spoiling their delicate fuses, and slipping with them into the fighting line.

The memorable battle of the Sakaria lasted uninterruptedly for three weeks and a day. It was perhaps one of the greatest, and was certainly one of the bitterest and most obstinate battles that history records.

The Greeks after their victory at Eskishehr had to give the Turks four weeks' rest. In the height of summer the country

they had now to penetrate was an arid wilderness without a blade of grass, and almost without water. They had to make the most careful preparations for their advance, which was, in some respects, not unlike Napoleon's march into the interior of Russia in 1812. The Greeks, however, had this advantage, that their foes could not constantly elude them. Angora was not Moscow: the town, which was the symbol of their infant Revolutionary State, could not be given up without a fight.

Mustapha Kemal rode down the fighting lines two days before the struggle began. As he was ascending the rocky height of Kara Dagh (Black Hill) on the right wing, his horse stumbled and fell upon him. When he was dragged from under the animal he was only able to move with great difficulty. He had to be taken back to Angora, as one of his ribs had been broken. A bad omen! it was whispered, the *Bash-Kommandan* (Commander-in-Chief) is put *hors de combat* before the battle has begun!

On the following day he made his appearance once more in the fighting line, and the soldiers repeated to one another what he had said, when still pale with vexation and pain, in answer to their lamentations: "It is a sign from Allah. On the spot where one of my bones has been broken the resistance of the enemy will also be broken."

The Greeks had advanced, General Papoulias massing his army west of the Sakaria, and on a hill visible in the distance the standard of King Constantine was waving.

On the 24th of August, 1921, the thunder of the cannon roared along the entire front; the Greek attack had begun. They directed their main assault against the left wing of the Turks, in order to cut them off from Angora and their line of retreat. Kara Dagh became the second focus of the fight. At its foot there opened up a broad cutting through which, after crossing the Sakaria, the railway line and the only road led to Angora. Here lay the ancient Gordium, the place through

which many a host had marched towards the East.

The Greeks gain the river-cutting, and press on to the heights on the other side, on which their opponents have taken up their main position. It is a very rough, hilly country with numberless valleys and kopjes. The Turkish lines are penetrated at several points simultaneously. The defenders retreat in order to establish themselves firmly on the next height. Each unit fights for its own hand, heedless of what is happening on its right or left. Every inch of ground is gained after an obstinate resistance, and every hill becomes a fresh front. "There is no line of defence," Mustapha Kemal had stringently impressed on his troops, "there is only a surface of defence, and that surface is the whole land."

Nevertheless the situation of the Turks becomes more and more critical every day. Kara Dagh has to be given up, the centre and the right wing being able to escape only by the skin of their teeth. But the left wing constantly gives way, losing one position after another. Nearly all the reserves have been used up, and even they can only keep back the enemy for a short time. The Greeks outnumber them threefold.

The Turkish front originally facing west has turned a complete right angle. It now runs almost east and west, the Turks fighting with their faces towards the south. During the fight the supporting lines have to be wheeled round from the east to the north. The August heat of Inner Anatolia is unbearable, and there is scarcely any water to be got. The Greeks, too, are suffering badly from the heat and the drought; for three weeks they have only had a handful of maize to eat. Their bravery and power of endurance are admirable. It is astonishing what men are capable of accomplishing when they are inspired by an ideal.

The Turkish Headquarters are at the village of Alagosh, in a small peasant house, with its frame supported by props on the outside, and a warped and rickety wooden stair giving access

to the upper storey. A narrow passage leads to a mean room furnished with a campaigning bed, a chair and a large table. On the table stands an acetylene lamp—the only one that exists in the whole army.

Mustapha Kemal directs the battle from this room. He wears the brownish uniform of the common soldier, without any marks of distinction. He has no special rank in the army, having simply been entrusted for a time with the chief command as President of the Government. A map is spread on the table, and is covered with pins and flags of various colours. Messages pour in; once again as on every other evening the pins have to be shifted a few millimetres further back. He remains for hours bent over the map, making calculations, deliberating and giving fresh orders. At night he walks restlessly to and fro, although the pressure of the broken rib against the lung makes every movement painful.

His constant companion during these sleepless nights is Colonel Arif, a comrade in the Military Academy. Arif Bey is so strikingly like Mustapha Kemal that they might almost be taken for brothers. They have the same slight, lanky figure, the same shape of head, the same expression of disdain on the fast-closed mouth with its thin lips. Only Arif's forehead and cheek-bones are not so sharply defined, and his chin is weaker. But he has also the same blue eyes, though they are not so prominent nor quite so light in colour.

Arif, trained in the German Army, knew nothing all his life but war and military service. He believed in nothing, was attached to nothing, and judged men and affairs with a cold, but acute cynicism. No one would have imagined he was capable of any human sentiment at all, till he mentioned his house-keeper, Ayesha Hanum, a lady fifty years old, or his bear, which he had caught when young, and for which he arranged wrestling matches.

One night Mustapha Kemal spoke about the future, referring

to the retreat to Sivas that would likely be necessary, and wondering what would happen after that. Arif Bey, to cheer him up said in his mordant, ironical manner:

“ You will always find enough men in this country to send to their death, with or without reason. History never enquires how many lives a triumph has cost.”

(Had Arif Bey any presentiment that he would be sent to a dishonoured death by the comrade of his youthful days? The story goes that he had a quarrel with Mustapha Kemal over a personal affront, and on being elected as a Deputy joined the Opposition. After that he was accused in Smyrna of taking part in a conspiracy against the life of the President of the State, and condemned to death along with ten others. This conspiracy never got beyond the preliminary stage. Arif was accused of having received and lodged in his house at Angora, two of the men who were chosen to carry out the murderous design. His housekeeper Ayesha Hanum, about whom mention has been made above, on being called as a witness, affirmed that the two men had spent a night in the house. It is hard to say what Arif felt, when the only human being to whom he was attached betrayed him in this way.)

In the morning the Commander-in-Chief had himself put on horseback, and riding to the front, he saw for himself how things stood, and intervened in person. But the men melted away before his eyes; the lines did not so much give way as trickle into the blood-drenched soil. Each fresh barrier of bodies that was erected was submerged by the advancing tide of assailants.

Beside him stands the Chief of the General Staff, Fevsi Pasha, an experienced soldier and a giant in stature, with a mane of thick, black hair, and deep-set dark eyes, that have a steadfast, piercing glance. His whole bearing inspires quietness and confidence. His faith in a final victory has never wavered, and it seems as though he bore this faith as a radiant monstrance before

him. This firm assurance of his is not the least of the reasons for the commander's choice of him as his principle coadjutor. Mustapha Kemal, the cool calculator, is superstitious.

Ismet Pasha is in command at the front. Despite his having lost a battle he is still entrusted with the leadership. This little, half-deaf general has a haggard, pointed face with a nose that seems too big for it springing from it. He is worn to a thread, but he seems to be almost omnipresent. He is anxious to retrieve his former defeat, and he will not yield, indeed, he must not.

Refet Pasha, too, has been long back from his sojourn in the woods of Kastamuni. He has been entrusted with the Ministry of National Defence. The alert cavalry officer has proved himself to be an able organiser. Wherever it was possible he has had men and war materials brought in from the country. It is due to him that the inferiority of the Turks to the Greeks in numbers has been reduced to some sort of equality. At present he is in command of the reserves. But his stores are running low, and he can only partially satisfy the demands of the batteries and the firing lines for munitions.

"So long as the Greeks do not seize Tchal Dagh (the last commanding height in the direction of Angora)," the Commander-in-Chief declares, "we need not fear the worst. But if they do, then our retreat is cut off, and we are caught in a trap."

On the evening of that day news comes that the Greeks have taken Tchal Dagh, and are already advancing beyond it. In Angora, where the inhabitants and the National Assembly are anxiously awaiting the result, the thunder of the guns can be heard coming nearer and nearer.

Still another night and a day pass under this leaden oppression. The Commander-in-Chief is faced with the question—shall he now order a retreat? But the situation is different from that of Eskishehr, and a retreat now would mean the loss of everything. If they remain in their present position a cata-

trophe may possibly happen, but if they retreat, it is inevitable. Rather, then, let them hold out and wait. Has fortune not always attended him in battle? This, now, is the only ground of his trust.

Once more a night passes. Their doom seems to be drawing always nearer. Then at two o'clock in the morning the telephone rings. Fevsi Pasha wishes to speak personally to the Commander-in-Chief. That must mean that he has specially important news.

A breathless silence reigns in the little house. In the passage the staff officers are standing motionless. Then the voice of Mustapha Kemal is heard, hoarse with excitement. "Is that you Pasha? What? Am I right in understanding that half of the Tchal Dagh has been won back? What do you say? The Greeks are at the end of their tether, we may expect them to retreat? . . ."

The surprising tidings is confirmed the next morning. The assaults of the Greeks have been brought to a standstill; their strength is visibly flagging. In the literal meaning of the words, they have bled to death in these Anatolian highlands. It is the 7th of September, 1921—the fifteenth day from the beginning of the struggle, and the seventh anniversary of the battle of the Marne. And for the Turks it is in reality a Marne-miracle.

The direction of the action now devolved on Mustapha Kemal. He transferred to the right wing the forces that were available now that the Greeks were on the defence. The Turks, who had hitherto been warding off with difficulty the blows of the enemy, had now become the assailants. The commanding Kara Dagh was once more in their possession. Mustapha Kemal took up his position on the spot where his horse had fallen shortly before, and from there he directed the last action of the battle.

The bridge at the ancient Gordium was lost by the Greeks and they had to retire beyond the Sakaria. There they held out for

six days longer; it looked as if the antagonists had set their teeth into each other so firmly that they could no longer be separated.

The right wing of the Turks was further and further extended, while reinforcing troops advanced in larger numbers towards the north. The position between the two armies was completely reversed. It was the Greeks now who were afraid they would be cut off, and be caught in a trap.

General Papoulias realised that there was no longer any hope. The battle and their cause were lost. The dream of a Great Greece sank into the blood-stained waters of the Sakaria. Papoulias could only save the wreckage of his army. On the 14th of September he gave the order to retreat, after a battle that had lasted uninterruptedly for twenty-one days and nights. The Greeks retired to their former position on the Anatolian railway. On their way back they burned the villages, destroying the wells with dynamite, driving away the flocks, killing all the men who had not been able to escape, violating the women, and leaving behind them for hundreds of miles a track of devastation.

The Turks too, had come to an end of their strength, and pursuit of the Greeks was out of the question. Mustapha Kemal had certainly defeated the enemy's army, but he had not been able to annihilate it. The campaign continued, although the issue of the war had really been decided.

The Turkish victory on the banks of the Sakaria altered at a stroke the political orientation of the Near and Middle East. For two centuries Europe had driven the Ottoman Empire back, and bit by bit deprived it of its conquests. Here at the Sakaria, on Asiatic soil, the Turk, who had preserved his immemorial mode of existence in Inner Anatolia, held the Westerner at bay, and that fact constituted a turning-point in history. The decline of the Mohammedan world had been arrested. Later historians will recognise that the struggle at the Sakaria was one of the most significant battles of this generation.

CHAPTER XII

EUROPE AND ASIA

EUROPE, it seemed, required a whole winter to recover from its astonishment. The spring of 1922 arrived—the fourth year since the beginning of the Revolution and the War—and the Eastern outlook remained, to all appearances, the same as it had been left after the battle of the Sakaria seven months before.

The two armies stood confronting one another, unaltered in their positions—two antagonists glaring at each other from behind their entrenchments and barbed wire, the muzzles of their guns threatening but silent.

The passage of time has a different effect on different characters. The Turk is able to wait without exhausting his patience. He is imperturbable and does not readily react to his external surroundings; his needs are few, and his habits are those of the primitive and frugal peasant. All these qualities were in his favour. He could hold out longer, and deny himself more. He was better fitted to endure apparently endless vexations, and even to do nothing at all. He was less given to thinking, and, on that account, was more willing to submit to the inevitable. He saw the ordinance of fate even in having to wait patiently. From time immemorial he had been accustomed to subject himself to the commands of a ruler—whether it was the Caliph, or, as now, the Pasha who had been sent by Allah. If the order was to fight, then fight he must; if it was to wait patiently, then he would do so and ask no questions. At the same time a really democratic bond was created among all the ranks. The officers, although their work was more difficult and their responsibility greater, made no claim to an exceptional position, sharing the

same wretched existence, and submitting to the same privations as the soldiers. The Commander-in-Chief at the front, Ismet Pasha, in his unpretentious, threadbare uniform, was just as hollow-eyed and as thin in the face as the soldier in the trenches.

The Greek—the European—was different. He is highly strung and more agile than the Turk, both in mind and body. He possesses an active inner life and an innate sense of the rhythm of life as it expresses itself in creation and action. Hence he swung to a greater height under the impulse of the swifter rate of existence, and was capable of more extraordinary achievements. But he could not stand long waiting, his patience coming quickly to an end, and his nervous tension becoming relaxed in a state of inaction. Leisure and boredom wore out his sensitive nerves, passive waiting undermined his will. Accustomed to a more refined style of living, he was less able to bear privations, and they injured his physical but still more his mental condition. Reacting to his surroundings in too lively a fashion, he could not accept the existing state of things as an ordinance of fate. He pondered unceasingly, and since he was left to his own resources, his constant questioning and doubting gnawed away his confidence and undermined his faith.

Finally, when they had faced one another in this way for a whole year, doing nothing and yet being subjected to a ceaseless strain, it came to be a question of nervous endurance—during this period of quiet waiting, of course—and the Turks proved the stronger of the two. The Greek Army, like a stagnant pond, began to show signs of decomposition. The uncontrolled instincts rose to the surface and mastered the spirit, now that it was no longer under the sway of a great ideal.

General Papoulas had resigned the leadership, having no longer any hope of a victory. His successor, General Hadjanesti, remained in his well-appointed, comfortable quarters in Smyrna. He motored to the front occasionally in order to show

his devotion to duty. Ruddy, well-nourished and clad in a uniform that was covered with gold lace and braid, he visited the trenches and graciously encouraged the men, telling them to have patience and perseverance. The officers followed his example, all of them making their existence as comfortable as possible, and the soldiers did the same. They tried to while away the long days, weeks, months of tedium in drinking, games and other amusements. Now and again the chance of getting booty offered a semblance of activity. The enforced leisure led to quarrels. Apart from gain, the passion of the Greeks is politics. The camp became an agora, the army splitting into two parties. Now that the supporters of the monarchy were unsuccessful the Republicans again came to the front. The battlecries of these factions were, on the one side, Constantine, on the other, Venizelos. The real foe was not in the opposing trenches, he was in their own camp. The division ran through the whole army from the officers of highest rank to the basic unit of the squad.

Gounaris, the President of the Greek Chamber, sent a despairing call for help to the Western Powers. His country had already overstrained its powers in the furtherance of the honourable cause of European peace. Greece could not take it upon her to abandon the Christians of the East to their fate. But she could scarcely go on fighting any longer without some support; everything was needed, money above all.

The French regretfully shrugged their shoulders. You should not have recalled your King Constantine; you know, we warned you, but since you have done so. . . . It was a poor enough excuse, but it was justified by the circumstances. Could France have expected her people to go to war simply to rescue the Greeks from an awkward situation?

Lord Curzon, the British Foreign Minister, coolly told Gounaris to have a little patience. A Conference of the Powers was to be held very soon in Paris, when the Eastern Question

would receive serious consideration. Money? No, unfortunately he could not give any. There was the obligation of neutrality to be kept in mind. Besides, the Greeks had refused a previous offer of mediation. But there would be no objection to a private loan.

The loan was not negotiated; but, apparently, considerable sums of money were sent to Athens. One of the financial magnates of London at that time was Sir Basil Zaharoff, a native of Asia Minor and a *parvenu* of genius, who had begun his career as a street-porter in Constantinople—"the mystery man of Europe" as he was called in the English House of Commons. Zaharoff is said to have given Lloyd George advice on the Eastern Question. The Greek, although he was a friend and political associate of Venizelos, certainly did all he possibly could in London for his countrymen.

The brilliant capital on the Golden Horn had grown silent. Its abundant flood of life had been drawn off towards Asia. The foreign Powers still kept up the fiction of an Imperial Government, and the Grand Vizier, an old, tired man, still presided over a Council of Ministers who had no ministerial functions. The Sublime Porte was a door without a house. These surviving puppets of a submerged kingdom played their parts like shades before empty benches.

The throne of the Osmans still stood in the splendour that had endured for centuries, but all around it was derelict. The Pasha-President, by his clever revolutionary tactics, had quietly isolated the Sultan from his people. Never attacking the sacred institution directly, but appearing rather to put himself protectingly in front of the Padishah, he nevertheless shouldered him out of the country.

Like his brother Abdul Hamid before him, Vahdeddin shuddered at the utter loneliness of the palace of Yildiz Kiosk. His fate had been settled in Angora; he could only wait and

keep quiet. He would, no doubt in order to forget his fear, fly at times to the little friendly pavilion of his latest spouse. He adorned the handsome bosom of Nevsad Hanum with the legendary pearls of the Imperial Treasury, loading her soothing hands with jewels, as if he suspected that very soon he would no longer be able to bestow kingly gifts upon her. . . .

As the fame of Constantinople sank, that of Angora continued to rise. The whole world now knew and talked of this town in the interior of Asia, which, a short time before, had been nothing more than a point on the map. It signified for Europe something mysterious, enigmatic, incalculable, while for the Mohammedan world it was the epitome of an astounding hope and a passionately intense expectation.

Even in the midst of war and revolution the National Assembly had built its own house. That was the first expression of a determined resolve to create a new State, and the symbol of its fundamental principle—the sovereignty of the people. It was certainly a very modest fabric, rising from its isolated position in an open field, more like a small railway station than anything else, but it was the brave pioneer of a joyous confidence in the future.

The sittings, too, that were held in that poor, positively dreary hall with its school-benches, always reminded one rather of the meetings of a Jacobin club. They also recalled the early meetings of the North American farmers after the Declaration of Independence. The Turkish Deputies often lived at a considerable distance from Angora, and they rode to the meetings of Parliament, tethering their horses to a trellis outside the building.

After the battle of the Sakaria the Pasha-President, in order to avoid orations and triumphal processions, returned to Angora in complete secrecy. To the surprise of all he appeared on the following day in the National Assembly. It conferred on him the rank of a Field-Marshal and the surname of “El Ghazi,”

the Victorious—the highest honour the Ottoman Sultan had to bestow.

A former professor, with ideas of business, had secured the site opposite the Parliament buildings, and had erected on it with American celerity a frame-work building that did duty as an hotel and restaurant.

The premises were always overcrowded. For the inhabitants of Angora saw, in addition to their own energetic fellow-countrymen, foreigners from every quarter of the globe streaming into their town—ambassadors from the Russian Soviet, envoys from Afghanistan, Azerbaijan and the various Caucasian Republics, representatives of the European Powers, high-born Mohammedans from India, who had emigrated from the distant Punjab to live in Angora under a free Islamic Government, revolutionaries from Egypt, correspondents from the principal capitals of the West, adventurers, agents and spies like Mustapha Saghir. Even the Grand-Sheikh of the Senussi had made a pilgrimage to the new Mecca from his oasis in the Libyan desert, in order to do homage to the Ghazi, as he was now called, presenting him with a sabre set with diamonds as an indication of what the Mohammedan world still expected from the conqueror of the infidels.

The Ghazi had his residence outside the town in Chankaya, a suburb about half-an-hour's distance from Angora on the road to Sivas. It was very different from the mansions provided for the heads of present-day states. A simple country villa, built on an unenclosed height, it looked out on the distant town and on the endless vista of the Eastern Steppes, whose precipitous range of hills shone at sunset with a wealth of colouring, ranging from deep amethystine violet to a tender coral-pink. In this commoner's house, enlarged by the addition of a tower, he still lives to-day. Round about it, and separated from it by terraced gardens, several pavilions have been built for the accommodation of his secretaries and the gentlemen in his per-

sonal service, or for the holding of special receptions—a last reminiscence of the encampments of the conquering Turkish nomads.

But this emphasis on the simple life does not preclude a sense of what is fitting for the reception of foreign embassies and the representatives of the Great Powers. Whenever the Citizen-President functions as the Head of the State, the whole prolix series of solemn ceremonials, with which even Republics cannot dispense, makes its appearance, and is directed and supervised by a “Chief of the Records.” At first a distinctly Oriental note was given to the picture by the fez and the *kalpak*, that were *de rigueur* for the officers, and by the presidential body-guards—tall, slim Lazis, with high fur caps, long, black Circassian coats, wrought-silver cartridge-cases, worn as a decoration across their breast, and curved daggers in their belts. These relics of the Orient disappeared gradually. The head-gear of the officers underwent the strangest metamorphoses before it finally became the Anglo-American peaked cap. As the last, logical result of this assimilation to Western modes, the frock-coat and the tall hat, which have already a slight *souvenir* of antiquity for Europeans, were worn on occasions of ceremony.

The President's villa in Chankaya has two rooms on the first floor. One of them is a study, sparsely furnished with a few carpets, some pieces of exquisite and valuable faience ware, which show a feeling for plain, simple lines and a large work-table almost bare, with only a few vases on it filled with flowers. The whole room gives the impression of a plain, frugal spirit. A kind of winter-garden in front of it serves as a reception-and assembly-room. Here again there are a few carpets, incomparably beautiful in their harmonious colouring, and many flowers. In the centre stands a marble basin with a fountain—a grateful refreshment in a town which is so often in want of water during its sweltering, dust-laden summer.

Friends and intimates gather here for the *akshandjilik*—the

evening glass. Conversation is unconstrained, and often lasts long into the night, for he is a man that needs little sleep. Still he is never indolent; his restless brain is working incessantly.

Mustapha Kemal's mother, too, had come from Constantinople, and was now living with her son. She was a tall, stately lady, clad entirely in white, and wearing a white head-dress. Her smooth, reddish-white face still had a youthful appearance, and was almost without furrows; but she was nearly blind, and suffered from many of the ailments that accompany old age. She always treated her son as if he were still a school-boy, and gave him many a scolding; his exalted position counted for nothing with her. She mourned for her native town of Salonica, and was determined never to wear a new dress until her son had freed the town from foreign rule.

She nearly always sat cross-legged on the cushions of her bed, which was spread on the floor, in the ancient Turkish fashion. Another lady with a thin, young face that showed traces of suffering, often sat beside her, silent and sunk in thought. She was Fikriyé Hanum, a distant relative who had won the great man's heart. This had not pleased his mother, and she took no pains to conceal her jealous resentment and dislike. Fikriyé Hanum was one of those women who ask nothing for themselves, but find their happiness in giving. She was destined before long to stand aside quietly.

While the cannons remained silent, the political and diplomatic battle still continued. It was harder, stiffer, more stubborn and dangerous than the fight with weapons, and demanded greater adroitness and far more refined strategy than the conduct of a battle.

With surprising quickness the advantage won by the victory of the Sakaria brought the wavering deliberations with France to the decisive point. M. Franklin-Bouillon yielded to the

demands of Mustapha Kemal, and Poincaré in Paris indicated his agreement. A provisional Peace Treaty was concluded. France, with a hard nut to crack in Syria, finally renounced Cilicia, and an indeterminate frontier-line in the direction of Syria (the source of fresh disputes) was approved; there was no more talk of commercial preferences in favour of France.

This so-called Angora Treaty, signed on the 20th of October, 1921, gained considerable importance as the first international transaction between a European Great Power and the Turkish Revolutionary Government, without the slightest recognition of Constantinople. It was above all a moral victory, revealing the dissension among the Entente Powers with reference to the Eastern Question, and it strengthened the Turkish military position by setting free the troops on the southern frontier. But England took care that the Treaty should bring no relief to the general political situation.

This Treaty, signed by France without any consideration for her Allies, was to remain secret, even although the European Cabinets knew of its existence. But secret diplomacy, in modern times, has often been unlucky. An American journalist managed to secure a copy of the Agreement and published the text of it.

London seemed to be deeply injured and made a protest. This separate Treaty, it was declared, was antagonistic to the London agreement of 1914, by which the Allies had bound themselves never to make any separate Peace.

But Downing Street did not really allow itself to be disturbed by this foxy doubling. It held France in the leading-strings of her Rhine policy, for which she was still steering under a promising breeze.

Great Britain remained the tenacious, unyielding opponent of Mustapha Kemal. To contemporary observers the English policy with reference to Angora seemed to be incredibly stupid, indeed almost crazy. But looked at in its larger setting it is seen

to be completely justified. So far as England was concerned the question was far larger than the doings of the Turkish Nationalists in Asia Minor.

At that period there emerged for the first time on the horizon of world-politics a new constellation, which has been concisely described as the awakening of the East. In the ancient kingdom of China the revolution began with the express aim of liberating the country from the Western strait-jacket. This was precisely similar, therefore, but on a larger scale, to what was happening in Turkey, and in both countries the movement was supported by Bolshevik Russia. Afghanistan had been fighting for its independence. In Persia a complete upheaval had taken place, a former Cossack officer having made himself Shah and thrown off the hand of Britain. The Mohammedan had awakened overnight to the consciousness of nationality. What had been possible in Turkey could just as easily occur in Egypt, Arabia or Persia.

A tide of unrest was moving visibly through the whole Mohammedan world. The victory of the Sakaria, after a century of almost continual defeats, had shown that the Oriental nations might be able to stand their ground in a duel with Europe, now that the World War had almost completely destroyed their traditional respect for the West.

The hope that centred in Angora became a summons that swept from China to the Caucasus, from India to Arabia, and through Arabia to Egypt and Morocco. The Ghazi, who had conquered the infidels, was already hailed as the saviour of Islam and looked upon as a sword sent by Mohammed for the defence of the faith. In Teheran, Samarkand, Kabul, Khiva, Turkestan and Iraq, Turkish emissaries were actively at work, wakening the nations to a consciousness of their nationality. Russia stood in the background, still, as ever, a Colossus. Bolshevism had emerged all the stronger from every attack made on it from the outside, and already it was stretching out its .

tentacles towards the Eastern and Southern nations, apparently only waiting on them to bring about a world-revolution.

Europe only knew that the General in Angora was a reckless gambler. He had begun a revolution with a mere handful of followers, making himself master of the country. Standing entirely alone, he had dared to confront the Great Powers with an army almost wholly composed of ragged levies, and had accomplished what seemed utterly impossible. If he followed up his victory, would he not, in keeping with repeated historical precedents, enlarge the scope of his aims? The whole of Asia would then be thrown into a ferment. Would this Turkish Pasha, on whose future movements no one could reckon, be content with the liberation of his own country? Was it to be expected that he had set any self-imposed limits? The possibility was not to be excluded that he might become a new Napoleon of the East, perhaps even a new Genghis Khan, and side by side with Soviet Russia, set the whole Mohammedan world in motion against Europe—against a continent sick of war, weary, weakened and torn with internal divisions. The tension between East and West, which will, perhaps, set its stamp on the twentieth century, for the first time showed on the pressure-gauge of our generation the sign of danger.

But people were mistaken in their estimate of the man of Angora. No doubt Mustapha Kemal required the support of Mohammedanism, and also showed his sympathy with the Nationalist aspirations of Islamic countries, but he did not allow himself to be carried away by the Asiatic flood; he rather tried his best to dam it back. He neither contemplated the re-establishment of the Ottoman Empire, nor did he take any part in the wild schemes of Pan-Islamism or Pan-Turkism, though there were those who wished to compel him to take that course. They tried to interest him in the idea of a Mohammedan renaissance, and even among his own followers there were many

who expected him to become the protagonist of a re-awakened Islam.

He never tired of impressing moderation on his supporters, reminding them again and again of the blunders of the Ottoman Sultans, who had sacrificed the Turkish people in the conquest of foreign provinces.

Shortly after the war of the Sakaria, at a sitting of the National Assembly, he proclaimed to the world: "We do not desire war, but peace. We ask for nothing more than the independence of the Turkish State within its own boundaries, a right that Europe grants to other nations as well."

If one may judge from some of his utterances at the time, one of his most painful experiences was his inability to convince Europe that he was sincere in what he said. He was not believed; speeches like these were regarded simply as masks for his real aims, and designs were attributed to him that were very far from his thoughts; his hand was discovered in all the Asiatic unrest, and the rebellions against the West were set down to the machinations of Angora, which seemed to imply ends that were much more comprehensive and dangerous than they really were.

To this context belongs the tragic close of Enver Pasha's life. After a long concealment in Germany, Enver had gone to Russia, and getting into friendly relations with the Soviet, had worked for the Turkish Nationalist cause in the countries of the Caucasus. From that quarter he had hoped to reach Angora, and take part in the fight for liberation. But Mustapha Kemal would not allow him to return. Enver's former supporters, the Unionists, who were bound by an oath to act together, were still a considerable power. The reappearance of their leader would only have brought unrest into the country and strengthened the opposition to the Nationalists. There was no place for Enver in Turkey alongside Mustapha Kemal.

Still pursuing his Pan-Turkish ideals, Enver then attempted to raise a rebellion among the Turkomans of Inner Asia, and

link it up with the movement in Anatolia. He gained a firm foothold in Bokhara. The inhabitants of that region considering themselves oppressed by the Soviet, raised troops against the Reds and summoned Enver to aid them in liberating their country. Enver expelled the remainder of the Red forces, and was made Emir of Bokhara.

These extravaganzas of Enver ran counter to Mustapha Kemal's cautious policy with regard to Moscow. There was a possible risk that Bokhara might incite the other nations of Asiatic Turks to secede from the Soviet. The Angora Government would then be dragged against their will into the Pan-Turkish policy—especially as such confusing ideas were rife in Angora at the time. This would have made an enemy of Russia, depriving Angora of its rearguard, and without that, opposition to Europe would have been out of the question. Mustapha Kemal had great difficulty in convincing Moscow that he had no part in Enver's adventures.

Meanwhile the Soviet had brought their campaign in Poland to a close, and were now sending strong forces to oppose Enver. The tribes of Bokhara, whom Enver had attempted to transform into disciplined troops, fled before the approach of the Red Army. He himself fell along with a handful of Anatolians, fighting against an entire Russian regiment. He was buried with military honours. His face was so disfigured by wounds that it was not recognisable. But his wife's letters, which, as was well known, he always carried with him, were found in his pocket. The legend that he is still alive, concealed somewhere in Inner Asia, is thus quite unfounded.

About a year before that, Talaat Pasha was murdered in the open street in Berlin. Shortly after Enver's death, Djemal Pasha, the third of the Triumvirate, also met his death. He had assisted the new King Amanullah in the Europeanising of his country, and proceeding afterwards to Moscow, came somehow into conflict with the Soviet, and was threatened with the

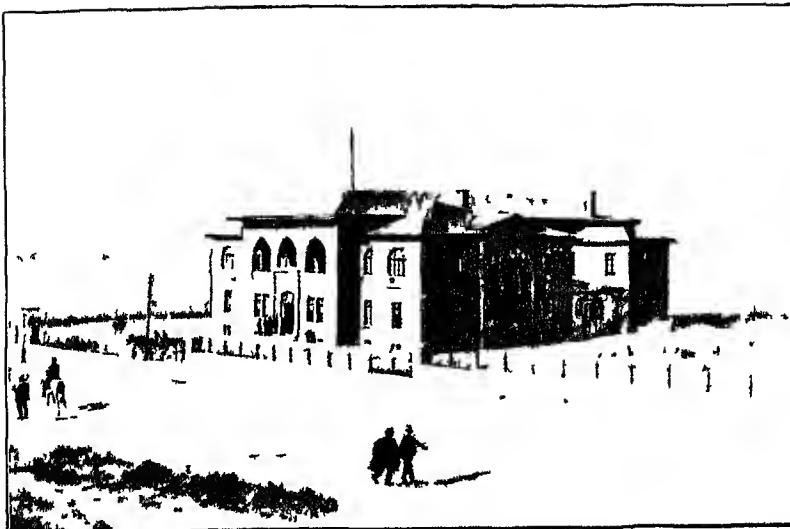
Cheka. He escaped to Tiflis, and sent his adjutant from that city with a letter to Mustapha Kemal, requesting permission to return to his native land. But before he could receive the answer—which evidently contained a refusal—Djemal Pasha fell a victim to a murderous attack in Tiflis.

While he carried on this complicated politico-diplomatic game of keeping up four balls at once—Europe, Russia, Asia and Mohammedanism—Mustapha Kemal had to engage, on his inner front, in a fight which was no less difficult to manage.

If he had to disappoint the hopes of the Islamic hotheads, he had to meet the moves of those on the other side who tried to force him to come to an early agreement with the Western Powers. The uncertainty of the situation, the pressure on the country that was scarcely bearable any longer, the long continuance of a war that after all was not a war, the apparent indecision of the leader, who after beginning the fight was now continually avoiding it (since he wanted peace), all helped to increase the forces opposing him.

His policy seemed to yield no results. The position had, if anything, grown worse. The hopes that had been centred in the Treaty with France had not been fulfilled, and no support was to be expected from Paris. The expulsion of the Greeks grew more and more doubtful, even the leader himself did not seem to believe any longer that this was possible. But even if that unlikely event took place, there was still Great Britain to be faced. In that case they would have to submit; why, then, not do so at once?

London seemed ready to meet them half-way. At the Paris Conference of the Prime Ministers there had been a proposal for an Armistice, which was to be followed by Peace negotiations, while further ameliorations of the Sèvres Treaty had been also conceded. Mustapha Kemal had replied: “An Armistice? Certainly; but at the same time the evacuation of Anatolia by



THE NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDING IN ANGORA

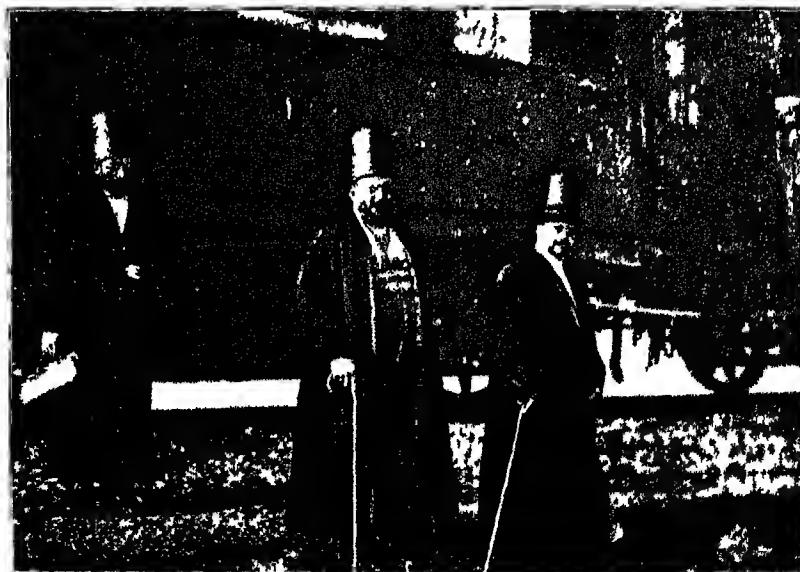


Atlantic Photo Berlin

HAGIA SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE



FUNERAL PROCESSION OF SULTAN ABDUL HAMID



DLRVISH MONKS, BEFORE THE DECREE OF BANISHMENT

the Greek troops, and not, as is proposed, after the conclusion of the Peace. But even if there is no Armistice a postponement of the Peace negotiations is undesirable." On that the Conference was broken off. He then sent the Foreign Minister, Yusuf Kemal Bey, to Paris and London to convince the Cabinets that he did not want anything but an independent Turkey; but the mission was fruitless.

The members of the National Assembly found their leader incomprehensible. They overlooked the fact that if he had accepted the offer that had been made at the Paris Conference, he would have been manœuvred into an undesirable position. London had as little success in doing this as it had in luring him to commit indiscretions, though that attempt was also made. He would not abate one jot or tittle from the claim he had made, but he never went a hair's breadth beyond it.

It must be added that Mustapha Kemal took very little care to avoid making enemies. His manner was often abrupt and sarcastic; though he could charm and attract people if he chose, he could offend them just as readily. He did not possess Ismet Pasha's gift of finding conciliatory compromises and amiable adjustments, nor had he the imperturbability and *bonhomie* of a man like Fevsi Pasha. (Both these men held important positions at that time, and they were often able to counteract, in a very happy fashion, the effects of the Commander-in-Chief's too sharp-edged tongue.) He was not unlike Bismarck in his irritability, his nervous impatience, and even in his ability to hate.

Nor was the conduct of his unswerving followers—his desperadoes, as they were called, his friends of the nightly round table—at all likely to add to the popularity of their leader. They were often more papal than the Pope, and did a great deal of harm by their obsequious zeal. Many feared that a new kind of palace camarilla would develop—the typical accompaniment of Sultanic absolutism. But in that they were

completely mistaken. Mustapha Kemal never allowed his closest intimates to influence his decisions in any way; he kept them strictly at a distance, and he was neither actuated by personal considerations, nor did he permit any favouritism, in the making of State appointments. Some years later when a Minister for Naval Affairs was guilty of dishonest practices in making the contracts for the fleet, it was generally assumed that the matter would be hushed up, in consideration of the Minister's former close friendship with the President. But the Minister was tried and condemned to several years' imprisonment, which he had to serve.

In that summer England exchanged the political prisoners in Malta for the few British officers who had been seized in Anatolia. Among those who returned to Angora there were distinguished men of that generation like Fethi Bey, the former ambassador in Sofia, but above all there was Rauf Bey.

With the reappearance of Rauf Bey in the political arena the Opposition at once gained a fresh impetus. The diverse factions and fractions drew together into a *bloc* called the "Second Group" in opposition to the group under Mustapha Kemal. It seems, too, that many of the Government party joined the "Second Group" at that time.

Rauf Bey, to some extent, employed the same screen tactics as Mustapha Kemal. He kept personally on the most amicable terms with the Chief of the State, and their mutual friendship did not seem to be darkened by the slightest cloud, but in secret Rauf Bey was the leader of the Opposition. On his return to Angora he entered the Ministry, but very soon after he resigned his office, with the object of attaining a still higher position.

When the motives of the Opposition are carefully scrutinised, one comes across, again and again, the fear that the General would make himself Dictator. Already the phrase had been coined—the Sultans are dead, long live the Pashas! Many held that the country was drifting towards the condition of the South

American Republics, which were perpetually changing a Government depending solely on the personality of some strong man—General X is in power, and General Y has fled to the mountains. Government would degenerate into a ceaseless succession of rebellions and counter-rebellions.

Rauf Bey's sympathies were in the direction of Britain. Although his involuntary sojourn in Malta had cooled considerably his liking for the Anglo-Saxon, he still regarded the English Constitution as the most complete form of democracy. He wished to introduce the British model into his own country—a representative Sultan at the head, as a firmly established counterpoise to ambitious Pashas. This essential antagonism to Mustapha Kemal, the Republican, was one that could not be bridged over, and it led afterwards to an open breach between the two men.

The law that assigned the chief command to Mustapha Kemal had to be renewed every three months. At the end of one of these terms, the Opposition took the opportunity of making an attack, which proved successful. The measure not being supported by the requisite majority had to be dropped, and that meant unmistakably a vote of no-confidence against Mustapha Kemal. He was ill himself, just at that time, and took no part in the discussions. The Ministerial Council offered to resign, but Mustapha Kemal asked them to wait another day.

Then he addressed a secret sitting of the National Assembly. He possessed, in an unusual degree, the gift of oratory. This was not so much an independent endowment as the expression of a mind, trained by constant reflection to pronounce clear and profound judgments. His voice was not particularly strong, but it was very carefully modulated, and extraordinarily expressive, especially in the soft vibrations of its middle register. Like his tone, the form of his speech as well was always restrained, conciliatory, and, one might almost say, highly culti-

vated; its substance was like wrought steel. He did not try to run the gamut of rhetoric, disdaining the aid of purple passages; his appeal being rather to the reason than to the feelings, he did not talk people over, but convinced them. In debate he never rushed upon his opponent, or thundered him down; he impaled his arguments, so to speak, and then, picking them to pieces, let them fall in shreds to the ground. His method was rather like fencing with foils—a lightning-like clinking and crossing of blades, and then an elegant thrust that was certain to reach the right spot.

In this address he overcame by the force of his personality. As a result of the deliberations the National Assembly handed over to him the chief command, and, further, they left the period indefinite.

The leader only stressed the points where decisive issues were at stake. In dealing with questions of less importance, he abstained, for the moment, from driving things to extremities. When necessary he could also sail cleverly with the wind.

Rauf Bey was an antagonist as adroit as he was stubborn. A month later the Opposition delivered a fresh attack. Hitherto the rule had been that the Ministers of the National Assembly should be chosen from candidates nominated by the President. The "Second Group" successfully introduced a Bill to alter this rule. From that time onwards the Ministers and President were to be elected directly by a secret vote of the National Assembly. The first result of this new rule was that Mustapha Kemal was removed from his Chairmanship of the Ministerial Council. Rauf Bey was chosen President of the Council, and remained in that office for more than a year. Had he openly joined the Opposition he would never have managed this.

The position was more a formality than anything else. Mustapha Kemal was able to arrange that the actual power should remain in his own hands, and that the President should be dependent on him. When the time was ripe he could easily

make a counter-move. A more serious matter was troubling him then—the unsettled situation in foreign politics was drawing to a crisis.

Since even the Conference of the Prime Ministers at Paris had brought no help, Greece in her despair was groping for some way out of her serious plight. Troops were concentrated south of Adrianople in Eastern Thrace, and two of the best Divisions were transferred to that terrain from the Anatolian front. Then President Gounaris announced to the Allies that Greece intended to take possession of Constantinople, and in the interests of an early peace asked their consent to this move. Meanwhile the Greek troops began to march on Constantinople. Once they managed to get within the walls of the coveted metropolis of the East it would not be easy to drive them out again, and after that they could withdraw honourably from the position in Anatolia that had grown too hot for them.

England, perhaps, would not have been displeased to see the Greeks at the Golden Horn, but France and Italy interposed an energetic veto. In a united Note the Entente answered with a rigorous refusal, and let Athens know that the Allied troops in Constantinople would oppose a forcible resistance to any advance on the city.

This rather grotesque prelude to the drama that was soon to follow ended with the Greeks establishing themselves as firmly before Constantinople as in Anatolia. The only difference was that in Asia Minor the distribution of forces had been altered essentially in favour of the Turks.

The British Premier felt that he would have to put a plaster on the fresh wounds of the Greeks. In answer to a series of questions on the Eastern situation in the House of Commons, Lloyd George made a great speech in defence of his policy. It was very flattering to the Greeks, and naturally less so to the Turks, but in any case, it was of very little service to the cause

of peace, although that beautiful word was very frequently uttered in his oration. Its arguments may be thus summarised—Great Britain had the humane and sacred duty of protecting the Christian minorities of Asia Minor against atrocities and persecutions, and these people could not remain without secure guarantees under the rule of so uncivilised and barbarous a nation as Turkey.

This speech had a rather surprising echo in Lloyd George's own country. Cardinal Logue, the Primate of Ireland, expressed himself in the following words: "Lloyd George and the English Ministers are doing a great deal to protect the Christians in Turkey. I wish they would pay a little more attention to the Christians in Ireland and to the massacres that are taking place there every day."

Although the prospects of coming to an understanding had grown perceptibly worse, Mustapha Kemal made another attempt. Following Yusuf Kemal, Fethi Bey, an experienced diplomat and Minister of the Interior, was sent to the capitals of the Allied countries. Mustapha Kemal was making his last urgent appeal to the Powers: "Give us peace! Allow the Turks to live!"

In Rome and Paris the ambassador was at least given an honourable reception, but it was admitted that the decisive word could be spoken only on the other side of the Channel. In London, however, Fethi Bey tried in vain to get within sight of Lloyd George or Lord Curzon. The only person who condescended to listen to him was one of the Secretaries of the Foreign Office. As Fethi Bey no longer had any doubt that he stood before a closed door, he telegraphed, so the story runs, the single word to Angora: Attack!

So the cannons were to give tongue again. Mustapha had tried to avoid fresh bloodshed, but now that there was no alternative, he meant to deliver such a blow as would make a second one unnecessary. As the Greeks were in a strong posi-

tion everything depended on misleading them and taking them by surprise.

On the pretext of attending a football match, the Troop Commanders proceeded to the Headquarters of Ismet Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief on the Western front. At a meeting during the night Mustapha Kemal outlined the plan of attack, and assigned them their parts. Then he returned to Angora with Fevsi Pasha, the Chief of the General Staff. All remained quiet at the front, and there was nothing to indicate that anything was on foot.

A week before the beginning of the offensive all communication with the outside was suddenly prohibited. Vague rumours trickled through that a counter-revolution had broken out in the interior of Anatolia. The Greeks were only lulled into greater security by these reports.

Finally, all that was needed to be done was to mass the Turkish troops further south in the direction of Afium Karahissar, the point at which the attack was to be made. This was done by night in complete secrecy, no movement was seen there during the day. But in the north movements were ostentatiously made in the direction of Eskishehr. This looked suspicious to the Greeks, and they did what they were meant to do—they transferred their forces from Afium Karahissar in order to strengthen their wing at Eskishehr.

Mustapha Kemal proceeded to the front in great secrecy. The few who had been taken into his confidence were to carry on as if the Commander-in-Chief were still in Chankaya. On the day before the attack was to take place the local Press announced that there would be an afternoon tea-party at Mustapha Kemal's villa. Even in Angora no one had any suspicion of what was happening.

The Commander-in-Chief's order of the day was Napoleonic in its brevity: "Soldiers, your goal is the Mediterranean. On to it!"

In the early morning of August 26th, 1922—almost a year after the beginning of the battle of the Sakaria—the Greeks were awoken by the unexpected booming of cannon.

Before they quite knew what was happening the Turkish attack was in full swing. It was directed against the point in the Greek defences that was tactically the strongest, but strategically the weakest—the projecting, bastion-like ridges of Dumlu Punar, near Afium Karahissar.

The battle of “Dumlu Punar” took—from the European point of view—a very unfortunate turn. The antagonists were almost equal in numbers and strength, if anything the advantage in material was on the side of the Greeks. It was the spirit that conquered—the military genius of a man like Mustapha Kemal. Hence even the Turks called Dumlu Punar “the battle of the Generalissimo.”

The Greek troops fought well, especially at the outset; but the leadership was pitiful. Hadjanesti, the Commander-in-Chief, was in distant Smyrna, and in the very first days of the fight lost all touch with the front. He was actually dismissed while the battle was in progress. His successor, General Tricopis, was taken prisoner almost as soon as he was appointed.

The Turks stormed the heights of Dumlu Punar, and thus decided the battle. The Greek Army was broken in two. The retreat became a flight, all the Greeks rushing pell-mell to the coast and the ships that were waiting to rescue them.

Afium Karahissar is nearly 190 miles from Smyrna—about the distance between Trèves and Paris, and the retreat lasted a whole week. The Greeks, in spite of their hurry, found time to burn down the towns and villages on their way. Unfortunately it has also to be said that they did not spare the Mohammedan population, wreaking their vengeance on the non-combatants. The Christians who had settled in Western Asia Minor fled along with the retreating Greeks.

On the 9th of September, 1922, the first Turkish troops entered Smyrna. The transportation of the fleeing Christians had not taken place quickly enough to evade the pursuit. Thousands on thousands of them crowded the quays, waiting in fear until they were able to get on board the ships. The Turks still had before their eyes the recent scenes of senseless destruction that had marked the long road of the Greek retreat—the towns and villages reduced to heaps of rubble, the wasted fields, the corpses of their co-religionists, men, women and children, among the ruins. It was almost a miracle that a general massacre did not take place. The unleashed wrath of the Turks, however, could not be kept entirely within bounds, and scenes of so horrible a nature were enacted on the quays of Smyrna, that the chronicler had better draw a veil over them.

Four days after the entry of the Turks into Smyrna, the largest and best parts of the city were destroyed by a great fire. The French, Greek and Armenian quarters—the “Giaour Ismir”—were burned, only the Turkish suburb was spared. There can be no doubt that the fire was the result of a deliberate plan, but it will never be known who was responsible for this. The Greeks blamed the Turks, and the Turks blamed the Greeks. It may have been an act of desperation on the part of the Greeks, or an act of revenge on the part of the Turks. At all events, the fact that the latter, as victors, had an interest in preserving the city, is in their favour.

However that may be, there went up in flames before the eyes of the fugitives, the last Christian settlement on the soil of Asia Minor. It was the close of an epoch. The Greeks had been domiciled in Ionia since the times of Hellas, surviving the Byzantine Kingdom and the long succession of Ottoman Sultans, enjoying an amicable toleration and allowed to retain their own culture and their own language. And now the modern principle of nationality, which had tempted the Greeks themselves to exceed all bounds of moderation, had put an end

to the peaceful existence the two peoples had led side by side in the same land.

One fact may be mentioned here: the question of the Christian minorities—one of the most important motive-forces in European politics, both from a moral and a selfish point of view—played no part in Turkish affairs, from that time forward. The problem had simply been swept clean out of existence. When the Peace negotiations finally took place, there were, to all intents and purposes, no Christians any longer in Asia Minor. About a million and a half of Greeks—not to speak of the millions of Armenians—had either left the country or been driven out of it. Those who still remained had to find a new country in Europe, when the Treaty of Exchange between Greece and Turkey was signed.

With the disappearance of the Greek Army from Asia Minor, the Allies found themselves directly face to face with a victorious Turkey. The protecting shield had gone. The positions were reversed, the Allied Powers standing now as a buffer between two nations at war with one another.

The Greeks had carried out their retreat with amazing swiftness, loading the ships with their troops and conveying these to Eastern Thrace, where they were re-formed with the utmost speed. The sea now lay between them and the Turks, and there was only a single passage across—the narrow strait that stretched from the Bosphorus past Constantinople to the Dardanelles.

Mustapha Kemal did not intend to give the enemy any time to establish themselves and recuperate. He meant to drive them out of Thrace and force them back upon Athens. That, at least, is the deduction that must be drawn from his first operations.

Immediately after the capture of Smyrna he made a strategic move towards the north, advancing with two columns on Constantinople and the Dardanelles. But there he came up against

the barrier that the English had erected.

The Allied Powers, in their Declaration of Neutrality of the 15th of May, 1921, had established, as a neutral zone, a broad stretch of land on both sides of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, which neither of the combatants was to be allowed to cross.

Mustapha Kemal demanded a free passage through the neutral territory. General Harington, the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied troops, refused to grant this, pointing out that the Greeks, a few months before, had also been refused a passage across the neutral ground in Thrace. The Turks continued their march, and massed their armies on the coast.

The strategic point of the crossing lay at Chanak, on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, opposite Gallipoli. Chanak was the gate to Adrianople; if the Turks gained possession of it they would cut through and outflank the connections with Constantinople both by land and sea. Sultan Ghazi Orkhan had chosen that same spot five hundred years ago for his leap across to Europe. General Harington realised the danger, and after mobilising the Allied troops in Constantinople, he sent strong contingents of the combined forces for the protection of Chanak and the Asiatic coast.

This surprising turn of affairs had alarmed the Cabinets of the Allied Powers. England had to abandon her attitude of "wait and see," for she was face to face with grave issues. Lloyd George did his utmost during this critical phase to preserve the unity of the Allies. He managed to do this, and in a united Note the three Allied Powers declared their firm resolve not to permit any infraction of the neutral zone. As was mentioned above, Paris and Rome took part in strengthening the occupation of the coast, and the expectation was that the mere raising of the Allied flags on the barrier would be enough to bring the Turks to a halt.

But Mustapha Kemal was not to be deterred either by

declarations or warlike preparations. The march northwards was completed; and now, in spite of all prohibitions, advance detachments of his Army were beginning to cross the boundaries of the neutral zone, and were moving irresistibly forwards. The victorious General apparently intended to force the passage of the Dardanelles.

The infringement of the neutral zone was an unmistakable challenge to the Great Powers. The crisis had developed into a direct menace of war. This naked fact had very diverse effects on the Allies. One is tempted to believe that Mustapha Kemal, when he took those extreme steps, had accurately calculated the effect of his threat.

England had a great deal at stake. If the Turks were allowed to cross, the war would be carried into the Balkans, and no one could tell what might happen after that. Soviet Russia might take advantage of the opportunity to appropriate Bessarabia again. The quarrel between Italy and Yugo-Slavia about Albania might burst into flame. The Balkans remained, as always, the powder-magazine of Europe; there were as many possibilities of quarrelling as there were nations. Once the fire started in the East, it might very easily set the whole of Europe in a blaze, and the Peace that had just been so laboriously framed would collapse like a house of cards. But if free passage were denied, Turkey would have to be dealt with by force of arms, and the consequences might be very similar.

Still in the latter case there would be less danger of a European crisis. The British Government accordingly resolved to keep back the Turks at all costs. It was then that Lloyd George sent out to England and the British Dominions his "Call of War." "War on the Turks!" he cried, summoning Roumelia and Yugo-Slavia to assist as well, and demanding that the Allies should send stronger forces to the Dardanelles.

The call was given without any previous consultation with the Allies, and France took advantage of this diplomatic error

to extricate herself from the Oriental Adventure. Poincaré, who doubtless in his heart was not sorry at the Turkish successes, let London know that France desired a peaceful settlement of the conflict, and at the very height of the crisis he withdrew the French garrisons from Chanak and the Asiatic coast. Rome followed his example, and the Italian troops also disappeared from the front.

England found herself left in the lurch. The payment of the account came six months afterwards, when Poincaré occupied the German territory in the Ruhr, and England refused her support.

Lloyd George and Mustapha Kemal now stood alone confronting one another—the Anatolian rebel general against the Head of the British World-Empire. They were both statesmen of no ordinary mould, sagacious and astute, and they were both venturesome gamblers, daring and determined, but thoroughly at home with every trick and stratagem in the game.

More than half of the British fleet had assembled in the Dardanelles, reinforcements having been brought with all possible speed from Gibraltar, Malta and Egypt. On the other side Mustapha Kemal's troops had approached within striking distance, and Turkish Cavalry patrols brushed right up against the barbed wire of the English positions. At such moments rifles and cannons may easily go off by themselves.

The dissensions among the Entente Powers had encouraged the Turks, and another fact became plain, which still further strengthened their hopes. The English nation showed little liking for a passage-at-arms in the Orient. Public opinion through the Press pronounced unreservedly against it. The Turkish generals, still under the influence of their great victory, impetuously clamoured for an immediate attack. They were envisaging the tempting prospect of the conquest of Thrace and a triumphant entry into the ancient capital. The Army, too, was in a warlike mood. In those days almost all the military were

opposed to the Commander-in-Chief, and unable to understand his hesitation.

But Mustapha Kemal still waited, though he had the greatest difficulty in restraining his impatient and almost rebellious generals. It is doubtful whether he really meant to fight England. Perhaps he might have done so in the last resort. He was by no means blind to the dangers of such a course, since a reverse might destroy his whole work. But his immediate object—as everything seems to show—was to bluff his opponent; and he was certainly successful in doing this.

General Harington, the English Commander-in-Chief, also evinced prudence and moderation. He avoided everything that might have led to a premature outbreak, with troops situated in such close proximity to one another.

Meanwhile Franklin-Bouillon had gone as intermediary to Mustapha Kemal's Headquarters. He proposed a Conference for the discussion of an Armistice. His proposal contained the redeeming words: "The Allies declare their united desire to consider the immediate withdrawal of the Greek troops from Eastern Thrace." That was Mustapha Kemal's chief concern. He agreed to the proposed conversations, and, by a very happy choice, appointed General Ismet Pasha as the Turkish plenipotentiary.

In the little coast town of Mudania, on the Sea of Marmora, the port for Brusa, the last scene was enacted of a war that, from start to finish, had lasted nine years. It was a gathering of generals. A Greek delegation had also appeared, but they were requested not to leave their ship.

Ismet Pasha laid down his conditions—evacuation of Thrace, but, in addition, the withdrawal of the Allies from Constantinople. General Harington replied that the Turkish demands went far beyond the scope of a military arrangement, and since they infringed on politics, he would require to seek further instructions from his Government. This brought the

deliberations to a standstill. The Turkish Armies drew still nearer Constantinople and the Straits. The sabres were clattering in their sheaths. The question of war and peace rested on a knife-blade.

France and Italy interposed, advising Ismet Pasha not to bend the bow too far. At last, after ten days, the answer of the English Government arrived—the evacuation of Thrace, yes; of Constantinople, no: that was the last word. Harington, a grey-haired general, who united humane feeling with the calm strength of an Englishman, added: “We shall quit, Pasha, but we shall withdraw with honour.” Such were the words of the giant England to the Turkish dwarf.

Ismet Pasha transmitted the reply to Angora, where Mustapha Kemal was awaiting it. He realised immediately that the prestige of Britain was now involved. To tamper with that would be more dangerous than all his inflexible persistence.

On the late afternoon of the 10th of October, 1922, a week after the beginning of the negotiations, the decision came from Angora: “Accept!” The tension was relaxed, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief. England could now extricate herself with honour from a difficult situation; but, at the same time, she had once more assumed the leadership in the Orient, which for a short time had passed to France.

The formulating of the conditions lasted the whole night. The Greeks had immediately to evacuate Eastern Thrace as far as the Maritza, the territory being again put under Turkish control. In Constantinople the civil administration was handed over to the Angora Government, the foreign garrison, as it was said, making itself invisible as soon as possible, while the Turkish troops were withdrawn from the neutral zone.

In the morning twilight of the 11th of October, the generals are gathered in the tiny room of the town hall of Mudania. The representatives of the Allies have signed the Armistice Treaty, but Ismet Pasha still hesitates. He is thinking, perhaps, of the

dissatisfied officers in his own Army, and of the impending quarrels in the National Assembly, and he probably suspects that there is still a long way to go before a final Peace is reached. In the breathless stillness a photograph falls heavily to the ground with the tilting of the table on which it has been placed. The overstrung nervous tension makes everyone start with fright. For days now they had been all expecting to hear the sound of the guns. In the meantime the Pasha has signed the Armistice.

The conclusion of this Armistice put the Angora Government in possession of the frontiers that Mustapha Kemal had demanded in the National Pact. Turkey had once again planted a firm foot on the European soil from which it had been the unswerving aim of England, from the days of Palmerston and Gladstone, to expel her for ever.

Mudania led to the fall of Lloyd George—the last of the great world-judges of Paris. He realised that he no longer had the support of the country, and placed his resignation in the hands of the King. In the election that followed the English nation decided against him, and gave expression to its desire for rest and security. A Conservative Government followed with Bonar Law at its head, Lord Curzon remaining in the new Cabinet as Foreign Minister.

In Athens also there followed a sequel to the Tragedy of Asia Minor. The Army and Navy rose against King Constantine. He was expelled a second time, and Venizelos came back. The men whose political passion was blamed for the misfortune were brought to trial. Gounaris, the President of the Ministry, General Hadjanesti and four other Ministers were condemned to death, and forthwith executed.

Negotiations for a Peace were to follow the Armistice in the Orient. The Allies summoned the parties to a Conference at Lausanne, and invitations were sent, not only to the Angora

Government, but, on the suggestion of London, to the Sultan's Government in Constantinople as well. It is hard to say what induced England to do this, whether it was simply a matter of form, since the shadow Government on the Golden Horn had still an official existence, or whether it was an adroit manœuvre on her part. But it had quite the opposite result from what had been intended. It put into Mustapha Kemal's hands a weapon of the longest range, which he used effectively to bring about a decision in domestic politics.

The National Assembly, faced with this twofold invitation, saw the necessity of putting an end to the dual system of government in the country. The relations between Angora and Constantinople, that had hitherto been indeterminate—and purposely left in suspense by Mustapha Kemal—had now to be made clear. All the members were agreed on this; the only question was how it could be done.

There was one solution, supplied by history, and brought recently into prominence by certain developments in Europe. This involved the resignation of the Constantinople Government, the incorporation in a new Government of the Sultanate under a constitutional monarchy—the Sultan being kept as an element of stability and a representative Head—and the appointment of Mustapha Kemal as Prime Minister for life, making him a kind of Turkish Mussolini. The deposition of the Sultan, an accepted usage about which in the case of the reigning monarch there could be no question, did not affect the fundamental principles of the change. In every step taken towards the adoption of democratic forms, the retention of the monarchy was assumed. This had been expressly stated in the National Pact, and had been repeatedly formulated in the basic laws of the new State, on which both the leader of the Revolution and the national representatives had been agreed.

But Mustapha Kemal never meant to adopt this constitutional solution, since it would have finally blocked the way to the

formation of a Republic. Certainly the time was not yet ripe for that; the word Republic could not be used then. He was a master in the political art of confining himself to aims that were, for the time, attainable. But, while doing so—and in this undoubtedly lay his genius as a statesman—he always managed to guide the development of events in the direction of his ultimate aim. His apparent compromises were so arranged that they inevitably led to the next step that he meant to be taken.

So now he devised, as a temporary adaptation of his aim to suit the times, a kind of auxiliary structure, just as supporting beams are employed in the demolition of a building, in order to avert a collapse that might easily cause a catastrophe.

The question as to what was to be done with the Constantinople Government came up for discussion. Mustapha Kemal, as usual, allowed the Deputies to debate the matter for a considerable time, and give free vent in their speeches to all they had on their minds. When they had wrought themselves up to fever-heat in their indignation against the Sultan and his Ministers—"pliant tools of the foreigner, and traitors to their country"—eighty of his followers, every one of whom was required, supported a motion he had prepared, to the effect that the sovereign power in its full significance had passed into the hands of the nation. The Sultanate, therefore, was to be abolished, but the Caliphate retained.

In this way a bi-partition was introduced, which had no real existence. The Mohammedan was not able to distinguish between the spiritual and the secular ruler; for him the Sultan and the Caliph were simply different aspects of the same authority; they were, in a way, a duality in unity which was indivisible. The Caliph was just as much a secular ruler as the Sultan; he performed no religious functions. This solution could not be permanent, but, at the moment, it was the only one that was adequate. By leaving the Osman dynasty in possession of the Caliphate, the fiction of a monarchical Head was preserved,

while at the same time an opening was left for future possibilities.

The proposal was so surprising to the members of the National Assembly, and so alien to their whole experience and to current conceptions, that they did not know how to deal with it. The method usual in such a case was adopted, and the measure was remitted for inquiry to a triple Commission of experts, representing religion, civil law, and the constitution.

The Committees met and began their deliberations. Mustapha Kemal also put in an appearance at the meetings, sitting in the background, listening to the debates. The discussion moved in a circle. The existing law offered no precedent for this partition of powers—the separation of the Caliphate from the Sultanate. From a purely technical point of view this would have been as difficult as performing the same operation on the Siamese twins. Both Sultan and Caliph would have died of it.

The problem simply could not be solved along the lines of an academic discussion. That only led to entanglement in a thicket of questions regarding law and sovereignty.

At last Mustapha Kemal asked to be allowed to speak. Standing on the form on which he had been sitting, he said: "The sovereignty has not been handed over, it has been taken by conquest. In former days the House of Osman won it, now the nation has gained it. The question is simply one of recognising the existence of an actual matter of fact. In my opinion, it would be very much to the point if the Commission and the National Assembly took that course. If they refuse to do this, the actual state of things will, nevertheless, take shape in the manner that has been proposed; but, in that case, gentlemen, a few heads may easily fall."

This was the language of the French Revolution.

It made all further discussion superfluous. The Chairman, an exalted religious dignitary, showed that he realised this by

declaring: "We see the question, now, in a different light; we have been instructed."

The sketch of the measure was then drawn up very quickly, and came before a plenary session for approval. A vote by name was demanded; but Mustapha Kemal opposed this, saying that such a procedure was unnecessary, adding in a threatening manner: "I have no doubt that the measure will be accepted."

Amidst increasing disorder the question of acceptance was put to the House, and agreement was to be indicated simply by putting up the hand; but many of the members leaped up from their seats. In the confusion the President could be heard saying: "Agreed to, unanimously." Someone cried out: "I am against it." "Be quiet!" was the cry from the other side.

In this rather summary fashion the beginning of the end came for the Ottoman dynasty, after a reign of seven hundred years.

Tewfik Pasha, Marshal Izzet Pasha, and the other Imperial Ministers all resigned.

Sultan Vahdeddin clung to the throne which he had shown so little capacity for defending. He was still Caliph, and would not consent to abdicate, although he was advised to do so.

Not until the National Assembly resolved to bring a charge of high treason against him before the special tribunal did he discover that his life was more precious than the dignity of being a sovereign. He besought and received the protection of the British kingdom. It was the least that England could do for him, since her policy had been directed towards the preservation of the Sultanate, and had thus been the means of his fall.

In the early morning of the 17th of November, 1922, the last Sultan, with his son Ertogul and a small escort, escaped from a side gate of the palace, boarding a launch that was lying ready, and reaching the British warship *Malaya* without any notice being taken of his flight.

At first he found asylum in the island of Malta, after seeking help and protection in vain from King Hussein of Mecca, and

died a few years later in his villa at San Remo.

The Caliphate, a dignity without power, was conferred by the National Assembly on Prince Abdul Medjid, the lawful heir-apparent, who was a son of Abdul Aziz, and a cousin of Vahdeddin.

On the 20th of November the Peace Conference was opened at Lausanne, and it lasted, with intervals, for nine months. For Mustapha Kemal that was a period of grave, personal crises.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GENERAL GOVERNS

THE Ghazi—the ever-victorious—after his re-conquest of Smyrna and his entrance as liberator into the city that received him with acclamations, had won a second triumph. It might, however, be also described as his first defeat, though it was certainly one that would be very pleasant to a military leader in the hour of glory.

The Generalissimo—this was before the great fire—had taken up his Headquarters in the centre of the town. On the second or third day after he had settled there a young lady appeared, who wished to speak to the Commander-in-Chief. On being shown into his room she asked the Ghazi to take up his quarters in her house.

She said she had recently returned from Biarritz to Smyrna, her native city, but her parents had remained behind in France. Left alone in the large house with few servants, she had had a good deal to endure when the city was under enemy occupation. The Greek Commandant had suspected her of being in secret communication with the advancing Turks, her house having been ransacked repeatedly and kept under constant observation and supervision. She might have been arrested any moment; but she held her ground and resisted the temptation to flee. After her happy life in Biarritz her stay in Smyrna had been a nightmare of anxiety and terror, and she had vowed that if Mustapha Kemal entered Smyrna as victor, she would invite him to her house as her guest.

At first Mustapha Kemal refused her invitation; he was surprised, and possibly also shocked, at the girl's forwardness,

which was unusual, especially in a Mohammedan lady. He knew her parents by name, and her own name was Latifé Hanum. She persisted in her offer, however, pointing out that his present quarters in the noisy centre of the town gave him no chance to getting the rest and recuperation he required after his strenuous campaign. Seeing that he still remained undecided, she took a brooch from her bosom, and opening it she showed it to him. It contained a portrait of the Ghazi. "You don't object, do you?" she asked, with some embarrassment. He certainly did not object, and, with a laugh, he accepted her invitation.

The villa belonging to her parents—her father was a ship-owner, one of the wealthiest men in Smyrna—lay outside the city, on a height overlooking the sea. A garden in the old Turkish style, with the luxuriant flora of the Mediterranean, ascended in terraces to a broad, open veranda, gaily garlanded with ivy, gloxinias, roses and jasmines. When the Ghazi, with his small staff, took possession of his new quarters, his hostess greeted the liberator of her city on the threshold in the manner of the ancient Orient, with a gesture in which dignity and reverence were blended in perfect harmony. She was of moderate stature, but was robust rather than fragile, and was dressed in Mohammedan fashion, but without the veil, as was the custom then among the educated upper classes. Her black head-dress formed an effective frame for her pale, well-rounded face. Her mouth and chin were firm and proud—a little too decided, perhaps, in their expression of almost masculine energy for a girl of twenty. Her large, shining eyes were surprisingly beautiful, dark brown in colour, but shot in an unusual way, with lustrous gleams of silvery grey, and their glance was serious and clever.

Mustapha Kemal found himself looked after with every care and attention in his new quarters, but the hostess herself remained invisible. Her influence, nevertheless, was continually felt. Everything that might injure his health—and he took

very little care of that—was kept away from him. This was a new experience for him, as he was accustomed to have his wishes gratified, but his strictest orders produced no better result.

This impressed the man of strong will, and he wanted to get better acquainted with a girl who was so well able to secure implicit obedience from those who served her. The first interview was followed by others, and Mustapha Kemal found in Latifé a lady of wide culture and keen intelligence, a brilliant conversationalist and debater, superior, indeed, in this respect to most of the men who were about him. She had been educated first in the American College in Constantinople, and afterwards in France, having travelled a good deal, and had begun to study Law in Paris.

Her complete mastery of foreign languages was very useful to him, as, just at that time, his relations with England were very strained. She became his secretary, and gave him great help with her excellent translations of diplomatic correspondence.

Their work in common threw them into each other's society. Mustapha Kemal let her know that, as a woman, she had won his affection. She seemed to listen, not unwillingly, to this avowal; but, when he made further advances, and tried to complete his conquest, he was met with a flat refusal. The resistance was insurmountable. In a frank discussion of the situation he explained to her that he was bound by an oath he had made not to marry until his work was completed by the conclusion of the Peace. She replied that she was no less bound by her principles. She would either become his wife—and in saying this she admitted her liking for him—or she would never marry. But she could never become his mistress.

Neither of them would yield, and Mustapha Kemal departed for Brusa.

Six weeks passed before any word came to Smyrna. Latifé had stayed there disconsolate, making up her mind at last to

resume her interrupted studies in Paris.

Mustapha Kemal was in Angora. One day he suddenly gave orders to his servant to prepare for a journey, and an hour later he was on his way to Smyrna, for what purpose no one knew. As soon as he arrived he went straight to Latifé's house, and said to her: "Agreed, we shall marry." As she stood mute with surprise, he added, in his impetuous fashion: "And at once, without any fuss, and without anyone being told about the affair beforehand."

It was already late in the afternoon, so she was at least able to postpone the event until the following morning. Then they went down to the town together, and Mustapha Kemal, hailing the first *Imam* they met, told the clergyman his name, and ordered him to pronounce the formula for the marriage ceremony, there and then, in the street. The *Imam* was naturally rather amazed, and did not seem to know what was required of him; it needed several stringent demands before he at last consented to discharge his duty.

Their honeymoon was spent in the districts ravaged by the war. They stayed at the villages, where Mustapha Kemal talked with the peasants, listening to their complaints, and saying what was expected of him. Even when they visited the towns, no one asked any questions about the lady who was accompanying him. At a review of the troops, she rode by his side like an adjutant. It was only then that his officers knew of his marriage.

She was now the spouse, but still more the helpmeet of the great man. At the same time Mustapha Kemal wished to show by his own example that the age-long bonds the East had imposed on woman had gone for ever, and that she now stood on a social and human equality with man.

Fikriyé continued to live in Chankaya during Mustapha Kemal's stay in Smyrna. Her health grew worse, and she suffered a great deal. Her doctor diagnosed tuberculosis, and advised treatment in a sanatorium. Mustapha Kemal proposed

to send her to Europe for a cure, and when she learned this, she wept in secret many a night and day.

On her way she passed through Smyrna in order to take farewell of Mustapha Kemal. She knew that his affection had been won by another woman, but she hoped that this new attachment might prove to be a passing one.

“I am going first of all to Paris to get some nice clothes,” she said, “and then I shall come back completely cured.” But in these words she was really giving expression to a feeling of anxious dread.

Fikriyé stayed a long time at a sanatorium in Munich, and while she was there she heard of Mustapha Kemal’s marriage. She never tired of speaking to her companion about her love and her brief spell of happiness. She returned, at a later period, to Angora, still in the grip of the disease, and died shortly afterwards—by her own hand, if we may believe the story of Halidé Edib Hanum, the well-known Turkish authoress, in her *Memoirs*.

Mustapha Kemal’s mother still lived to share her son’s triumph. Blind and ailing, she was taken to Smyrna for the sake of its healthier climate. There she was nursed by Latifé, but, after a few weeks, she passed away.

In Lausanne, where the representatives of twelve States had gathered for a consideration of Eastern affairs, the world learned, for the first time since the close of the Great War, of a Peace that was negotiated and not dictated.

This had by no means been the intention of the victorious Powers—to call them that, although, so far as the East was concerned, they no longer merited that description.

The Conference was opened on the 20th of November, 1922, in the presence of Poincaré and Mussolini, with the impressive ceremonials usual on such State occasions. The two Presidents left on the following day. Lord Curzon, the representative of

England, was in the chair. He was a diplomat of the old school, grown grey in Colonial service. A man of powerful build, he carried the whole weight of British dignity on his broad shoulders; but this fact apparently made him nervous and irritable. At the start he announced that the Peace dictated at Sèvres would form the basis of the Conference, though the Allies were willing to concede certain alterations.

Ismet Pasha, the little Turkish general and astute negotiator of Mudania, must have simply omitted to hear this declaration owing to his deafness. Taking no notice of it, he formulated his demands, making it a condition that the negotiations should proceed on level terms, or not at all. This claim caused general astonishment and alarm, but it could not be made the ground for closing the door on Peace, and the concession had to be made.

The Turks knew exactly what they wanted, but the same could not be said of the Allied Powers. That, however, was the only advantage that Ismet Pasha possessed. He had no support from any quarter. Even his Russian friends Chicherin and Vorovsky—who fell a victim to a murderous attack during the Conference—only made things more difficult for him by their noisy propagandism.

At the outset England had made her position secure, while France, already regretting her friendship with Turkey, had thrown herself again into the arms of her British Ally. The news about Asia Minor, circulated by the English Reuter Agency (the truth of which could not always stand a very strict examination) was so framed as to produce an anti-Turkish feeling in Paris. A second Chanak was no longer to be feared. Poincaré, by noisily proclaiming the fact that the Allies presented an unbroken front, plainly disavowed the Angora Treaty. On this occasion there was no doubt about the unity, but France had now to fall behind England. There was no wonder at that, since the Ruhr transaction was imminent.

It was chiefly on the urgent entreaty of France that Mustapha

Kemal had put a stop to the march on Constantinople—greatly to the displeasure of his generals—and in reliance on her support that he had declared himself ready to discuss the terms of a Peace. But he had been deprived of this support by the adroit diplomacy of Great Britain.

Hence the Conference developed into a duel that lasted for months between Lord Curzon and Ismet Pasha. Curzon made *ex cathedra* pronouncements from his exalted position as representative of a world-Empire, treating the Conference like a schoolmaster, and dispensing praise and blame—chiefly, of course, the latter. Ismet Pasha would neither be brow-beaten nor put right; he remained perfectly cool, hearing only what he wished to hear, fighting stubbornly and tenaciously, and never yielding a single penny. “This Turk haggles like a man selling carpets,” said Lord Curzon, in his ill-humour. But it need not be thought that England receded from any of the positions that seemed to be of importance for her. It was France who paid the piper at Lausanne.

The chief difficulty that could never be properly surmounted was the liquidation of the assets inherited from the Ottoman Kingdom, which were simply liabilities, so far as Angora was concerned. Centuries of accounts had to be adjusted, involving an immense mass of documents, among which no one could find his bearings.

In the forefront were the Capitulations—the preferential positions which earlier Sultans, of whom Suleiman the Magnificent was the first, had voluntarily bestowed on the non-Turkish inhabitants. These Capitulations had gradually become a network of privileges, treaties and claims that could scarcely be disentangled—a mistletoe growth that sucked the sap from the Turkish tree. The chief point at issue was that the foreigners (and also their industrial companies and establishments), not being liable to the Turkish administration, paid no taxes, and possessed, in addition, such far-reaching commercial privileges

that the home trade had no chance in competition with them. Moreover, in this insolvent heritage there had also to be reckoned the "Dette publique" (the International Control of State debts, established by the earlier Sultans), the Ottoman Bank, the Tobacco Monopoly, and a further mass of concessions and mortgages, in which chiefly French capital was interested.

The Capitulations and everything connected with them were Treaties, and could only be abolished by mutual agreement. New Turkey, seeing in this an essential and fundamental restriction of her sovereign rights, incompatible with her claim of independence, demanded the immediate and complete abrogation of the Treaties. Lord Curzon pointed out that Turkey, as yet, had no modern administration of justice, no commercial law, or anything of the kind. Ismet Pasha declared that all these would soon be established. Then the demand was made that there should be a longer transitional period before the Treaties were finally abrogated, and the case of Japan was cited, where the Capitulations were not abolished until after an interval of twenty years. But Ismet Pasha would make no concession—Turkey would rather go on with the war than have any of her fundamental rights as a nation curtailed.

The Conference had now lasted three months, and nothing had been done. Finally Lord Curzon played his last trump card. Like a purchaser in a bazaar, he declared that he could not pay any more, and left the Conference counter in high dudgeon. He waited at the railway station in front of his train, expecting Ismet Pasha to come running after him and accept his offer as quickly as possible. But Ismet Pasha did not appear, and Lord Curzon had to leave with empty hands.

In the beginning of February, 1923, the Conference was broken off without any result, and the Turkish Delegation left Lausanne.

In Turkey many were alarmed at the success of the attack on

the monarchy, the deposition of the Sultan and the deprivation of the Caliphate of all its real power. They were beginning now to see more clearly the goal at which the Pasha was aiming. The old group of antagonists under Rauf Bey, the supporters of a constitutional monarchy, were joined by new adherents, who were firm believers in Islam, and in its traditional, universal Empire. Behind these rose the shadow of a fabric that was still unshaken—the power of the clergy. Through the village *hodjas*, who were both priests and teachers, they had a powerful grip of the people, and in the schools, which were predominantly religious, they had the training of the youth of the country in their hand. The general mass of the clergy, in their turn, were led by the higher members of the hierarchy—the *Ulema* and the Abbots of the monachal Orders (called Sheikhs). These clung to a formal scholasticism, but they were just as well educated as that other upper class—the enlightened rationalists of Angora, the Jacobins of the Revolution. Rumours were then circulated for the first time that Mustapha Kemal had the idea of usurping the position of Sultan-Caliph; his marriage seemed to indicate that he had the intention of founding a Kemalid dynasty. After all, the first Sultan of the House of Osman had been a victorious tribal chieftain. And not far away there had been a recent example of the same nature in Persia. The Islamic clergy would not have been averse to such a turn of affairs; it would, at least, be less dangerous for them than a Republican Radicalism.

Constantinople, freed from the pressure of the Allied occupation, began to bestir itself again. It contained the memorials of a great past; it guarded the sabre of the Prophet; it was the seat of the Sultan, and the abode of the ancient aristocracy of office—all those distinguished families, who had played a notable part under earlier Sultans, and who were now thrust aside, and treated with unconcealed disparagement, if not with contempt, by the Nationalists of Anatolia. Recently the National

Assembly had proclaimed that Angora was the seat of the Turkish Government, taking the first step towards making it the new capital. Constantinople, feeling that its existence as the central point of the Kingdom was at stake, and compelled to fall back for support on the conservative forces, took up the fight against the Angora Government, and became the focus of a new counter-movement.

After the Armistice of Mudania the Nationalist Government had taken over the control of the capital. Rauf Bey was appointed Military Governor of Constantinople, and was assisted by Dr. Adnan Bey, one of the leading Nationalists, and husband of Halidé Edib Hanum. Both these men, with great prudence and skill, did what they could to relieve the desolation of the capital, restoring order and security and re-establishing the connections between it and the rest of the country. They had to overcome immense obstacles. The English learned, to their astonishment, how well these gentlemen from Angora, about whom they had heard so much, but whom they had never seen, were able to handle the reins. Such brisk activity and indefatigable energy were unusual phenomena in Turkey, and in Oriental countries on the whole.

But neither Refet Pasha nor Adnan Bey gave unequivocal support to Mustapha Kemal; they belonged rather to the group round Rauf Bey. They found aid and backing in Constantinople for their open opposition to the Radicals of Angora. Apparently Refet Pasha tried to win the Caliph to his side. He sent him a valuable stallion as a present, addressing him in the accompanying letter as "His Majesty, the Shadow of God." This was, naturally, taken very much amiss in Angora.

The disappointment of the Lausanne Conference, with its abortive Peace negotiations, and its threat of continued war, found vent in an explosion that shook the National Assembly in the spring of 1923. The Opposition could not have desired a better opportunity for an attack on the President. The situation

was critical for Mustapha Kemal. Since the dethronement of the Sultan his following had gradually diminished. The policy he had adopted at Lausanne had completely failed, or, at least, so it seemed. He was reminded that he was responsible for bringing the march on Constantinople to a stop, and that he had said: "With the help of France we shall conclude a Peace. I have her word for it."

But Mustapha Kemal, some time before this, had taken steps to remedy the defection of France. Though no one knew, or was meant to know yet, he had sought to come to a secret understanding with London. It was Russia rather than England that was to be feared. Great Britain would be willing enough to enter into a friendly agreement with a purely Nationalist Turkey that had been cut adrift from Islam. As will be seen later, Mosul was the price that Mustapha Kemal had to pay for this *rapprochement*.

The wordy battle in Parliament lasted nine days, and several nights as well. The attack was, at first, directed against the weaker personality—Ismet Pasha, the unfortunate negotiator of Lausanne. If he fell, Mustapha Kemal would soon follow. But the assailants were badly led, and did not act together. They fired a great number of shots, but they aimed at too many targets, and they lost in the separate battles. Rauf Bey paid the penalty of his anomalous position; as Prime Minister he could not take any open steps against the Government.

The final result was that nothing at all was done, either positively or negatively. Still it was understood that the Government should proceed with the Peace negotiations, and that was sufficient for the present.

Nevertheless, the Opposition had grown so strong that it was out of the question to think of carrying in the National Assembly the principal measure that Mustapha Kemal had planned. But his opponents had given him the handle that he needed. He could now say quite truly that the Chamber "was .

no longer capable of doing its work." A dissolution, therefore, was imperative, and that was not difficult to bring about. As usual, the deed followed swiftly on the resolve. At midnight the Ministers and Party leaders were summoned by telephone to a meeting, and the necessary preparations were made. On the following day, at a plenary sitting of the House, the motion was submitted and carried, that the present Parliament should be dissolved, and a new election held. On the 2nd of April, 1923, the Revolutionary Convention—the first National Assembly, that had sat in permanent session since 1920—came to an end.

If Mustapha Kemal's opponents expected to return in greater strength after the election, they were disappointed. He had taken the necessary precautions to prevent that from happening.

The reform he had in view was of so radical and subversive a nature that he could not afford to depend on the decisions of an uncertain parliamentary majority for carrying it out. Besides the parliamentary system was of too recent a growth in Turkey to function with the ease of a Western democratic institution. The Turk, too, had certain characteristics which added to the difficulty. He is fond of speaking, like the Russians, and revels in discussions; his head is crammed with ideas, but it is hard to get him to make any definite decision. Until recently, a plain yes or no was regarded as a rude shock to custom and convention.

Before the first National Assembly was dissolved, Mustapha Kemal had already begun to found a party of his own, which consisted no longer in a mere parliamentary group, but in a strictly disciplined organisation which covered the whole country—a creation midway between the Russian Communistic nuclei, and one of those extra-parliamentary parties that exist, at present, in the States of Central Europe.

For that purpose he made use of the "Associations for the Defence of the Rights of Anatolia and Roumelia," which were

already in existence, and were, in part, originated by himself. These organisations existed in all the districts, and were meant, at first, for the defence of Turkish independence against the foreigner, but were transformed into agencies working for the cause of progress in Turkey itself. He travelled about the country for many weeks himself, addressing the Associations, and giving the people a clearer idea of the situation, for in many places there was distinct cause for alarm. This modern propagandist activity was something quite new for the Anatolians, whose masters had hitherto troubled themselves very little about them, beyond extracting their taxes.

This new society founded by him received the name of the People's Party; the addition of "Republican" was not made until later. The programme—and electoral manifesto—of this purely Kemalist Party is very noteworthy. It contains everything that had been achieved up till that time, but has no reference to future aims. The exclusive sovereignty of the people, and the further Nationalistic development of that conception, were only mentioned in the most general and ambiguous terms.

In defence of this programme, Mustapha Kemal says: "I did not consider it expedient to give ignorant reactionaries the opportunity of poisoning the whole nation by introducing the question (of reform) into the programme before the proper time. For I was perfectly sure that a solution would be found in due course, and that the nation would ultimately be satisfied with it."

This suppression of any reference to reform had its advantages and its disadvantages. It enabled his opponents to promise their support to this innocuous programme without any conscientious scruples. Unless they did so their entrance into Parliament was barred for them. In the new election, whose *modus operandi* had been previously brought more into line with democratic ideas, mandates

were exclusively reserved for the candidates of the new People's Party—a proceeding similar to that adopted by the Young Turks on a former occasion. There was, however, this essential difference—at the head of this parliamentary conspiracy, which in many respects resembled the Young Turk movement, there stood, not a committee, as formerly, but a single leader and guide, Mustapha Kemal himself.

Meanwhile the Peace negotiations were resumed at Lausanne on the 9th of April, 1923. Lord Curzon did not appear again. His place was taken by Sir Horace Rumbold, who had until then been the British High Commissioner in Constantinople, a fact which unmistakably showed a change of opinion in England. In spite of that, the Conference went on for another three months before a unanimous decision was reached.

France was now the obstacle. The Ruhr affair did not seem at all promising, and the hope of a frontier on the Rhine was gradually vanishing. The German mark had begun to take its abysmal descent, and there was a fear that in the end no reparations at all would be forthcoming. France, accordingly, wished at least to recover the money invested in Turkey, and save as much as possible of the vast sums that had been sunk in that country. But she had to be content with a very meagre settlement, and she lost, as well—what was far more important than a few millions more or less—her whole position of cultural and commercial predominance in the Near East.

On the 24th of July the bells of the Cathedral of Lausanne announced the conclusion of the Peace. It brought to a close an Armistice that had lasted almost five years—a period longer than any other of the kind recorded in history. In addition to the actual Peace-protocol there were eighteen separate stipulations and six other documents. This gives some idea of what was involved in the settlement of the accounts of the Ottoman Empire.

The frontiers assigned to the Turks were essentially those they had won by war, and they satisfied the demands of the National Pact. There was only the question of Mosul, with its rich petroleum wells, that remained to be decided, and on this point England had come to an independent understanding with Turkey.

The important and difficult question of the Straits was also decided in favour of Britain. Turkey had come to the conclusion that it was wiser for her to choose England, so to speak, and she had left her Russian comrades in the lurch. The Moscow-Angora Treaty had expressly stipulated that the question of the Straits should be kept apart, and dealt with at a special Conference of the adjoining States. Turkey received—with slight modifications, such as the neutralised zone—the sovereignty over Constantinople and the coastal territory, and in return, allowed free passage through the Straits for merchant ships, and—with certain restrictions—for battleships as well. This swerving of Turkey towards the West in the question of the Dardanelles, led to a coolness in her relations with Moscow. The Communist Associations which, in the following years, sprang up repeatedly in Constantinople and in other parts of the East, were also ruthlessly suppressed, and the agitators hanged as traitors. Chicherin, however, was too clever a diplomat to allow himself to be influenced in his policy by a justifiable feeling of resentment against such action. He quickly seized the favourable opportunity offered by the Mosul dispute to resume intercourse with Angora, and on the 17th of December, 1925, under the Turkish Foreign Minister Tewfik Rushdi Bey, a Treaty of Friendship and Neutrality was concluded between Russia and Turkey.

The Capitulations and Concessions were abolished by the Lausanne Treaty, without any period of transition. No further mention was made of any limitation of the Turkish forces of defence, such as had been demanded by the Sèvres Treaty. As

has been already stated, the question of the Christian minorities scarcely came into account, those Christians who remained being exchanged for Turks. This led to a great national displacement, about two million people having to change their domicile.

The Treaty of Lausanne became the charter of a New Turkey, sealed by twelve Powers. But the bells of the Cathedral rang in a new historical era. For the first time modern Europe had suffered a defeat at the hands of Asia. The expansion of the Western nations towards the East had been brought to a standstill on the threshold of the Asiatic continent.

Mustapha Kemal, now that peace had come, and the independence of his country had been achieved, could set about the second and no less important part of his mission—the guidance of the Turkish nation across the transition stage between mediævalism and the present age, and the construction of a constitutional fabric in the modern style. His first concern was to give the building, now finished in the rough, the name that properly belonged to it, but which he had hitherto prudently refrained from using. It was a question now of the declaration of a Republic. This step came in the course of natural development, but it is extraordinarily fascinating to watch how Mustapha Kemal set to work.

Shortly after the meeting of the second National Assembly, Rauf Bey retired from the Presidency, ostensibly on account of personal differences with Ismet Pasha, the Foreign Minister, and the fortunate negotiator of the Peace, but, no doubt, really to have his hands free for the work of Opposition.

A little Comedy of Errors took place on the occasion of his leave-taking from Mustapha Kemal. Rauf Bey said: "Since I am resigning the Presidency of the Chamber, I urgently request you to strengthen and uphold the highest office in the State."

"I give you my word," replied Mustapha Kemal, "that I shall do what you ask."

Rauf Bey, of course, meant the Caliphate. But Mustapha Kemal was thinking of the Republic and the Presidency of the State as the highest office, and could therefore give him his formal assurance.

Fethi Bey became President of the Ministry in place of Rauf Bey. He was the only one of the leading men, who, though he was less radical than Mustapha Kemal in his views, could not like all the others be absolutely excluded.

As has been mentioned already, quite a large proportion of Mustapha Kemal's opponents had entered Parliament under the standard of the new People's Party. They now attempted to bring their influence to bear both on the Chamber and on the Government. Rauf Bey, who was not present, was elected Vice-President of the National Assembly, against the wish of Mustapha Kemal. The Opposition—keeping meanwhile under cover—appointed one of their number to the Ministry of the Interior, which was then vacant. The law still held which gave the National Assembly alone the power of appointing ministers. This law, originally intended to curtail Mustapha Kemal's authority, was now used by him as the *point d'appui* for his great political offensive. He began by cleverly bringing about a Ministerial crisis—a manœuvre that seemed fairly harmless.

Fethi Bey, who had been made President a month before, was induced to resign along with his whole Cabinet, for the purpose of altering this law that regulated the appointment of ministers. The plausible reason given to the other members of the Cabinet was that the arbitrary nomination of the ministers by the Assembly imperilled the unity of the Government and paralysed its power of action—which was actually the case. The retiring ministers also pledged themselves not to accept nomination, if they were re-elected by the Assembly.

After these precautions had been taken, the National Assembly was requested in the most friendly fashion to elect a new Cabinet, as the Constitution prescribed. The sequel

followed according to Mustapha Kemal's calculations. The Assembly was unable to draw up a list of ministers, chiefly because the best men available in Angora were the former members of the Government, and they, by their own declaration, were not eligible for re-election. Another set of ministers equally good could not be found. Mustapha Kemal had no doubt also done his best behind the scenes to add to the confusion. He kept completely in the background, but at such moments he was always the most dangerous. The time was well chosen, for his most serious opponents, Rauf Bey, and the great Pashas Kiazim Karabekir, Ali Fuad, Refet and Nureddin, the supporters of a constitutional monarchy, were then absent from Angora.

But the crisis could not be allowed to continue long; swift action and surprise tactics were necessary. Rumours were already being circulated in Constantinople, and eagerly seized upon by the Press, that there was an idea in Angora of declaring a Republic, although no one imagined that it was immediately imminent.

After the Committee of the Party met and found it just as difficult to draw up an acceptable list of ministers, Mustapha Kemal invited a few of his more intimate friends to dine with him at Chankaya on the evening of the 28th of October, 1923. Among the guests were Ismet Pasha, Fethi Bey, Kiazim Pasha (afterwards President of the National Assembly), Kemaleddin Sami Pasha (now Ambassador in Berlin), and some other deputies. During the meal Mustapha Kemal suddenly said: "To-morrow we shall declare a Republic."

Whether the Round Table showed surprise or astonishment is not recorded. At any rate all who were present declared their readiness to take the step. A programme of the business for the next day was sketched, and each of them was assigned the part he had to play in the political drama.

Ismet Pasha alone remained behind, and along with

Mustapha Kemal outlined the necessary measure.

On the following forenoon, the 29th of October, a meeting of the People's Party was held. Mustapha Kemal was not present. Fethi Bey, the second in command, proposed a new list of ministers, purposely framed so that it could not well be approved. As a matter of fact it was rejected. But they still stood by it, and the discussion continued. After the administration of public funds was agreed upon, the debate was quietly led in a definite direction. The conviction gradually grew stronger that the difficulties in the way could only be removed by the intervention of the leader himself. Kemaleddin Sami Pasha moved accordingly that Mustapha Kemal, as the Chairman of the Party, should be appointed to find a solution of the problem. The motion was carried amidst general applause, and Mustapha Kemal, who was then in Chankaya, was summoned to the Chamber. Arriving on the scene now for the first time, he requested an hour's interval, and came to an understanding with the persons who were intended to form the new Cabinet.

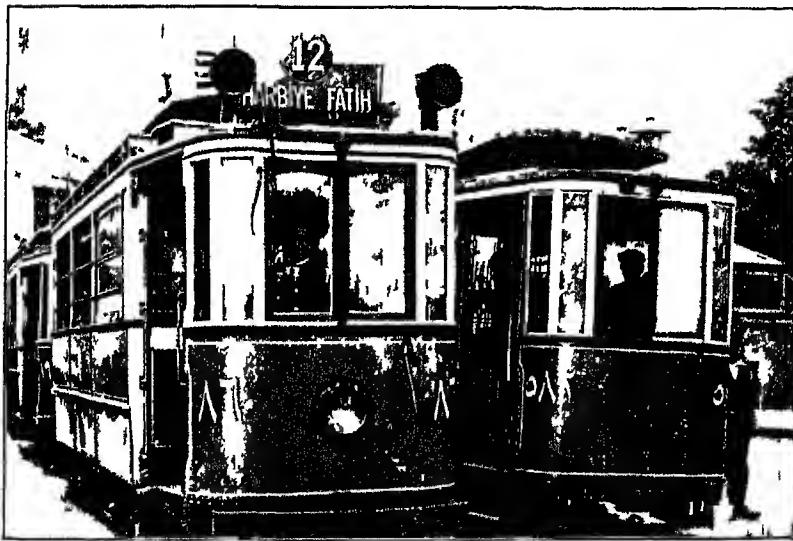
At two o'clock in the afternoon the meeting of the Party was continued with Fethi Bey still in the chair.

Mustapha Kemal was given permission to speak. He ascended the platform, and said briefly: "The evil from which we suffer is implicit in our system of government. You have all realised that it is impossible to form a Cabinet when everyone has a voice in its election. There must be a corresponding alteration made in the system." Whereupon he drew from his pocket the Bill that had been sketched the previous night, and put it to the vote.

Until then the understanding had always been that it was simply a question of finding a way out of the Ministerial crisis (which Mustapha Kemal himself had engineered). But now a fundamental alteration in the constitution was proposed—the State was to take the form of a Republic, with a President at the



SCHOOLGIRLS ATTENDING A MODERN GIRLS' SCHOOL IN ANGORA



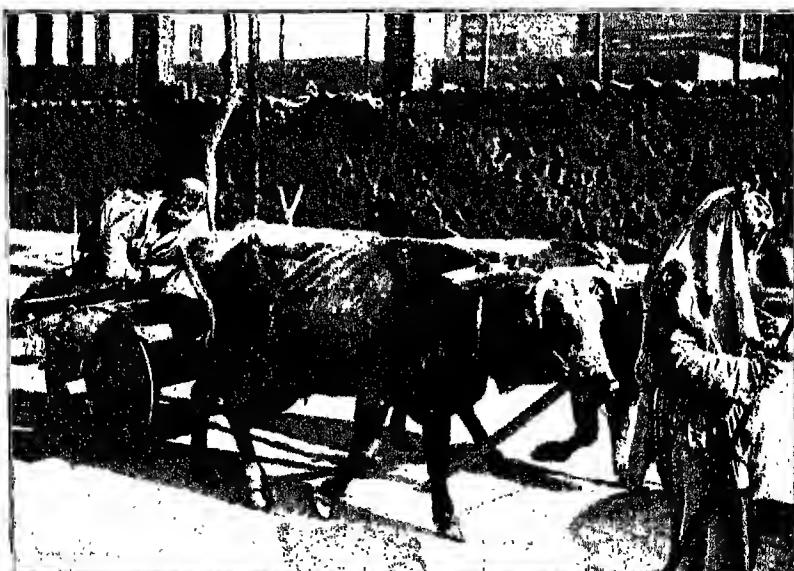
Deutsche Presse Photo Zentrale

FIRST USE OF THE NEW TURKISH ALPHABET ON TRAMCARS IN
CONSTANTINOPLE



Weinberg, Pera

A PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER IN CONSTANTINOPLE



A PRIMITIVE OX-CART IN ANATOLIA

head, to be elected for a term of four years by the National Assembly (with eligibility for re-election). The President of the Republic was to nominate the President of the Ministry, who would choose his own Cabinet, subject to the approval of the National Assembly.

Doubts were expressed, but it was too late for scruples now; the surprise attack had been successful. After a general discussion, more for the sake of keeping up the appearance of expressing an opinion, the measure was approved by the Party. The matter was thus really settled.

After the meeting of the Party, the session of the Assembly was opened. It was six o'clock in the evening. Events followed one another in rapid succession. In conformity with the regulations the measure was remitted to a Commission for consideration. This Commission made one single addition, namely, that Islam should remain the State religion of Turkey. (This was struck out a year later.)

An hour afterwards the measure was submitted to a plenary meeting of the House. The first, second and third readings followed rapidly on one another. At half-past nine the Bill was passed, and a quarter of an hour later Mustapha Kemal was elected President of the Republic. The result was immediately made known by telegram to the whole country, and at midnight a hundred-and-one cannon-shots inaugurated the founding of the Republic.

Everything had been done lawfully and in due form; but the actual leaders in the Revolution and in the fight for liberation—the helpers and comrades of the first difficult times—had not been allowed to have a voice in the matter.

The transformation of the State into a Republic with a President at the head necessarily led to the consideration of the question of the Caliphate.

The Western idea of designating the Caliph as Head of the Church was not understood by the Mohammedan world. The Islamic Turk was accustomed to recognise in the Caliph his real constitutional ruler and secular lord, all the more as it was the legal heir to the throne who held the office.

A member of the Imperial House, placed in a conspicuous position, and invested with imponderable attributes, could not but prove a perpetual danger to the youthful democratic State. The Caliph with his shining nimbus remained the last and only hope of those who objected to a Republic, and above all to the power of Mustapha Kemal, which was continually on the increase.

Constantinople, at war, in any case, with Angora, now became the focus of a monarchical Opposition. Rauf Bey, Dr. Adnan Bey, Refet Pasha, and also Kiazim Karabekir and Ali Fuad Pasha—who had now become open opponents of Mustapha Kemal—hastened to call upon the Caliph, and let the whole world know that they were devoted to him. The Constantinople Press began to work avowedly against the Republic. In one of their papers they published an open letter from the Agha Khan, one of the religious leaders of the Mohammedan Indians, to Ismet Pasha, who had become President of the Ministry after the change in the Constitution. In this letter the Mohammedan Indians demanded that the Caliphate should be retained. The editor of the paper, Lufti Fikri Bey, was accused of high treason, and was sentenced to imprisonment.

The Caliph himself, Abdul Medjid, took no part in the intrigues that were centred in him. A cultured gentleman, with an amiable and attractive disposition, he was more interested in books and art than in power and sovereignty, possessing, as he did, a notable talent for painting. He had incurred the displeasure of Vahdeddin, the late Sultan, by openly showing his sympathy with the Angora rebels. As Caliph he was absolutely inoffensive, and could not be reproached with ever having taken

any action against the Republic. He was the victim of his position—of the incompatibility of his title and function with the new constitutional order.

Mustapha Kemal saw that it was necessary to abolish the symbol before the opposing stream of religious and monarchical feeling became a dangerous flood. There was the further consideration that the Caliphate had a universal character. The Caliph was regarded as lord by more than three hundred million of Mohammedans, who lived in various quarters of the globe, and were under the most diverse systems of government. In the actual exercise of his authority over Islam he only had the support of the twelve or fourteen million Turks.

The youthful Turkish National State had already been territorially separated from Islam by the surrender of Arabia and the Holy Cities, and it had no desire to be entangled in disputes any longer for the sake of the Mohammedan faith. "The Turkish nation," Mustapha Kemal declared, "has no inducement to think of anything else but its own existence and its own affairs. It can no longer offer any help to other nations."

It was financial considerations that led to the broaching of the question of the Caliphate. Abdul Mcdjid had sent a letter in the name of his chief secretary to the Ministry, requesting a further grant of money, since the salary assigned to him was not sufficient to enable him to fulfil the duties of his office, and complaining, also, that the Government entirely ignored him.

Mustapha Kemal's answer left nothing to be desired in point of clarity. He was completely unimpressed by the splendour with which the ancient and venerable Caliphate was invested in the eyes of the Mohammedans. "The demand of the Caliph," he wrote, "that the Government and the official bodies of the State should enter into an alliance with him, is a flagrant infringement of the independence of the Republic." "The office of Caliph has neither material nor political significance, and has no justification for its existence; it has value only

as an historical relic. In any case a sum less than that assigned to the President of the Republic must suffice for the support of the Caliph. There are no obligations imposed on him by his office, and pomp and splendour are quite out of place in connection with it. The whole apparatus of Government is to be thoroughly overhauled. The idea that 'first Lords of the Chamber' and 'chief secretaries' still exist only helps to keep alive the Caliph's illusion of power."

The letter was sent on the 1st of January, 1924. On the 1st of March, the National Assembly, which had adjourned for several months after the proclamation of the Republic, met again. The opening address of Mustapha Kemal was a declaration of war against the Church. He dealt with a great deal more than the mere question of the Caliphate. He used the occasion to announce a thoroughgoing secularisation of the State, and its complete separation from the Church. In a few days he achieved a result that had been attained in Europe only after hundred-year-long wars.

The requisite measures, which were prepared by Mustapha Kemal, were discussed at a meeting of the Party on the 2nd of March. The following day they were submitted to the National Assembly, and passed in one sitting, at half-past six in the morning, after the usual debates lasting the whole night through.

The Caliphate was abrogated; all the members of the dynasty (including the Caliph) were interdicted from ever dwelling in Turkey. They were required to leave the territory of the Republic within ten days. All the ecclesiastical offices in the State were abolished, the possessions of the Church becoming the property of the State. All the schools hitherto conducted by the clergy came under the jurisdiction of the Minister for Education.

Abdul Medjid left Constantinople on the 4th of March. A few days after he was followed by the thirty princes and prin-

cesses of the Ottoman House, who travelled to Europe by the Oriental express to join the numerous kaisers, kings, princes and princesses living in exile there.

The abolition of the Caliphate attracted more attention in Europe than among the Mohammedans themselves. There was no doubt a protest made by the Indian Moslems, who had supported the Turks in their struggle for freedom, and had given adroit and persevering assistance to their cause in England. Attempts were made to found a new Caliphate in Hedjaz or in Egypt, but they were soon abandoned. This proved that the Caliphate, at least in the form it had hitherto assumed, was merely a relic of the past. The unity of Islam had vanished long ago, when Moslems fought against Moslems alongside Christians in the World War. Mustapha Kemal realized that the system had become enfeebled by age. The prophecy that the abolition of the Caliphate and the separation from Islam would mean suicide for Turkey, had not been fulfilled.

It must not be forgotten that Islamism was originally foreign to the Turks. It embodied Arabian culture; the prayers in the Turkish mosque were in Arabic; the Koran also remained in Arabic, there was never any Turkish translation made. When the Turkish tribes from Central Asia settled in the region of the Mediterranean, they tried at first to transfer their nomadic institutions to their new mode of existence. It was not until this attempt came to grief that they accepted the Mohammedan culture, and were permeated more and more thoroughly by the spirit of Islam. For centuries after that every Turk certainly believed that the greatness of his country depended on the supremacy of Islam.

When, in the nineteenth century, windows looking towards Europe were opened and the infiltration of Western ideas began, the Turks gradually broke adrift from Islamic beliefs and customs. This tendency to hark back to their Turanian

past, and the feeling that there was something alien in Mohammedanism, that had never been quite overcome, made it easier for them to accept the European conception of nationality. This, however, broke the phalanx of a universal Mohammedanism. As a result of their complete Western re-orientation, combined with the national consciousness inherited from their Asiatic past, the Turks turned resolutely away from Islamism.

After the expulsion of the Caliph a movement was set on foot, with the object of inducing Mustapha Kemal to accept the Caliphate. Not only was he pressed to do this by the National Assembly, but messengers came from other Mohammedan countries as well, who conveyed to him the desire of the faithful to see him installed as Caliph.

At that time it would have been easy for the liberator of Turkey to attain the highest dignity that Islam could bestow, and, once invested with this office, have himself elected to the Sultanate. The mass of the people would have looked upon his rise to an Imperial position as quite natural, and would perhaps have gladly given their consent to this. The fact that he had dared to overthrow the ancient dynasty, and even to abolish the Caliphate, only added to his glory in their eyes.

It is idle to try to imagine what would have happened in such a case. Perhaps his path in history would have taken a dramatic curve—an impetuous, brilliant ascent, followed by an abrupt and tragic downfall. But this First Consul was no Napoleon. He was not to be tempted by a chimera, or blinded by ambition; romantic fancies were entirely alien to this cool-headed calculator and realist.

He answered the Islamic delegates, who offered him the Caliphate: "You know that Caliph means the supreme ruler of the State. How could I approve the wishes and proposals of nations governed by Kings and Kaisers? The commands and the prohibitions of the Caliph have to be implicitly obeyed.

Are those who wish to make me Caliph able to carry out my commands? Would it not be ridiculous, then, for me to dress myself up for this illusory part, that has neither any meaning, nor any justification for its existence?"

The transition from a monarchical and feudal State to a parliamentary democracy had proceeded, particularly in its adoption of external forms, at a violently rapid tempo. Reactions were inevitable. The greater the velocity, the stronger the resistance, says a physical law. If Mustapha Kemal expected to be able to begin his work of reform, now that he had established peace and made a complete break with the past, he found himself disappointed.

Regarded historically he was in the same position as Peter the Great. The mass of the people were ignorant—ninety per cent. of them were illiterate—and they had been deeply rooted in a medieval religious system. He wished to put them in a position that was more in harmony with modern requirements, and that would give them a better chance in the struggle for existence. Further it was imperative, if they were to preserve their freedom as a nation, that this should be accomplished within a very short time. Centuries of development had to be overleapt. The entire progressive movement had not been, as in many Western countries, the result of a natural, historical evolution, it had been a revolution from above. Modern civilisation was an alien branch that had to be engrafted on the national stem, so that both might grow together, and the tree be gradually transformed from within.

For that purpose a period of transition was required. The free play of forces—the ideal of highly developed democracies—had to be excluded for some time. The radical transformation, or rather demolition, could only be accomplished by a single individual. If Mustapha Kemal fell back for a time on the help of a dictatorship, then his action has, at least, been

justified by its success. But it was precisely this that roused the opposition of the other ten per cent. of the population—the educated upper class—who from their sympathy with Western ideas, should have really given him their unconditional assistance.

The Anatolian peasants—who, with the exception of the Kurds, formed the largest part of the population of Asia Minor—were at that time still uninfluenced by the European spirit. This made Mustapha Kemal's task easier. The people supported him, not because they were convinced of the justice of his cause, but because they believed in him. For them he was the conqueror of the infidel, the saviour sent by Allah. "All that the Ghazi orders is for our good," they said, "so we do what he wishes," and they followed him willingly and cheerfully. His first step was to abolish the "tithes"—that impost dating from feudal times. It was arbitrary and unjust, and—worse than that—it paralysed production. He knew how to speak to the villagers and artisans; he understood them, and they understood him, for he had still a good deal in him of the Anatolian peasant, from whom Turkey has derived its finest characteristics.

His second task—always necessary after a Revolution—was the cleansing of the army from political bias. He knew only too well from his own experience in recent years, how easily a *coup d'état* could be brought about with the help of an armed force. This step seemed to him to be all the more imperative, since all his helpers and fellow-workers in the Revolution had belonged to the army, and had also held important positions of military command, in addition to their mandates as deputies. This dual standing was abolished by law. As a result, opponents like Kiazim Karabekir and Ali Fuad Pasha, who were then Army Inspectors, were compelled to resign their commands, if they were not to forfeit their mandates, and thus lost all influence they had in the forces. From then onwards

Mustapha Kemal held the army in his grip, and, as it was not influenced by any of the political factions, it proved a reliable support for the new State.

His position as "President of the Republic" was securely based on the Constitution, which had now received its final form. His power was pretty wide. He had the right, when necessary, to preside over the Ministerial Council and the Chamber. But in one point his authority was limited—his claim to dissolve Parliament and order a new election had been refused. He had also to submit to a rigorous limitation of his right to veto any measure.

That was all the more reason for his creating a permanent and reliable parliamentary majority as an instrument that he could securely command. It was the only means at his disposal for the accomplishment of his work of reform. Hence, after he had been elected President, he remained also leader and guide of the People's Party—the only one now in existence. The advocates of a logical parliamentary system maintained that this dual position was incompatible with the principles of democracy. They asked him to resign his leadership of the Party, saying that, as the representative of the State, he ought to stand above all parties and be a final arbiter.

Mustapha Kemal, in two speeches that followed closely on one another, made the following declaration: "The public and the whole world are to understand, that so far as I am concerned, there can be no question of being politically neutral or standing above all parties. I declare adherence to the Republic, and that is also the creed of the People's Party. That Party is the protagonist of intellectual and social progress, and I cannot imagine that there can be any Turk who holds any other opinion on this vital point. Hence there can be no rival programmes, and no rival parties. The People's Party embraces the whole people, and its programme is the programme of the entire nation. I say expressly that it is a question of honour

with me to remain both Party leader and President of the State."

This declaration was answered by a secession from the People's Party, and the creation of an Opposition by a newly founded "Party of Republican Progress." This new party was supported by almost all the Constantinople newspapers. The *Tanin*, which had the largest circulation, wrote: "The new party is a dagger that has been unsheathed in the name of democracy." The leaders were Rauf Bey, Kiazim Karabekir, Ali Fuad, Refet Pasha, Dr. Adnan Bey, and others who had been the most outstanding political and military chiefs in the fight for freedom. They had long ago severed their connection with Mustapha Kemal, and now that he had actually abolished the Caliphate and expelled the members of the reigning house, despite the solemn assurances he had given them, they had openly gone into opposition against him.

Their leading idea was to create a regular parliamentary system by a second party, and thus form a counterpoise to the actual if not formal centralisation of administrative power in the hands of one man. It was the fear of a Dictator that moved them, and the Constantinople papers said so openly. It was natural and inevitable that this new party should become a Cave of Adullam for all the malcontents. Former leaders of the Young Turk Committee, displaced by the Kemalists, formed a coalition with their *ci-devant* foes, the Liberals and the supporters of the old régime. These were joined by the officials and dignitaries who had held position under the late Sultan, and especially by large numbers of the clergy, driven into opposition by the legislation of Angora. These elements, by their sheer weight, forced the Opposition into a course that had never been contemplated by the original founders. The Party of Progress, in contradiction of their name, became an obstruction and a force of reaction.

When the Parliament met in November, 1924, the "Pro-

gressives" were increased by still more members of the People's Party, and the combined attack against the Government was driven off only with the greatest difficulty. The President of the Ministry certainly still received a vote of confidence—chiefly on account of the situation in foreign affairs, for the Mosul dispute, to which reference will be made immediately, was at that time just reaching a dangerous crisis; but the Opposition had grown so strong that it was deemed expedient for Ismet Pasha, the Radical, to retire behind the scenes for a time. An ostensible reason for his withdrawal was found in his need for recuperation after his severe campaign at Lausanne. Fethi Bey, hitherto President of the Chamber, took over for the second time, to the satisfaction of the Opposition, the leadership of the Cabinet in Ismet Pasha's place.

But there was a ferment within the Party itself. Discipline became relaxed. In the face of the strict rule that had been adopted, some of Mustapha Kemal's most trustworthy supporters voted against Kiazim Pasha, when he was nominated as President of the Chamber. It became quite usual to brandish revolvers in the course of the debates, and on one occasion, a deputy, Colonel Halid Bey, a near relative of Enver Pasha, was shot in the lobby. Even before that another member of the Opposition had been invited to dinner and then strangled by one of his political and personal foes. The murderer, Colonel Djopal Osman, surnamed the Lame, apparently thought that by acting in this ancient Oriental fashion, he was performing a welcome service for his chief. When, to his astonishment, he was about to be arrested, he collected some of the Lazis of the bodyguard, of which he was commandant, and made an attack on the President's villa at Chankaya. Djopal Osman was killed in the ensuing fight, which ultimately became quite serious.

A chaotic state of domestic politics, such as is often the sequel of a Revolution, might easily have been the outcome of this

growing opposition, that had sown the seeds of disunion in the People's Party as well. One has only to remember, for example, the protracted struggles that were required in France before a democracy and a Republic could be said to be really established. In Turkey there was the constant danger that in the thin, upper stratum, which had the power in the country, the party mechanism would degenerate into the formation of cliques, that would exhaust themselves in an internecine struggle for power. This had happened under the Young Turk régime, and now again it looked as if the youthful Republic was going to take the same risky path. Then there came—fortunately for the Government, one might almost say—the rising of the Kurds.

Kurdistan is a riven and unpassable hill-country lying on both sides of the upper courses of the Euphrates and Tigris. The Kurds have only their religion as a common bond with the Turks; they belong to the Iranian branch of the Indo-German stem, their language being akin to Persian. They are mostly shepherds and nomads, among whom the warrior-caste is the most highly honoured, and they live in clans under the rule of their feudal lords and tribal chieftains. To their separatism and their passion for independence—the usual characteristics of a Highland race—they add a religious fanaticism that is easily set aflame; for, interspersed among the Kurds, there are, or used to be, enclaves of Armenians and Nestorian Christians.

The Sultans allowed them to retain their ancient tribal freedom, and occasionally used them to play them off against the other nationalities. The Kurds always took the chief part in the Armenian atrocities. Their daily occupation was war and robbery. During the construction of the Baghdad railway, the German engineers found that the Kurds were the best and most reliable workmen.

The Sèvres Treaty had held out to the Kurds the prospect of an independent commonwealth, but the Peace of Lausanne

destroyed this hope. The northern and larger part of Kurdistan was assigned to Turkey, while the southern part, stretching into the Mosul region, was incorporated afterwards in the Kingdom of Iraq.

So long as the Caliphate was preserved the Kurds remained quiet. But after the deposition of the Caliph, and the legislation against the Islamic Church, it was an easy matter to show that the Turkish Government was anti-clerical and atheistic, and to incite the Kurds to rebellion.

The principal leader of the insurrection was Sheikh Saïd, the Chief of the Nakshibendi (an Order of Dervishes)—and one of the most influential personalities among the Kurds. He was held in high esteem as a religious teacher, possessing great wealth, and having family connections with the most powerful of the tribal chieftains.

Sheikh Saïd summoned the Kurds to a general rising against the Turkish Republic, and in a trice the whole of Kurdistan was aflame. On the walls of Diarbekir—the capital of Kurdistan, built of black basalt—a proclamation was affixed, announcing the programme of the rebels—the re-establishment of the law of the *sheria*, and the reinstatement of Selim Effendi, a son of Abdul Hamid, as Sultan and Caliph.

This showed unmistakably the aims of the movement. It was not so much concerned with the independence of Kurdistan; it stood rather for a general attack against the new ideas, and against the Europeanising of the Orient. It meant the rebellion of ancient Islam against the Gospel of the West, and was similar in its nature and tendency, though on a far larger scale, to the recent counter-revolution in Afghanistan, which was also begun by Highland tribes. Little had as yet been done for the internal consolidation of the youthful Turkish State, which was now faced by the hostility of the clergy. The Kurdish reaction might very easily spread to the whole country. The fight for the ancient faith was a stirring slogan, and a

general civil war might be the result, the founder of the Republic meeting a fate similar to that of the King of Afghanistan.

There can be no doubt that the Kurdish rebels were kept in touch with Constantinople by lines of communication that ran through the religious and Old Turk societies of Anatolia. The Angora Government asserted that England took part in the rising, but there is no proof of that. Though certainly the difficulties that faced the Kemalist Government as a result of the Kurdish rebellion, occurring as it did just at the time of the Mosul dispute, may not have been unwelcome to London.

In this dispute England was not chiefly concerned with the possession of petroleum wells, though that has often been asserted. Even under Turkish rule she would have been as sure as she was in Persia of keeping hold of this rich produce of the soil. The Province of Mosul, chiefly inhabited by Kurds and Arabians, lies on both sides of the Tigris, where that river enters the Northern Mesopotamian Plain from the Kurdish highlands. The territory is in strategic command of the whole of Mesopotamia as far as Baghdad and Basra, and of the connections both eastwards and westwards with Persia and the Mediterranean. Thus it lies dangerously on the flank of the Arabian land-bridge, and for that reason, Britain neither would, nor could, surrender it. And anything that England considers urgently needed for the assurance of her position as a world-power, she gains by her quiet and tenacious policy. After various incidents and crises, occasionally rising to a threat of war, the International Commission decided that the Mosul territory should be assigned to the kingdom of Iraq, which was to all intents and purposes under a British Protectorate. Turkey refused to recognise the validity of this award, and the affair dragged on until 1926. Under the adroit leadership of Tewfik Rushdi Bey, the Turkish Foreign Minister, an agreement with England was reached at last. Turkey, in return for a share in the produce of the petroleum wells, renounced her claim to the

Mosul territory, but received a sure guarantee for her Southern frontier.

The Kurdish rising—the Vendée of Turkey—was very quickly marked by signal successes. Important towns like Kharput, Bitlis and Marash were taken by the rebels, and the whole south-eastern part of the Republic was in open revolt.

Angora did not fail to take counter-measures. In time five divisions were mobilised and dispatched to the rebellious territory. But the movement of the troops was delayed, if not quite hindered, by the deep snow that covered the hills, with the result that the first attempt to suppress the rebellion miscarried.

The measures undertaken by the Government against the Kurdish rising, and the statements of Fethi Bey, the leader, who was responsible for them, were entirely approved by the National Assembly, even Ismet Pasha, whose health was now restored, supporting the President of the Ministry. But a few days after a surprising turn of affairs occurred.

At a meeting of the People's Party Fethi Bey found himself the object of an apparently preconcerted attack by one of his own supporters. He was accused of not being energetic enough in his handling of the Kurdish rebellion, as had been proved by the failure of his military operations. Fethi Bey, no doubt, had also the idea of seeking a compromise that would reconcile the Kurds with the Republic, after he had suppressed the local rising. Stormy discussions followed, during which revolvers were used, though fortunately no one was injured. At last Mustapha Kemal intervened and joined in the attack against the President of his own Ministry. Fethi Bey was compelled to resign that very same night, and he was sent shortly afterwards as Ambassador to Paris. Ismet Pasha, after an interregnum of six months, took over the Ministerial Presidency again, and formed a new Cabinet composed of Republicans of the Radical wing.

This was a prelude staged by Mustapha Kemal to be followed by a far more important drama. He used the Kurdish rebellion to bring the Revolution finally to a head. Indeed the whole existence of the Republic was at stake. And, as has always been the case in history, the resolute innovators had to fight not only against the enemy on the right—the defenders of the old régime—but just as much against the moderates in their own ranks—the men who were trying to find a *via media*. This happened in the French Revolution, and Lenin also had the same experience with his Socialistic comrades.

The Constitution was suspended, and martial law declared for the whole country. Under these stringent conditions a number of Draconic Laws were passed. The Courts of Independence—the Revolutionary Tribunals—were set up once more, and this time they took even stronger measures. In the case of the law enacting that statements derogatory to the Government were to be regarded as high treason, the immunity hitherto enjoyed by parliamentary deputies was abolished. This provided Mustapha Kemal with an effective constitutional weapon against his opponents.

Constantinople was swept thoroughly clean of its fermenting elements. The Press was put under a rigorous censorship. More than a dozen newspapers were suppressed. One of these was the *Tanin*, whose editor, Hussein Djavid, one of the most brilliant journalists in Turkey, was condemned by the Revolutionary Tribunal to lifelong banishment in North-Eastern Anatolia, because he had refrained from any mention of politics, and had therefore criticised the Government by his silence. Certainly the *Tanin*, before that, had been the principal organ of the Opposition. From that time onwards there was no newspaper that would have dared to say a word in disapproval of the Angora Government.

A host of persons were banished, who had, either openly or secretly, opposed the Kemalist régime. These were the

“hundred-and-fifty undesirables,” as they were called, mostly men of high ecclesiastical standing. One of them became the first Minister of King Abdullah of Transjordania. Rauf Bey had also to leave his native land. He fled along with Dr. Adnan Bey and his wife, Halidé Edib Hanum. The latter was one of the pioneers of the women’s movement, having taken part in the war of liberation as a corporal, and been condemned to death, at one time, by the last Sultan, along with Mustapha Kemal and other revolutionary leaders.

The danger to the Republic from the tide of the Kurdish reaction had paralysed the Opposition. Mustapha Kemal used the opportunity to give them the knock-out blow, as he had planned on the occasion of Fethi Bey’s fall. The offices of the Party of Progress were closed, and their faction in the National Assembly melted away. Their leaders scarcely offered any resistance, disappearing silently from the stage.

Since then the Parliament has presented a united front, and meanwhile continues to do so. There exists only one Party, which is kept under strict discipline by the President of the State. As party-leader he nominates the candidates who are to be voted on, and since there are no other names brought forward, only representatives of the People’s Party are elected. Any member who is inclined to be restive, or whose conduct outside of Parliament is not quite irreproachable, or who even shows a lack of zeal and industry in his constituency, is not nominated again.

Meanwhile the rebellion in Kurdistan had been mastered, although with great difficulty. Purposely severe measures were taken against the leaders, both principal and subordinate. Those who had not fallen in battle or taken to flight, were condemned to death. The power of the tribal chieftains was completely broken. Sheikh Saïd, one of the last of these, was hunted out of his hiding place in the mountains, and soon after he hung from the gallows in the great square of Angora, where an

equestrian statue of the Ghazi stands at the present day. The fire, although rigorously suppressed, continued to smoulder under cover. Two more years had to pass before Kurdistan was in some degree quietened. Ismet Pasha had at last to resort to milder measures, adopting Fethi Bey's policy of conciliation. But even at the present day the antagonism between Kurd and Turk still exists.

The Opposition had been overpowered and the Parliament was securely in the grip of the Chief of the State. Public opinion, so far as one can speak of anything of the kind among a nation of illiterates, was formed by Angora. Mustapha Kemal was now able to devote himself to his work of social reform without having to contend with any opposing influences. That was, so to speak, the touchstone of the Revolution, its real significance, its crown and consummation. The fact that the country was under martial law no doubt made the rapid introduction of modern modes of life much easier, as Mustapha Kemal himself admitted. "But," he added, "we should have carried the thing through, even if that law had not been in force."

The reforming movement began with a mere trifle, which in appearance was purely external. In a speech which Mustapha Kemal made in the small seaport town of Ineboli—which he visited frequently in order to win over the inhabitants to the new ideas—he said: "Nations that persist in remaining at the intellectual stage of the Middle Ages are destined to disappear from the face of the earth. The Turk must become affiliated with an international civilisation, and this fact must also be plainly shown in his external appearance. Civilised, international garments are the only ones worthy of our nation. We shall wear lacing boots, trousers, jackets, collars, ties, and a head-gear with a rim or peak—I am naming the articles of clothing, and I shall even utter an ominous word—this form

of head-gear is called a hat."

Thus the famous fez, hitherto inseparable from the Turk, was abolished. The wearing of that symbol of Islamic unity was strictly forbidden and severely punished. Further, the Koran could be cited in support of this innovation, as it contained no reference to any particular form of covering for the head. The red fez itself had been at one time a sign of modernity; centuries before it had been taken over from the Greeks and had ousted the folded turban. The only novelty about this symbol of modern civilisation, the hat, was that it meant the uncovering of the head in a room and especially in a mosque. In this matter the Mohammedan had somewhat of the same feeling as a Christian, if he were suddenly asked to keep on his hat when entering a church. Every kind of rim or peak on the head-gear had been forbidden, since it prevented the worshipper from touching the ground with his forehead during prayer, as the Koran enjoined.

And then a strange thing happened. The people had acquiesced without opposition, almost with indifference, in the greatest upheavals, such as the declaration of a Republic, the deposition of the Sultan, the expulsion of the reigning dynasty, even the abolition of the Caliphate and the secularisation of the State. But the order to wear the hat, that symbol of the Christian *giaour*, roused a storm of indignation, especially in the Eastern Provinces, which were still uninfluenced by European ideas. The clergy succeeded for the first time in inciting the people to rebel, setting in motion a tide of reaction in Turkey itself. It is asserted that Communist agitators from the neighbouring country of Russia were also at work. The disturbances assumed a very serious form in the Eastern Provinces, and they were ruthlessly suppressed. The Revolutionary Tribunals became active, and in Erzerum, Trebizon, Rizeh and other towns many men were condemned to death, and still more to long terms of imprisonment.

When Nureddin Pasha, one of the most useful generals in the struggle for liberation, and a very devout Mohammedan, moved in the National Assembly that the compulsory wearing of the hat was an infringement of the personal liberty guaranteed by the Constitution, his motion was construed as an attempt to create a counter-revolution. He was impeached, and deprived of his seat in the National Assembly.

The Islamic clergy lost their last bulwark of defence. All the cloisters were closed and all sects, brotherhoods and dervish Orders abolished, their members being sent into banishment.

“Could a nation,” asked Mustapha Kemal, “be considered civilised that allowed itself to be kept in leading-strings by a lot of Sheikhs, Chelebis, Babis and Emirs, and entrusted its life and destiny to wizards, occultists, chiromancers, sorcerers, diviners and amulet-sellers?”

Along with the fez, the *petsheh*, the veil, and the traditional nun-like dress of the women were given up. (The custom of veiling women’s faces originated in a pre-Islamic period; it was a general custom among the Oriental nations of antiquity. Only courtesans were allowed, or rather were compelled, to appear in public unveiled.) This enactment regarding feminine garments did not lead to a rebellion, causing at the most only a slight reactionary skirmish. The uncovering of the hair rather than the face was considered the more indecorous practice. Hence the fashion of wearing a kerchief wound turban-wise round the head. If the Ghazi chanced to meet a lady wearing such a head-dress, he would say to her courteously that she certainly had a fine head of hair, and that it was a pity to hide that natural beauty. Thus the last relics of the harem tradition gradually disappeared. Ladies were now seen on occasions of ceremony with bare arms and shoulders. (And a few years before a woman had nearly been lynched in Constantinople for having thrown back her veil in the street.) They not only mingled without constraint in general society, but—a

thing that would have been unimaginable for a Turk a short while before—they even danced with men who were not related to them! And the Ghazi gave a good example to all. If the gentlemen, unused to the new custom, kept in groups by themselves, he would walk slowly through the room, singling out a partner for every lady present.

He was less successful in giving the nation a good example of modern marriage. For two years Latifé Hanum had played an important part, being the first lady in Turkey and a kind of consort, and taking a considerable share in social reform, especially in the liberation of women. She had had no children. But she no doubt ultimately overrated her power, and tried to exercise too great an influence over her husband. Both of them having strong natures and being hard, proud and unyielding, they were too like one another in disposition to live together in harmony. There must have been a secret battle between them to decide which of them was to rule. Latifé was too able a woman to be satisfied with the narrow round of household duties, but she was not able enough to keep hold of her husband by her distinctively feminine endowments and make up to him for what he lacked and needed. She seems also to have taken very badly with his autocratic mode of existence, wishing to impose restrictions on him, just as she had done at Smyrna, when she deprived him of everything “that was likely to injure his health.” This may have been the final cause of the breach between them. Just as suddenly as he had carried through the marriage ceremony, he wrote her a letter of divorce—the ancient Mohammedan law still held—and Latifé had to leave Chankaya.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED

A NATIONAL Republic had emerged from the hierarchical, religious Imperium, which in its structure was not unlike the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation. Internally the connection with Islam was dissolved, and, externally as well, the Orient of the past had disappeared with the fez and the veil. The task that now remained was the establishment of national life on the new foundations. And for that purpose all that was best and most modern in Europe was requisitioned.

For Civil Law the Swiss Code was adopted right off, as a whole, without any change. Mustapha Kemal declared that if discussion of the individual paragraphs had been allowed, its introduction would have been postponed indefinitely. The measure was passed in a single day, the legal relationships of private individuals being completely changed by its adoption. Polygamy was abolished, and the position of women, marriage contracts, divorce, and civic life in general, were fitted into the frame of a civilised code that was universally valid. In the same way the Penal Law was taken over from Italy, and the Commercial Law from Germany.

The Revolution, in its social, commercial and cultural aspects, was completed by additional reforms with a swiftness quite in keeping with a generation acquainted with aviation and wireless telegraphy. Finally, the Turkish script was abolished. The extreme difficulty of learning it had, as a matter of fact, been the main obstacle in the way of popular education, and the real reason for ninety per cent. of the nation being illiterate. Five or six years were needed before a Turkish child could learn to

read and write. A Latin form of the alphabet was introduced, written as among Occidental peoples from left to right, while, at the same time, the language was as far as possible purged of innumerable Arabic and Persian words. Adults were compelled to go back to school again. A decree was issued enacting that all men and women under twenty-four years of age were to learn the new alphabet. As the women did not wish to be thought older than twenty-four, a surprisingly large number of them obeyed the decree.

The creation of a new script had been entrusted to a Commission of Experts. After deliberating for six months they had not been able to arrive at any acceptable conclusion. Finally, Mustapha Kemal set to work himself, and after sketching a new alphabet in a single night, he introduced it on the following day. He took part personally in teaching it, appearing in the villages, and examining the people on their progress in the new script.

This sharp break with the past, completely transforming, as it did, men's relations to the world and destiny, to their family, their calling, their Government, and their God, took place in Turkey without any convulsions. This was only possible because Mustapha Kemal was master of the internal situation, and was able to rely on the support of the mass of the people. It was only from the upper classes that he met with any resistance. In the early years of the reform there were some attempts to remove him by violence, but they were badly managed, and were discovered in time.

The attempt on his life at Smyrna in 1927 was a more serious affair. The city was expecting a visit from the President, and on the day before it was due, the owner of a fishing-smack informed the police that three men had offered him a large sum if he took them across to the island of Chios (Greek territory) at a certain hour. The three suspected men, on being arrested, were found in possession of bombs, and it transpired that they had made every preparation to throw the bombs from the first floor

of a house at Mustapha Kemal's carriage when he was driving through the city. The assassins had evidently been hired, further investigation proving that the attempt had been instigated and planned by a certain Sia Hurshid Bey, one of the deputies of the first National Assembly.

The affair, in this way, became a question of high politics. Sia Hurshid made a full confession. According to him there was in existence a widely ramified and well-organised secret society, whose object was to remove Mustapha Kemal and bring about a *coup d'état*. He also gave the names of a number of persons who were members of that society. More than a hundred were arrested, including almost all the leaders of the suppressed Party of Progress.

A trial was first of all held in Smyrna. Even Kiazim Karabekir and Ali Fuad Pasha were brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and accused of high treason; but they were declared not guilty, amidst the applause of the people present at the trial. Fifteen of the accused men were condemned to death, among them a Pasha, three former Ministers, several of the members of the first National Assembly, and also Arif Bey, whose story has been told before.

Four weeks later there was a sequel to this trial in Angora. The plot had meanwhile been investigated in its minutest details. The second action was principally directed against some of the leading men among the Young Turks who were still in the country, and who had apparently joined this secret society. A great sensation was caused by the condemnation of Djavid Bey, a well-known Minister of Finance, in the Cabinet of Talaat Pasha. Dr. Nazim Bey, one of the founders of the Committee of Union and Progress, Nail, a former President of the Chamber, and three other politicians, also suffered the death penalty along with him. Rauf and Dr. Adnan were also involved in the affair, and were sentenced *in contumaciam* to imprisonment.

It is difficult to make out from the somewhat summary proceedings of the Revolutionary Tribunal to what extent each of these men was guilty of high treason. But there can be no doubt that there existed a widespread conspiracy for the overthrow of Mustapha Kemal, and, further, that those who took part in it were the men whom he had driven out of political life. This rigorous action was imperative in the interests of the country. During the reigns of the last Sultans a great deal of suffering had been caused by endless upheavals and *coups d'état*.

Since then there has been peace. The reign of force came to an end, martial law and the Independence Tribunals were abrogated, and gradually the legitimate methods of a normal democracy are being adopted. It is scarcely likely that there will be any internal disturbances in the country during Mustapha Kemal's lifetime, and by that time a generation will have grown up that will govern the heritage he leaves according to his ideas. Even his enemies have laid down their arms. They are compelled to recognise, and indeed have admitted, that all he has undertaken and achieved has been for the welfare of the nation.

The traveller, when his ship turns in towards the Golden Horn, is greeted, as at the entrance to New York Harbour, by a statue facing the East, but it has none of the pompous drapery of the American goddess of Liberty. Against a background of terraced gardens and the palaces of former Sultans, which have now been transformed into museums, a memorial has been erected to Mustapha Kemal, the Ghazi, on one of the finest sites in the world—the Seraglio Point. It is an unpretentious figure on a low pedestal, with no emblems or adornments, in the international garb of a citizen, with the head uncovered, and a foot thrust forward as if in walking. It stands on the furthest corner of Europe, but the finely chiselled face is turned towards the East.

He has built for the Turks a new capital in Central Asia Minor, after overcoming obstacles as great as those which Peter the Great had to meet. The marsh land has been drained; after endless difficulties, which are not yet wholly surmounted, the water that was needed has been brought to the city from the distant hills, and a plan for a Greater Angora has been prepared and undertaken in the reckless spirit of a nation whose self-confidence has been re-awakened. Government buildings, palatial banks and a luxurious hotel sprang up, and schools, and still more schools. The foreign ambassadors and envoys found themselves compelled, often much against their will, to leave Constantinople, with its gaiety, for the Puritanic city in the steppes. Like the garb of the inhabitants the new Angora has externally an international appearance, with a slightly Oriental variation in its style.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the political and social institutions of modern European civilisation had spread over the entire world. Western culture had thus become international. In Turkey Mustapha Kemal completed this process, which had already begun in that country. With a hard and often merciless logic he shattered the old order and broke the traditional bonds. This partially forced adaptation to modern usages seemed to him, and no doubt actually was, necessary for the salvation and survival of the nation.

This Reformer of the Orient, this international Nationalist, if one may call him so, has his historical place on the boundary-line between two generations. In this essentially his mission consisted. The victorious, intellectual advance of Europe seems still to continue with undiminished vigour, but the first signs of its slackening can be seen already, and it will soon come to a standstill. While the Orient employed—and still employs—the civilising weapons of the West in its struggle for existence, at the same time it freed itself from the Occident. This fact is most clearly in evidence in the case of Turkey—the outpost

of the East. The resulting Western trend was at the same time a movement away from Europe. The new capital was moved nearer the East—nearer Asia.

The figure of Mustapha Kemal stands at the point in the history of Europe and Asia, where the pendulum begins its return swing. He brought the apparently irresistible forward march of the West to a stand at the place where the greatest danger lay—the point where both continents are in contact. At the close of the World War, which marked at once the climax and the turn, there was a moment when it looked as if England, the political index of the European effort to expand, were destined to complete her conquest of the Near East. She had already laid her hands on the five seas—the Caspian, the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf, with its outlet to the Indian Ocean. She had thus command of the connections with the East on land and on sea, and had incorporated Anterior and Central Asia in her sphere of power. Sakaria and the Peace of Lausanne brought these far-seeing designs to an end at least in the North. Turkey bolted the door against her. Since then Great Britain has no longer been concerned with the expansion of her World Empire; she has devoted herself rather to its internal consolidation. Even if she were perhaps to regain some ground, that would scarcely make any alteration.

The future alone will be able to tell what developments the relations of the West and the East to one another will undergo. One thing, however, is certain—there can be no standing still. When one idea has been realised, other problems and other aims have meanwhile emerged. The founding of the Turkish National State was the consummation of a tendency inherent in our age. But it represents only a transitional stage. Nationality can never be an end, it must always be simply a beginning. Like the individual, the personality of a nation also strives inevitably towards inclusion in a higher order of communal existence. For

only in a union of that kind, transcending the individual personality, can existence have any sense or significance.

The national idea, carried to its most logical extreme in Turkey, has created a new grouping in the East. Later generations will see what the results will be. Mustapha Kemal has indicated one of the many possibilities in a speech on the question of the Caliphate. "When the Mohammedan national States," he said, "recognise the necessity of maintaining mutual relations with one another, and draw together in an alliance for the defence of their common interests, then, if it be so desired, the name of Caliphate can be given to those United States of Islam, and the President elected by them can have the title of Caliph."

Such vistas may possibly lie in a future that is still far distant. Mustapha Kemal himself has never stepped beyond the mission assigned to him by his generation, nor is he ever likely to do so. He was the servant of his nation, and he did not desire to be anything else. In that lies the secret of his success.

THE END

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